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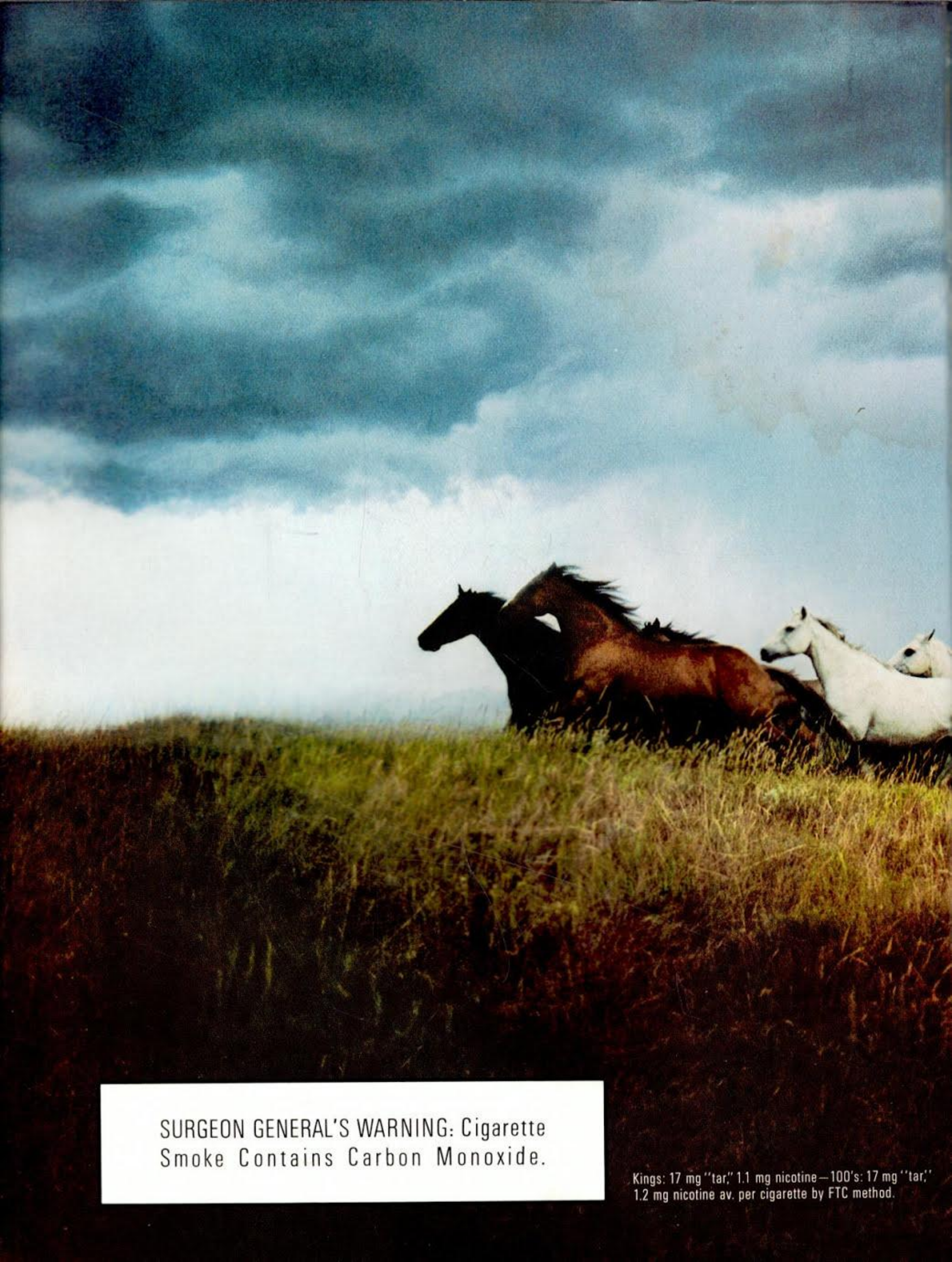
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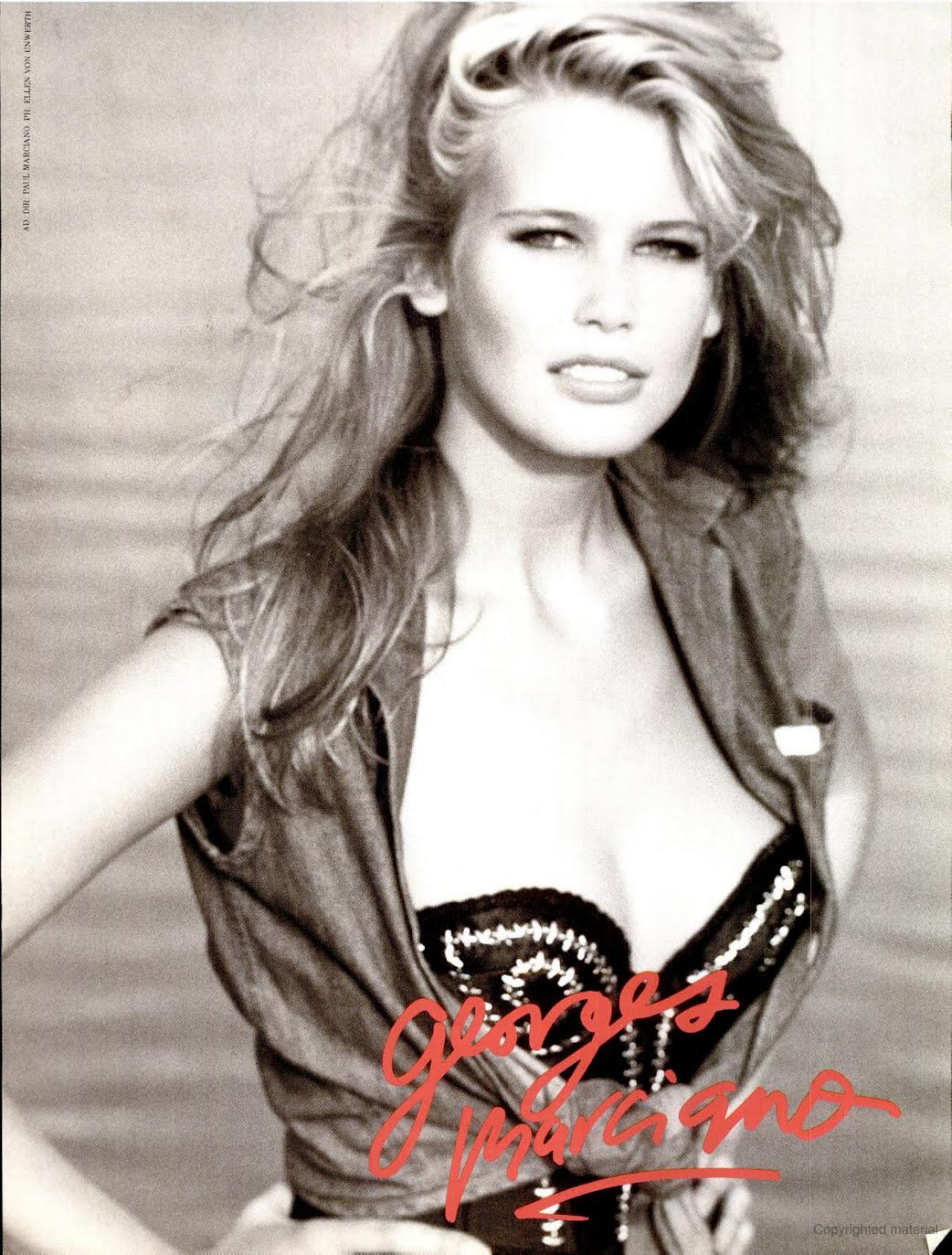
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georges
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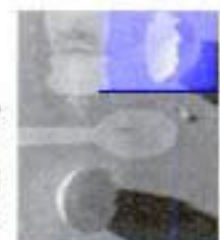
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Winona Ryder photographed by Neil Selkirk. Stylist: Barbara Tfrank.
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DECEMBER

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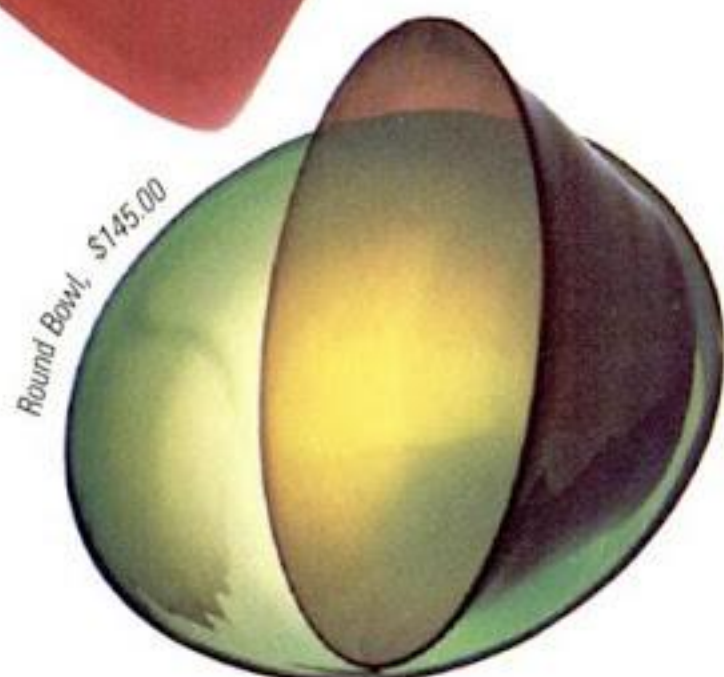
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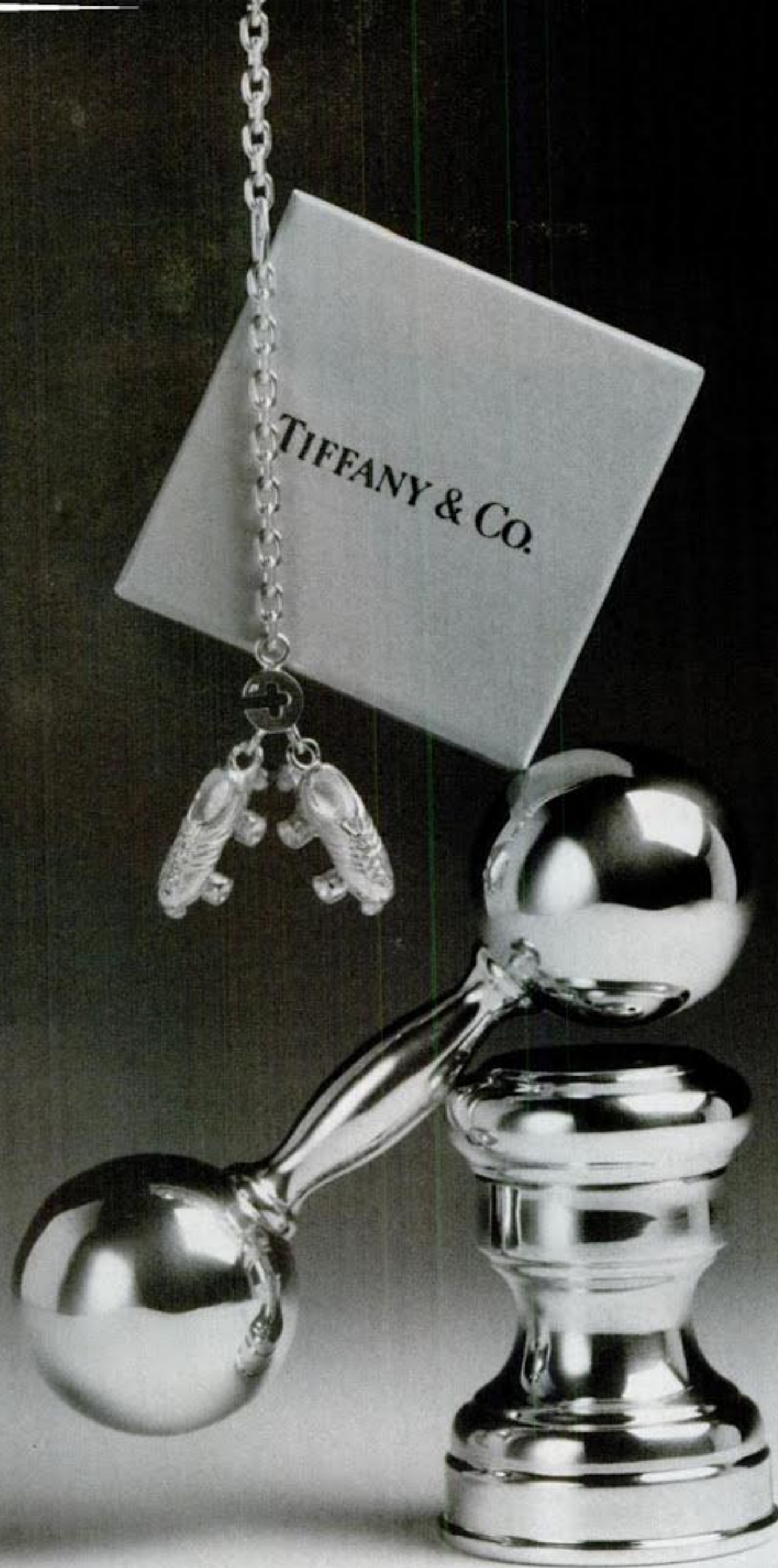
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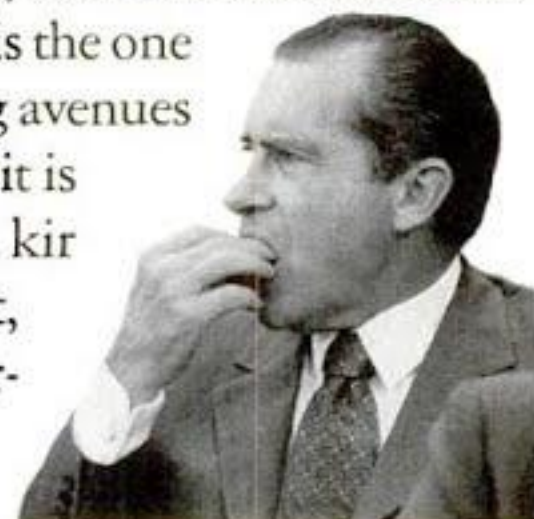
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are numbered. I don't want to tell you how many days, because we haven't been very good at that." —CIA director William Webster



DECEMBER'S NO LONGER PERFECT, THE WAY DECEMBER ONCE WAS—BEFORE PUBERTY, BEFORE THE HOMEless, before the holidays turned from passive acquisitive spectacle to fretful logistical responsibility, before rampant neo-Dickensianism made sweet old customs (the hot cider, the popping fires, the caroling) seem suddenly like smarmy Madison Avenue affectations. But the month still has plenty to recommend it, not even counting the proliferating college-football classics (is the Hubba-Hubba Bowl on ESPN this year?), and the gifts of overpackaged free liquor from strangers, and the Santas sham-

bling off to work each morning. December is the one time each year when the high-rent shopping avenues justify their peculiar brand of swank, when it is possible to order an Irish coffee or even a kir royale and not feel like a hooker or a tourist, when merrymaking itself seems almost virtuous. Ritualized generosity and ritualized good cheer are better than none at all—anything, we say, for the chance to feel some honest glee during the final days of the 1980s. 🌲 The eighties, which gave the world all-sports radio stations and all-weather, all-news and all-comedy television channels, has been the all-glee decade: no American wars (the first war-free decade since the 1930s), a boom in ultrabeloved babies, lower taxes, partying on a scale that hadn't been permitted for decades, new strains of pure-pleasure-inducing drugs, the superstar as gleefulness incarnate (Bill Murray, Eddie Murphy, Jack Nicholson, Ronald Reagan)...all glee, all the time. 🌱 And the junk bond frenzy—Wall Street hadn't known such complete, giddy, heedless glee



D

ecember's no longer perfect



"I think Noriega's days

in more than half a century. No matter how dubious your history, no matter how precarious your corporate prospects, in the eighties you got credit, loads of it. The utterly blue-chip Equitable Life Assurance Company, for instance, currently has \$1.9 billion of its money loaned



out to junk bond issuers. But now, suddenly, on the eve of the nineties, the stock market teeters, and—while George Bush continues to burble ("I'm not worried," he said)—the Equitable executive in charge of junk bonds is no longer so sanguine.

"It's pretty ugly out there," he announced as the market finally realized why junk bonds are called junk.

It's pretty ugly, and it's pretty ironic: that's about all that remains when the go-go years subside and the glee evaporates. Lawyers for Mike Milken, the chief junk-bond prestidigitator and 1990's most gleefully anticipated defendant, say they are shocked—shocked!—that federal prosecutors have been leaking stories about his case to the *Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*. Imagine: *responsible professionals improperly bartering inside information to enhance their own position*.

Likewise, Richard Nixon was appalled by ABC's handling of *The Final Days*, its recent docudrama about the purge of the former president. When the network denied Nixon access to the show before it was broadcast, his lawyers charged, in a letter to the chairman of Capital Cities/ABC, that it amounted to nothing less than "a pattern of deception and coverup." Deception! Cover-up! Good God. Nixon must have been shocked—shocked!

It's really ugly out there in the subgenetrifying precincts of Manhattan's Lower East Side, where Jane Fonda's daughter was apprehended by police one recent morning. The police said that her companion, ostensibly a student, was holding two bags of heroin and a syringe. But no, wait, you don't understand: *we're engaged in research*, they said, *for a college project on narcotics use*. The police were unconvinced, and, showing little regard for academic freedom (we were shocked—shocked!), they arrested her and her friend.

So, ugliness and irony and, with former mayoral candidate David Dinkins, seventies-style tedium. One of Dinkins's strongest supporters, Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden, shared a dais with the prospective mayor; Golden called Dinkins's talk "the most boring speech I have ever heard."

Jesse Jackson, who never gives boring speeches and is currently Washington's mayoral noncandidate, will host a syndicated weekly TV show next fall. Politicians used to become broadcast personalities *after* they were elected to office (La Guardia, Koch), but recent presidential candidates (Reagan, Robertson) have reversed that sequence. Jackson's show was conceived by Robert Pittman (the man who invented Morton

Downey Jr.) and Quincy Jones. But that's not the best part: it will be produced—in association with Jesse L. Jackson Productions—by Van Gordon Sauter, the despised former president of CBS News. But even that's not the best part: Time Warner is in charge of peddling the show to TV stations. Thus, this month's spiffy new nineties theme to watch for: not just strange bedfellows but *orgies* of improbable alliances.

Joe Franklin, who already has a syndicated TV show, is about to start a magazine called *Joe Franklin's Nostalgia*. "The nostalgia market," Franklin says, "is a trillion-dollar untapped culture." In other words, *19.2 percent of the U.S. GNP comprises buying and selling crinkled old photos of Dorothy Lamour and Tiny Tim*. As a spokesman for the publisher puts it, "The persona of Joe Franklin is the magazine. There will be no stories on Charles Manson, Adolf Hitler or the Bay of Pigs." No references to Manson, Hitler or the Bay of Pigs—jeez, what kind of magazine is that?

Ah, Charles Manson: a 15-year-old, 240-pound Rhode Island boy whose junior high school classmates call him Iron Man has pleaded guilty to stabbing one of his neighbors 58 times and murdering three other neighbors as well. He was sentenced to six years in reform school. "Later," he said to some dudes outside the courthouse. "When I get out, I'm going to smoke a bomber." It is pretty ugly out there.

And the Bay of Pigs: the Bush-encouraged autumn coup against Manuel Noriega (during the fiasco, White House intelligence lagged behind the TV news, and administration officials actually asked Jesse Helms's staff for a briefing about what was going on in Panama) evidently failed for lack of grammatical clarity. The coup plotters said to U.S. officials, *We won't hand over Noriega to you*; the Bush administration thought they said, *We want to hand over Noriega*. "If there was a lesson learned," the CIA director said later, "it was that sending [Noriega] into the bedroom and giving him a telephone was not the way to carry out a plot." And a

Pentagon spokesman disparaged the rebels. "These were not," he said, "clear-eyed democrats." Central American military officers not clear-eyed democrats? We're shocked—shocked!

So now, happily, the secretaries of Defense and State have been discredited, considered nincompoops. The secretaries of Energy, Education, Agriculture and Veterans' Affairs, by contrast, are not considered at all. One explanation lies in an analysis of the 1,260 network news stories about the Bush regime that were broadcast during its first six months. According to

a study by the Center for Media and Public Affairs, Millie, the Bushes' English springer spaniel, was mentioned in 9 of the 1,260 stories; the Cabinet secretaries were mentioned a *combined total* of 14 times.

And speaking, finally, of Adolf Hitler, it is time for the third installment of 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich*, our serialized novel of the fin de siècle. Prince Johannes von Thurn und Taxis and his erratic wife, Princess Gloria, are having 1,500 people flown in from around the planet to the prince and princess's 587-room Bavarian palace, where they'll all celebrate the 500th anniversary of the German postal service. The Von Thurn und Taxises have hired New York theatrical producer Joel (Secrets of The Lava Lamp) Silberman to stage a historical pageant for the occasion. Peter Ustinov is to star as Otto von Bismarck; Engelbert Humperdinck, naturally, is to play Richard Wagner. "It's the Miss America pageant of the German postal service," Silberman says, tantalizingly.

But that's not until next September—plenty of time to get your jackboots back from the cobbler. For now, let's think holidays. Think children's delighted squeals. Think German teddy bears—for there is nothing as fabulous as the Yuletide episode that closes this chapter of 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich*. You know the scene: Sotheby's, London, fall 1989, a Weimarer Steiff teddy bear goes on the auction block with a presale estimate of \$1,440—and winds up being sold for \$88,000. Extravagant? Sure. Almost ugly? Sure. But don't be shocked. It's *Christmas*. ☺



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From the SPY mailroom: Before we begin, class, we have a brief announcement regarding one aspect of sending mail to New York-based satirical monthly magazines. *Anonymity*—and how to guarantee it. There are three ways. One,



of course, is to send your letter or card *anonymously*. A second is to sign it but fail to include your day-

time telephone number, thus making it difficult for the magazine to confirm that you exist and that you actually wrote us. Confronted with a letter we'd like to quote from but can't confirm, the mailroom becomes irritable and vaguely depressed. We stop playing games with the postage meter. We continue to push the correct fax buttons, but without feeling. We lose all interest in rubber-stamping THIRD CLASS MAIL on one another's foreheads during coffee breaks.

Our options, after all, have been severely limited. We can scrap the letter, or we can attribute it to "another, different reader, writing to us anonymously from Millinocket, Maine," or wherever. But that kind of roundabout phrasing is anathema to a publication that's always strived to name names, and, worse, it's hellish on sentence structure. Even the most carefully calibrated writing wobbles embarrassingly when a name has to be deleted in favor of a dozen imprecise words. Allusions come up short, nicely turned phrases get swept downriver, and parallelism goes right out the window. In short, the whole sentence—paragraph, column, page, *issue*—falls apart because one person decided to be coy. So please tell us where we can reach you, even though you know, deep down, that we'll never call. And we promise we'll never give your number to anybody outside the office.

We haven't yet mentioned the third way to guarantee your anonymity. That is, to be an unctuous, degree-heavy self-promoter who, despite having written us flatteringly regarding *Fame* magazine's curiously incomplete "Complete Warhol Diaries Index," already gets far too much attention to be mentioned yet again in these or any other pages. And he even included his daytime phone number—that's how ornery we feel these days.

We also recently received at our ▶

DEAR EDITORS Henry Holland seems to think the Mauritanian capital of Nouakchott is in North Africa, since he implied as much in his blast at T. D. Allman's *Vanity Fair* piece on Arafat [Review of Reviewers, June].

Tsk, tsk. North Africa has always referred to the parts of Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Libya and Egypt that border on the Mediterranean. Nouakchott is nearer the equator than the Mediterranean, and hard by deepest Sahara.

Millions of Americans are ignorant about African geography. But they don't go around parading it in snooty magazine columns.

Bruce C. Haxthausen
New York

Nouakchott, a place in more or less northern Africa, is not technically in North Africa? Another whole column collapses like a house of cards.

DEAR EDITORS I very much enjoyed your article "Twinkie, Twinkie, Little Suet-Filled Sponge-Cake Crisco Log, Now I Know Just What You Are—Baking America's Favorite Processed Snack Cake at Home" [by Jane and Michael Stern, July]. It reminded me of one afternoon in college when, in a fit of boredom, someone decided to hammer a Twinkie, a chocolate-covered doughnut and a fudge-nut brownie to the wall. When everybody moved out at the end of the school year, we had to take down all the art. We weren't at all surprised to find that none of the products were moldy,

what with food preservatives nowadays, but we were shocked to discover that the Twinkie was still soft.

Mary Claire Higgins
Ferndale, Michigan

DEAR EDITORS To the Food Editor: Last July you and SPY magazine did several pages on a "Twinkie" contest ["Every Which Way but Good—Six Chefs in Search of the Ultimate Twinkie: A Very Special Bake-off," by Rachel Urquhart]. The article was deeply offensive to restaurants of the caliber that I and my crew work in.

For many years I have worked in three- and four-star restaurants in New York.

Currently, since the stock market crash, expensive restaurants are not "in," but good food can be had at a lower cost in great small bistros throughout this city. *Definitely not* is a Twinkie American food. It was junk food then and is junk food now. In fact, my family never allowed my brother and me to eat things like this when we were younger.

I find it hard to believe that SPY would allow seven pages of a fashionable magazine to report such bull. To do a Twinkie contest lowers American cuisine and hurts the restaurant business in this city and America.

The cooks of America who care about good, fresh, beautiful food suffer from moneymaking articles such as this. If you must educate the city on food, then do it in a constructive and meaningful way and benefit the people who read your magazine.

Patricia Nolan
New York

DEAR EDITORS Whoa, folks, just finished Bob Mack's July piece "The Boys Who Would Be Buckley." I don't know if Mr. Mack, a former *National Review* editorial assistant, had a bad experience with the magazine or what, but someone get him a cold one, because the man is in a rage taking him beyond reality—and credibility.

First off, it's a bit gratuitous for Mr. Mack to take such harsh shots at Buckley, considering that (1) as even Mack admits, there's never been a commentator with

LETTERS TO SPY

the staying power and versatility of Buckley, and (2) there's no need for Buckley to work like a dog anymore—his battles have for the most part been won. Please wake me when Mary McGrory and other like columnists can say the same thing.

Second, Mack delights in shattering the heirs apparent. So *what* if Sobran, Hart, Brookhiser, et al., have some odd or unusual personality traits? In this age, it's getting tedious to dun successful professionals for private predilections. If Brookhiser has some funky clothes, they are irrelevant to his skills as a writer and editor.

Finally, Mack takes out the long knives for the Third Generation Brat Pack—D'Souza, Fossedal, Hart, etc. I know all three, and while they aren't exactly back-

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new offices a postcard from the Catskills: "Dear Grandpa, Camp is great! My Councilers are nice. I miss you and grandma a lot!!! see ya soon. Love, Jessica." No daytime phone number, but we're not irredeemably ornery.

The passing of the SPY movie Blurb-o-Mat baton from Eric Kaplan^{formerly™} to Walter Monheit[™] has prompted James Rosen of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to write asking for the job. Monheit, he says, is no Kaplan, whereas he (Rosen) may be. You wouldn't like the job, Rosen. We trademark guys like you, operate as the most heavy-handed editors imaginable, run photos next to your name that you may someday regret having posed for. Our advice: stay in school.

In other Eric Kaplan^{formerly™}-related mail, Marci Glotzer of Iowa City (but once of Hunter College High School in Manhattan, Kaplan's alma mater) wants to know what the "mysterious link" is between Hunter, Harvard and SPY. Well, unless you count our having stolen the whole idea for "Separated at Birth?" from a Hunter yearbook feature called, if memory serves, "Can You Believe That This Person and That Person Are Not in Some Way Related?," there's no link at all. Apart from our former employee Kaplan, of course. James Rosen of the previous paragraph, who sent us his résumé, neither went to Hunter nor works at SPY. Monheit[™] works at SPY but, as far as the authorities can tell, did not attend either Harvard or Hunter. You, young Glotzer, do not work at SPY and (apparently) did not attend Harvard. But—and this is no less important—you did include your daytime phone number.

John Tymoski and Erika Golliher of Cincinnati have written us regarding "Where's the LET'S HAVE LUNCH Key?: SPY Test-Drives Computer Editing Software" (by Brian Beatty, with Seth Roberts and Joe Mastrianni, September). They have been conducting their own RightWriter software research and have come up with a formula that, they say, can rate any piece of writing based on readability (R), strength (S), descriptiveness (D) and jargon (J). Although Tymoski and Golliher admit their research is flawed, here is their "working equation for talent (T)":

$$T = S^2 + (D - .9)^2 - (J - .5)$$

(Message to Herman Melville: Tymoski and Golliher say, *Easy on the descrip-* >

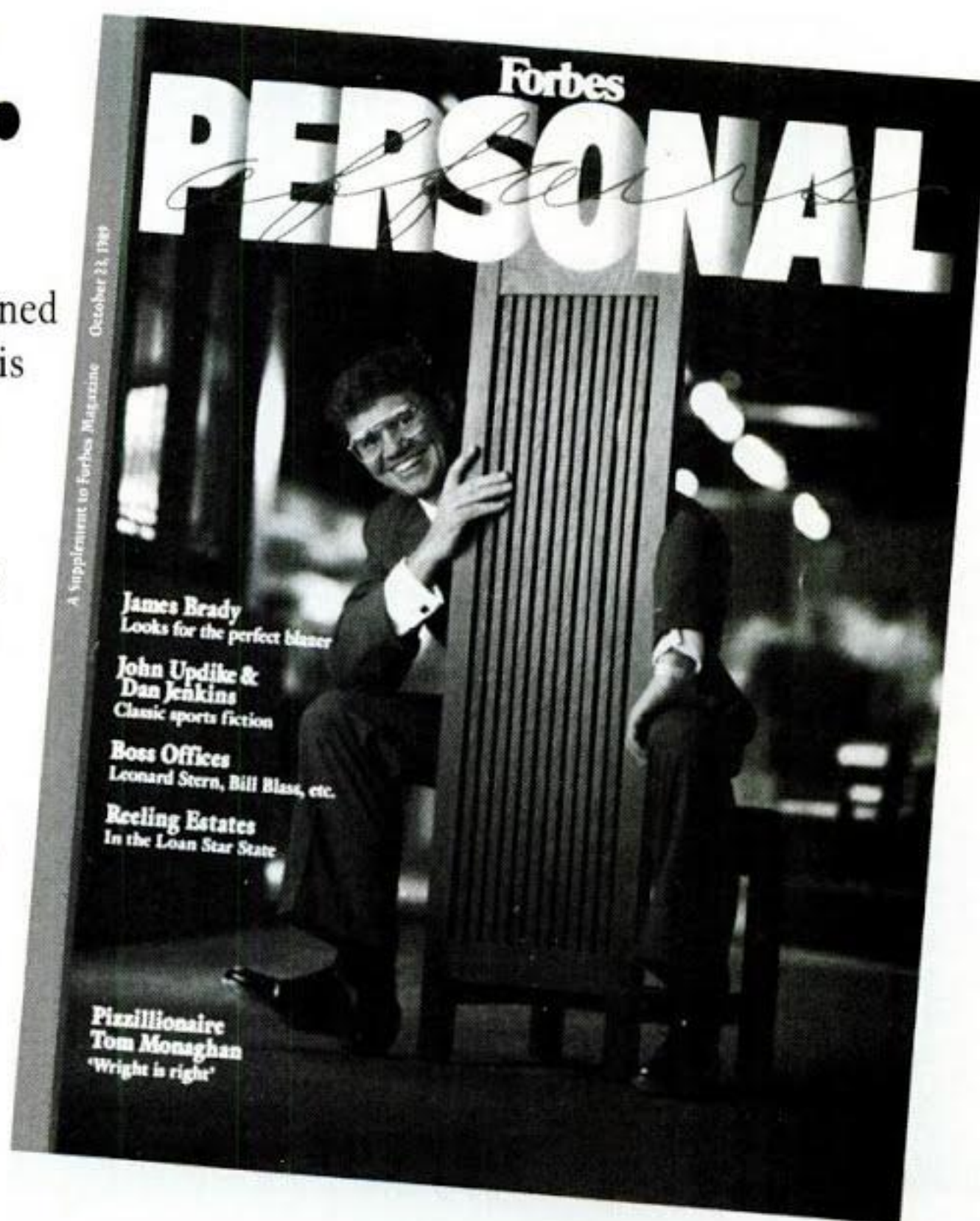
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slappers I'd invite to my home, two of them are awfully good writers and the third is a consummate manager and organizer. I mean, what is this, a popularity contest?

Like Mack, I too worked as an editorial assistant at *NR*, and I probably saw much of what Mack saw and what he is now reporting. There were and probably still are some things at which you might do a double take, but that's the way it is with any job and any social situation. I have a hunch Mack was seeking revenge.

Jeff Nelligan
Washington, D.C.

DEAR EDITORS **A**s your basic country lawyer here in North Carolina, I always depend on *SPY* to provide me with the full details of the irony and humor to be found in events in the big city. Therefore, it is a dreadful shock to me when *SPY* itself misses the joke. For example, in your August issue [Great Expectations], you made light of the fact that Rudolph Giuliani stole his campaign slogans from Hugh Carey. The joke to you was that Giuliani actually lifted the slo-

gan from Carey's campaign adviser. The *real* joke is that the Carey campaign adviser who wrote that line, David Garth, ran Ed Koch's campaign this fall.

Then, in the September issue [The Industry, by Celia Brady], you reported that a negative story in the *Los Angeles Times* was killed after Jerry Weintraub's attorneys, "the powerful Los Angeles firm of Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher," brought pressure on the paper. The missing joke is, guess which "powerful Los Angeles firm" represents the *Los Angeles Times*?

Am I missing anything else?

Blair Levin
Raleigh, North Carolina

We knew about the Garth wrinkle, but because we have neither the space nor patience to report every single potentially relevant irony—yes, it's disillusioning, but it's true—we neglected to mention it. And if you want to suggest some fishiness on the part of Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, fine.

DEAR EDITORS **T**hanks a million for your August issue's catalog of self-help groups in Mary Schaffer's "People Who Really, Really Need Peo-

ple (Are Organizing Themselves into Therapeutic Cabals at an Alarming Rate)." How touching it was to learn that you really do *care* about your readers.

I do, too. That's why I'm writing to tell you about one group that Ms. Schaffer didn't mention. It's a support group for *SPY* letter writers who suffer from what clinicians call *SPY Anxiety*.

The Beginners Section stresses the importance of spelling, grammar and factual accuracy. Unless you want *SPY* to put "[sic]" after every word, pay attention to fundamentals and proofread, proofread, proofread! When you think you're ready to mail your letter to *SPY*, remember what happened to the guy who misspelled *Premiere* three times in the same letter.

After *SPY* calls to tell you they might publish your letter, you're ready to move into the Intermediate Section of the support group. Here you'll read your letter to other poor souls like you waiting in limbo. Then the other members of the section will hold an informal rap session to decide whether the editors of *SPY* thought your letter was clever, stupid or unworthy of publication.

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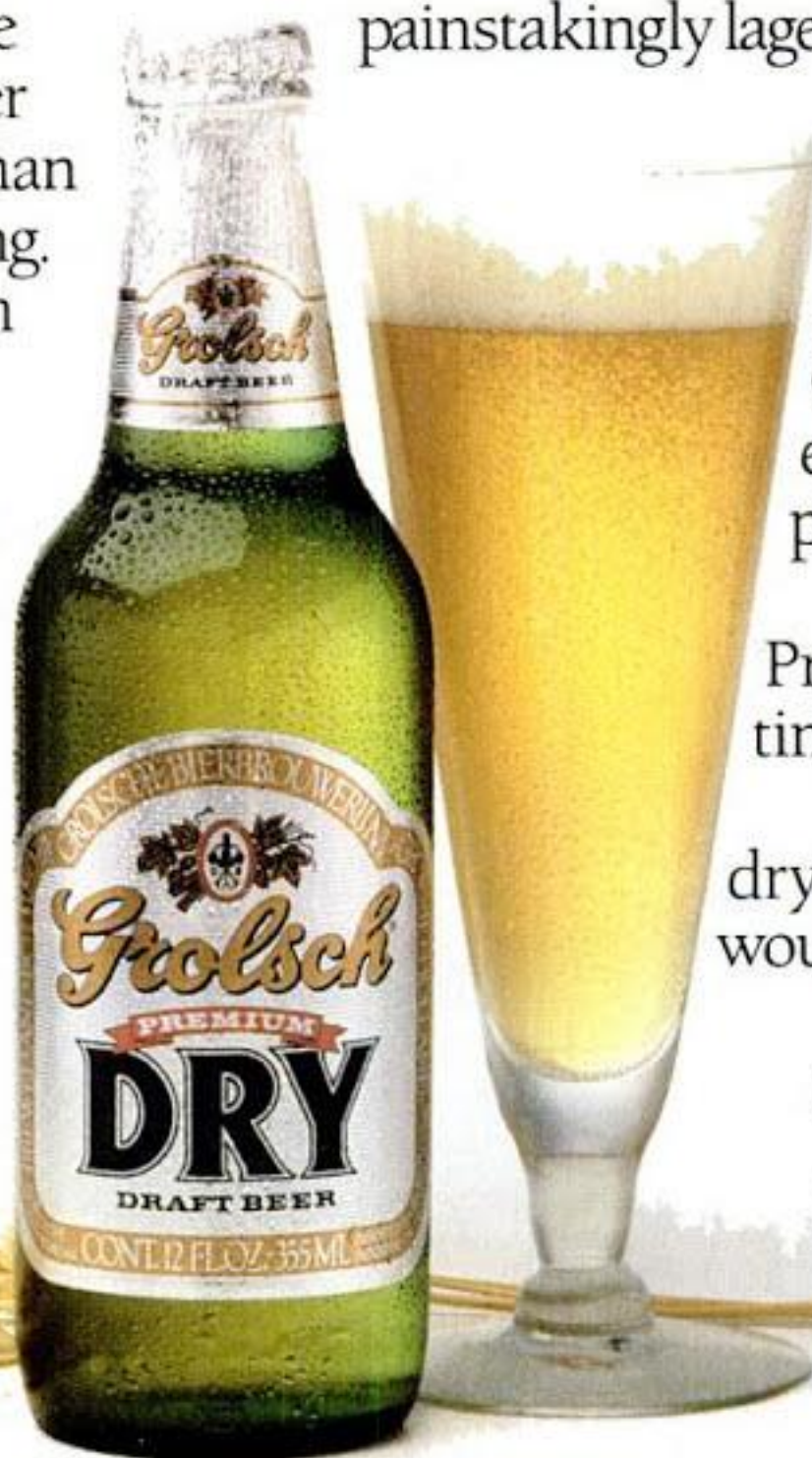
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November 5, 1980

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— President Ronald Reagan, during a radio sound check,
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"Are babies being bred for Satanic Sacrifice?"
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Dan Quayle and Geraldo Rivera by AP/Wide World Photos
Gary Hart by Gamma-Liaison

tion. Message to Tymoski and Goll-her: there's no R in your equation.)

Another reader with too much free time, David T. Thesenga of the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry in Portland, has sent us the results of three Twinkie tests we neglected to conduct (see "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral or Food?: A Rigorously Scientific Twinkie Lab-and-Field Test," by Bruce Handy, July): "Beyond Extreme Cold" (a hammer was required to open the Twinkie for examination), "Vacuum" (in these simulated outer-space conditions, the Twinkie filling expanded to five times its original size) and "High Speed Collision" (rather than being dropped from a height of 120 feet, as SPY's was, his Twinkie was "held immobile" and hit by a semi truck traveling at 65 mph, with predictable results). David T. Thesenga, we salute you. Science salutes you.

Music to Spin Plates By, Volume Three: "In August's Letters to SPY," a reader from — well, let's say Millinocket, Maine — writes, "Eli Messinger cites episodes of *The Ed Sullivan Show* as proof that 'Sabre Dance,' not 'Flight of the Bumble Bee,' is the appropriate music to accompany dinner plates being spun on tall sticks [see April Datebook]....I have just finished a two-year stint playing in 'show bands' on cruise ships and must disagree." Apparently, while "Sabre Dance" may once have "dominated," modern-day variety acts invariably choose "La Bamba" to accompany "such frantic and climactic bits." But "Bumble Bee," he assures us, remains the encore of choice for violinists, marimbists and tuba players. ("Sabre Dance" will be relegated to intercom broadcasts during frantic and climactic moments at the SPY offices — issue closings, skylight collapses and the attempted installation of an espresso machine.)

Another reader from, remarkably, Millinocket, Maine, wonders whether we've "noted the arrogance of *The New York Times* regarding the movie *sex, lies, and videotape*," specifically the way the paper of record, virtually alone among publications, refuses to lowercase the film's title. Indeed we have. (The *Times* also refuses to lowercase k. d. lang, as the singer would prefer it.)

Gillian Horvath of North Hollywood writes, "Reading Dutch Holland's Sep- >



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sufferers of chronic SPY Anxiety, a condition that arises when the editors of SPY publicly ridicule your letter. Your fellow members of this section will help you cope with your morbid fear that a future issue of SPY is going to analyze your garbage, show the world what you look like from an eighth of an inch away or expose your lack of hair, height or fresh breath.

What a great group. People helping people. That's what it's all about, isn't it?

Jim Weis

Atlanta, Georgia

Mr. Weis, whose other letters to SPY this year have run in the February, May and September issues, has neglected to mention the Super-Extra-Advanced Section, whose members have stopped writing us altogether.

DEAR EDITORS I was surprised, and frankly not a little disappointed, to note that your lengthy profile of Dino DeLaurentiis ["The Little Producer That Couldn't," by Mark Frankel, August] failed to mention his oft-uttered Hollywood nickname, Dino DeHorrendous. Jeez, come on!

Anthony Garcia Edwards

Madison, Wisconsin

DEAR EDITORS I was fascinated by the registered-trademark reminder from Edward Lowe Industries' customer-relations department [Letters to SPY, August]. But how did a South Bend, Indiana, cat-box-filler manufacturer become aware of a minor reference to its product in a select-readership satirical monthly published in lower Manhattan? Is it possible that its PR staff pores over issues of every conceivable publication (e.g., *Personal Computing* and *Soldier of Fortune*), looking for mention of its product? If not, what was the chain of events that brought the fact of SPY's brand-name misuse to ELI's attention?

Steven S. King

New York

Steven, meet SPY's only known professional reader, Sharon Marsden, a divorced mother of two and grandmother of one in Mesa, Arizona, who makes \$7.14 an hour reading up to 12 magazines a day for Luce Press Clippings Inc. In a never-ending battle for trademark integrity, Sharon scans People, Us, Star and SPY for more than 2,000 registered words and phrases, including KITTY LITTER® for

client ELI and SPY for client Spy Publishing Partners. (Sharon, here's some help with this week's quota: kitty litter, kitty litter, kitty litter.)

DEAR EDITORS I'd like to comment on your September article "On Your Mark, Get Set, Run Amok! Mapping the Tour de Trump's Mishaps, Foul-ups and Egregious Exaggerations," by Sydney Schuster. If you want to entertain your readers by engaging in adolescent pastimes such as Trump-bashing, that's up to you. But if you want to report on an event, there are ways to do it without resorting to slanted coverage:

(1) You said other riders held back the Russian rider Ekimov and stuffed a food bag into his wheel to stop him. Page 18 of the May 26 issue of *Velo-News* quoted Ekimov himself as contradicting you: "A musette bag fell into the wheel of the rider in front of me." And far from being something bad, breaking away in feed zones is something cyclists often try to do. Incidentally, Greg LeMond was another rider who missed the breakaway due to being behind the rider whose musette bag fell into his wheel. He's hardly one of your amateur riders. In addition, Ekimov did not mention anyone grabbing his jersey, as you claimed someone did.

(2) You gave the impression that Rishi Grewal was hit by a Jeep on purpose. In fact, he was not alone in the break he made; it contained four people, one of whom was 7-Eleven pro Alex Stieda, who won a sprint-time bonus over Grewal, the only advantage anyone in the break was to gain. Grewal's effort was too much for him, and he finished more than five minutes behind the leaders (page 19, *Velo-News*, May 26). So what would the purpose be of hitting him?

(3) It is uncommon but not rare for an event to end with a time trial (witness the 1989 Tour de France). You gave the impression it was done only on Trump's whim. Trump did ride in the chief marshal's motorcycle during the time trial (page 24, *Velo-News*, May 26), but hardly did he "commandeer" it as you suggest.

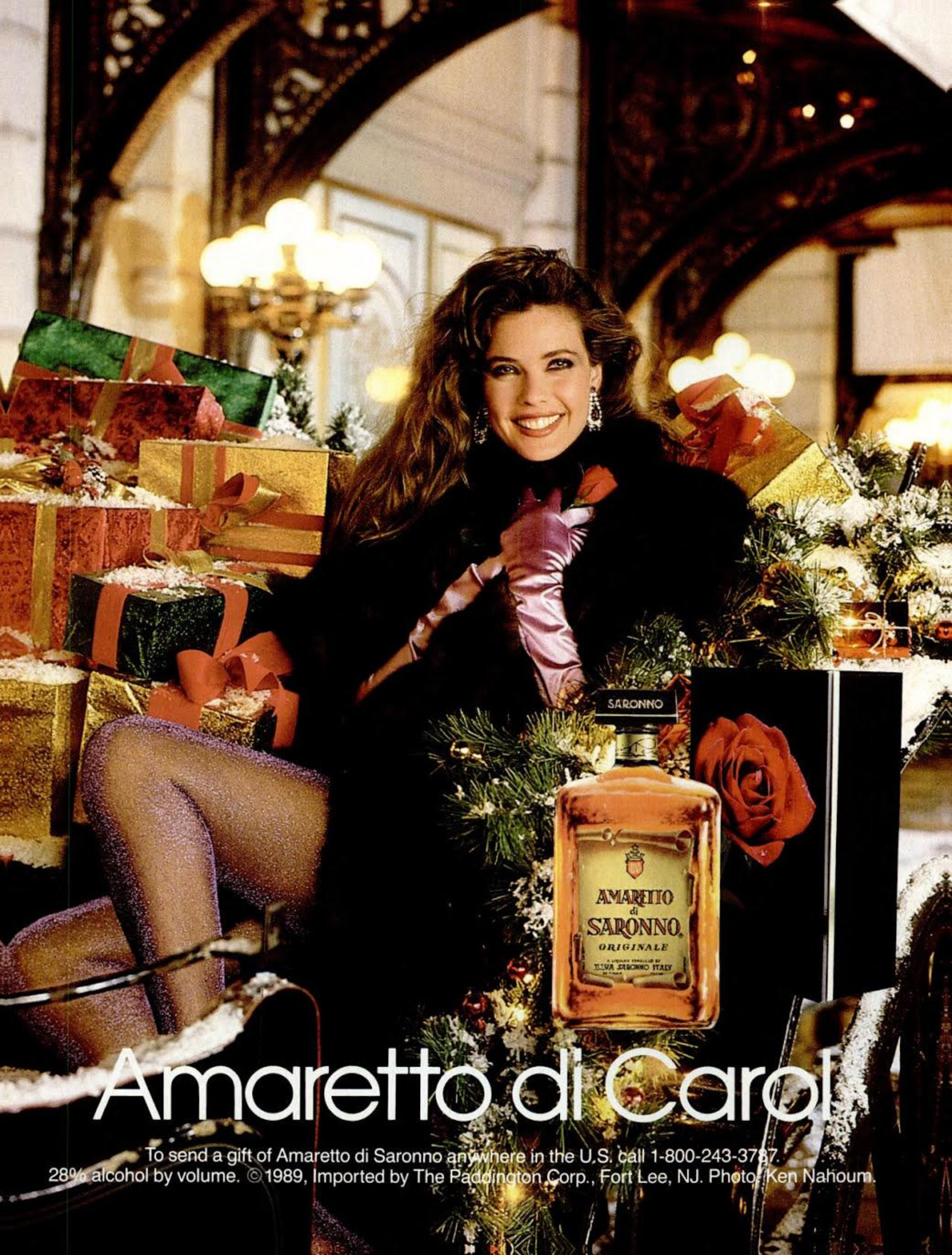
(4) You suggest some sort of "fix" because NBC aired a brief piece on the 7-Eleven team before the last stage. What kind of idiot would think it's a bad idea for an American network to talk about the highest-placed American team at an American stage race? 7-Eleven riders fin-

tember Review of Reviewers must have sensitized me to a 'coincidence' such as that evidenced in...reviews of the film *Let It Ride* from the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Hollywood Reporter*, both of which describe the plot...as 'Runyonesque.'" Horvath wonders whether the description was "suggested" by the press kit or if the critics—Kevin Thomas and Henry Sheehan, respectively—simply "went out for a beer after the screening." It's hard to say, of course. Living and working among criminals and grifters in New York City, we're always calling things Runyonesque, if not O. Henryesque, so we could well understand a coincidence. But if the description does have its genesis in a happy hour, we'll venture it was Thomas who thought of it—it's his review, after all, that got to use it twice (the headline reads A RUNYON FOR THE MONEY...).

Too little attention has been paid here recently to certain still-simmering intra-readership feuds. We'll now correct this. To those readers who have not been active participants in any of this, we beg your indulgence. And never mind what original SPY articles inspired these hostilities—as in the Lebanon unpleasantness, no one even remembers at this point.

So...Dave Platt of Winnipeg has responded to Michael Gates's response to his letter (see this column, July). Platt says he now sees "the (supposed) humor in Gates's letter," and while he quibbles about something he calls "tilt"—Gates's is facetious while SPY's is *ironic*, it seems—Platt says he'd "like to call a truce with Gates." However, he adds pointedly that "Comerford can reply if he wants to." Comerford? Oh, here it is: "As to Charles Comerford's attack: granted, I may be 'no George Plimpton, no William F. Buckley,' but is that really such a bad thing?"

Before you answer, Comerford, you should check out the status of another feud—it might prove more worthy of your efforts. Madge Lockwood of Chicago has responded to Zimri Smith Jr.'s "accusation that I was 'mistaken' in my statement that Alfred Russel Wallace was the man who came up with the theory of evolution" (see Letters to SPY, June). Charles Darwin, Lockwood says, "had been working on what he called his 'Big Book' for some 20 years, but it was not until >



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after he received The Sarawak Law that he felt fit to go before The Linnean Society.... Wallace not only had insight but a brilliance that has been swept under the historical carpet. I suggest that Mr. Smith read Arnold C. Brackman's excellent book on the subject, *A Delicate Arrangement—The Strange Case of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace*. I defend my position to the bitter end...."

What do you think of that, Comerford? *Theory of human evolution*—sounds a bit more rewarding than those trivial Gates-Platt concerns, if you ask us. We say pick up a copy of Brackman, if you don't already have one, bone up on The Sarawak Law and then lash out with a vengeance at either Smith or Lockwood, your choice. That all done, be sure to include your daytime phone number. We'll take care of the rest. ☺

C O R R E C T I O N S

David Dinkins's wife (referred to in October's *Usual Suspects*) is named Joyce, not Carol. The fashion show referred to in "The New York Review of Looks" was sponsored by the Italian Trade Commission. The illustration credit for "The SPY Map of Suburbanized Manhattan" (by John Brodie and Bob Mack, November) was inadvertently omitted; the map was illustrated by Susan Faiola. In the *Times* column of September, we had Max Frankel and Joyce Purnick looking for Riverside Drive digs in a building with two apartments per floor; in fact, the building has four apartments per floor. And in the introduction to *The SPY 100*, our sophisticated formula was expressed incorrectly as

$$\frac{L^2}{2} + \frac{\text{MAX} (2 \times T, M) \times M}{\sqrt{F} + 1} + B$$

The correct formula is


$$\frac{L^2}{2} + \frac{\text{MAX} [(2 \times T), M] \times M}{\sqrt{F}} + 1 + B$$

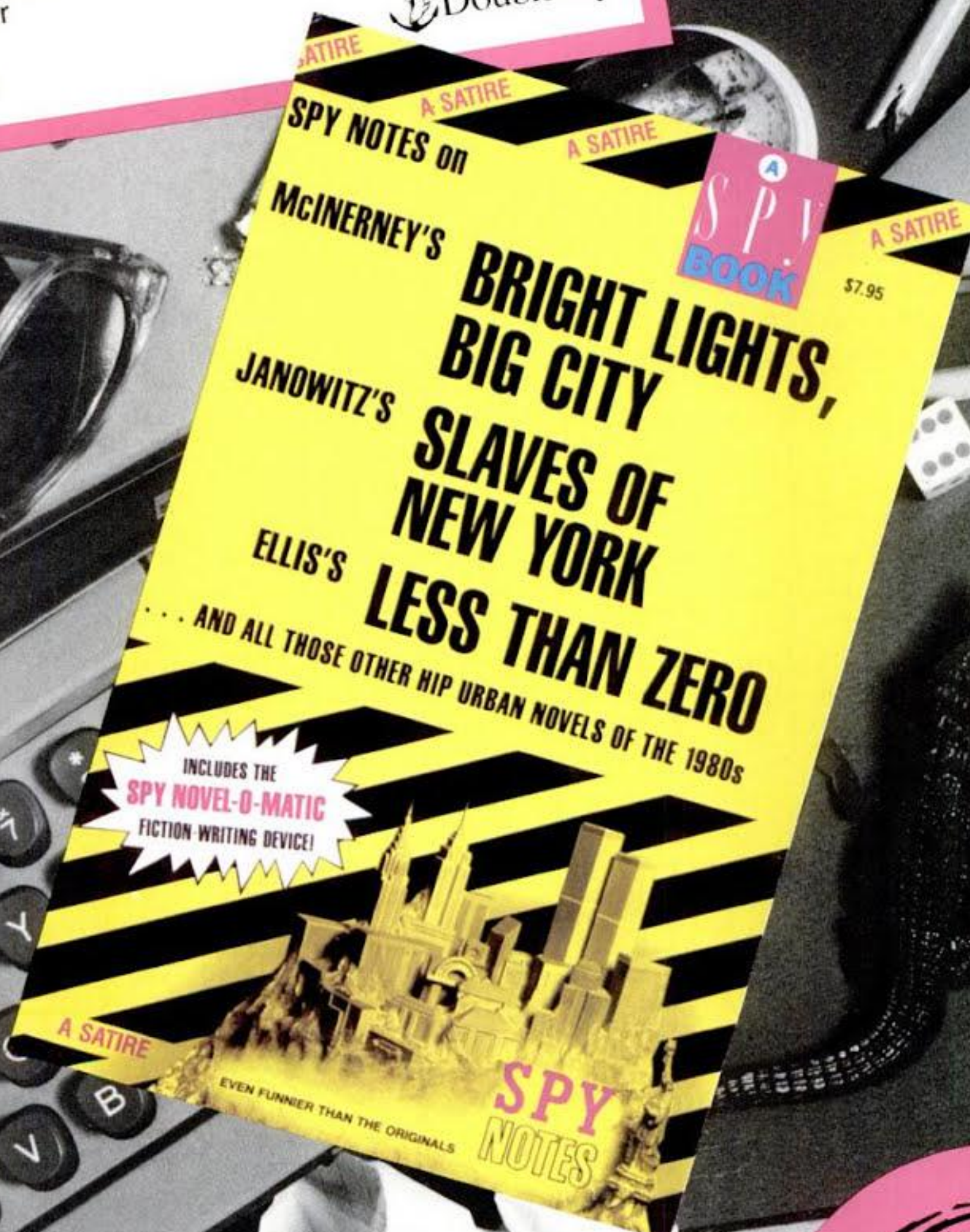
Also, one apology: To those readers who called the election-update telephone number included in "Hizzoner! The Running-for-Mayor-of-New-York-City Game" (by Jamie Malanowski, September) after the primary and got a message that had nothing to do with the election, we're sorry. We should have stayed with the updates a little longer. ☺

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ished first, fifth, sixth, seventh and tenth overall (page 24, *Velo-News*, May 26). How can you interpret this as evidence of dirty play?

(5) *Velo-News* disputes your quote of Trump. According to you, Trump said, "I just hope [Koch] doesn't point the starting gun at me." *Velo-News* quotes Trump as saying, "But I'm not sure which way he will point it" (page 5, *Velo-News*, May 26). Quite a difference.

(6) Finally, I don't know what Sydney Schuster's qualifications are as a "cycling expert," but there is certainly no evidence of it in the article. On the other hand, as the information above shows, there is evidence that your own admonishment of the race having a casual approach to facts ought, instead, to be pointed directly at your publication.

No first-time event of this magnitude could come off without snafus. The Tour de France has been going on for more than three-quarters of a century, and there are still course errors and misdirected riders. But for you to belittle this event because you feel you have a moral obligation to oppose anything Trump does is a disservice to the hundreds of people who worked to make it a success, regardless of who paid for the race.

Mike Ingram

Idaho Falls, Idaho

SPY stands by Sydney Schuster—licensed United States Cycling Federation official, experienced racing pace driver, Cycling USA contributor—and her story. The observation that Ekimov's jersey was grabbed by his opponents came to us from three independent, reliable sources. The August 1989 issue of *Cyclist* magazine reported the jersey-grabbing, and in September, *Bicycle Guide* additionally noted that the explanation of this incident had changed a number of times. As for the unfortunate Grewal's "accident," witnesses say the drivers of the Jeep could not have missed seeing Grewal. In any event, officials note that such collisions are rare indeed. The Trump quote about Koch, which Mr. Ingram disputes, originally appeared in the *New York Post* on May 6, 1989. As for the 7-Eleven team profile broadcast just before 7-Eleven won the race—we merely said it was a coincidence.

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our story on the casting privileges enjoyed by actress Mary Ellen Trainor due to the generosity of husband Robert Zemeckis and his friend Joel Silver is already due

for some updating ["Do You, Sylvester Stallone," by Jeff Trent, September].

Director Richard Donner should be added to the list of co-conspirators. As you pointed out, Ms. Trainor did make a memorable appearance as a "psychologist" in Donner's *Lethal Weapon*. Earlier last summer, the anthology series *Tales from the Crypt* premiered on HBO. Its roster of executive producers included Donner, Silver and Zemeckis. One of the first episodes aired was directed by Zemeckis, and its star was—surprise, surprise—Mary Ellen Trainor.

As if this weren't enough, Ms. Trainor also played *two* roles in the last Richard Donner-Joel Silver opus, *Lethal Weapon 2*. In addition to reprising her original role as the psychologist, she also appeared on the TV at Danny Glover's house, just before his daughter's condom commercial was to be aired, in a scene from the Zemeckis-directed, Donner- and Silver-produced episode of *Tales from the Crypt*.

Keith Bunin

Poughkeepsie, New York

Even worse: why would a condom commercial, or indeed any commercial, be appearing on commercial-free HBO—the only place *Tales from the Crypt* is shown?

DEAR EDITORS **I**t was with more than a little enjoyment that I read Jay Harris George's exposé on the Museum of Broadcasting and its president, Robert Batscha ["Let's Go to the Videotape! (Uh...What Videotape?)," September]. As a member of Bob's high school graduating class (Forest Hills, '63), I recall him as a relentless young self-promoter who carried the unmistakable aura of noblesse oblige. Nine years later I encountered him in the real world. He was quite impressed with himself for having completed his Ph.D. thesis, and especially the fact that it was going to be published by the Library of Congress. I later learned that they *all* are. He was soon off to Paris to further his media studies and achieve success before his self-imposed age deadline of 35. He soberly stressed that it was important for him to make the right contacts and to marry "up." How delightful to read that he has found his niche. It is reassuring to find consistency in an uncertain world.

Name withheld on request

New York

DEAR EDITORS **O**n the reading of Clau... I oom's letter [September], in which she explained that the word *trump* is British slang for "fart," was I able to fully appreciate your previous references to that short-fingered vulgarian and former SPY cover model as Donald "Stinky" Trump.

Tamera Herrod

Massillon, Ohio

DEAR EDITORS **O**kay, we give up. Would you mind explaining John S.P. Walker's cartoon on page 54 ["Controversial Experiment"] in your September issue?

Ron D. Harvey and the Folks

in Isle 1A

Naperville, Illinois

Well, did you notice that neither the *i* in *Controversial* nor the *i* in *experiment* is dotted? Just asking.

DEAR EDITORS **W**ould give a year's salary to know who writes the Industry column. It's brilliant and incisive and *really* captures the nuances of the industry.

Must go—have to take a meeting!

John Austin

Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS **D**o you also rob from the poor?

Being summarily trashed in your magazine did not come unexpected [From the SPY Mailroom, September]. Okay, so I wrote a few letters deprecating your sometimes ludicrous and risible ads (all in good fun, of course), all the while forwarding query letters trying to "pitch" you article ideas. You can well imagine the word *pitch* has been permanently banned from my vocabulary.

But what struck me most about this unfortunate episode is less the naïveté on my part than your inability to take criticism—at least, a certain kind of criticism. While exposing the buffoonery and downright banality of American society is well and terribly good, how much of it is sincere and honest?

An article in *Washington Monthly* earlier this year discussed the labyrinthine ways you chaps use your privileges as merchants of the written word to worm your way into

Ah, Bert and Sharon's little year-end gathering. Not exactly borderline chaos here.

You'd think the holiday that gave us flying reindeer, marathon office parties and the opportunity to create lengthy wish lists would inspire a bit more good cheer than this.

Obviously, when it comes to transforming the ho-hum into the positively humming, these folks haven't got a clue.

What they seem to have forgotten is this: With just a little imagination and a few of those elegant bottles that come in the purple sack, any party can be given a serious jump start.

Flip over this panel and you'll see what I mean.



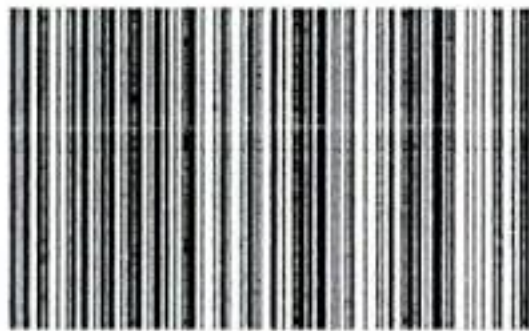


Peel off the *Crown Royal* and liven up the party.

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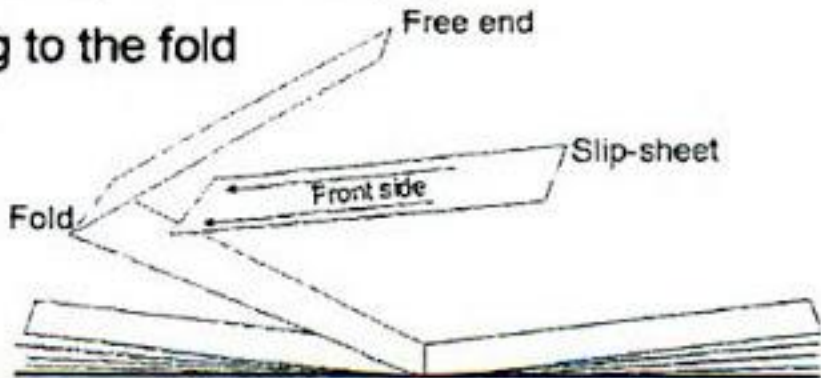
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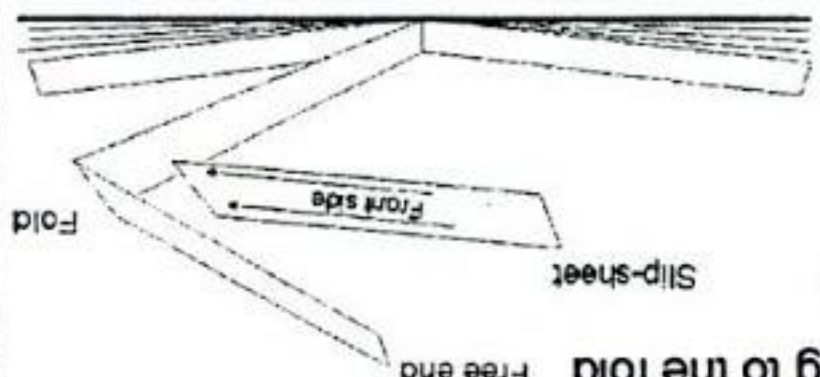
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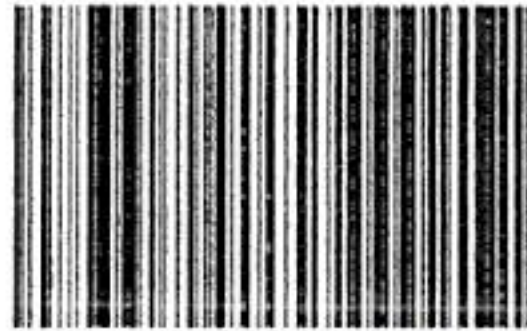
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Folded edge of the page

1. Follow instructions on the other side

Back



GbsSlipBack-001B

Back

1. Follow instructions on the other side




It was a dull, lifeless holiday party. I got there at 8:20.
By 8:33 I felt like snaking my way back to the coatroom.



1:42 a.m. We have to do this again sometime.*



*This will help.  To send a gift of Crown Royal anywhere in the continental U.S., dial 1-800-238-4373.

the prestigious Century Club and how you wangle deals with Hollywood producers. Notice how ICM, the behemoth Hollywood agency that represents SPY, has rarely, if ever, to my knowledge, been humbled in your scabrous pages.

Undoubtedly, yours is the most brilliant periodical in our decaying civilization right now. I am not alone in saying I read each and every issue cover to cover, including *The Fine Print*. For that you should be congratulated. But what exactly have I done to deserve such trashing—except tell everyone about SPY and turn enough new readers on to your magazine to, well, fill up a Greek restaurant? I haven't bought a house in the country and promptly started being a jerk to my neighbors, I'm not running for mayor of New York, and neither do I as a matter of habit return my calamari to the chef seven times. I merely wanted to scribble for your magazine—is that such a crime?

There's a danger that you may become like the very caricatures you regularly lampoon. There's a danger of sitting on your pristine, sanctimonious, self-righteous mountaintop condemning fellow humanity, all the while failing to see the warts on your own nose. There's a danger in your method of character assassination of some of your most loyal readers, most of whom don't have high-priced attorneys or slick PR honchos to defend them.

But worst and most dangerous of all is the possibility that you'll fail to publish this letter and therefore give me a chance to redeem myself. After all these months of corresponding with you, don't you think I deserve at least that much?

Taso Lagos

Seattle, Washington

At least, and at most.

DEAR EDITORS **P**redators: SPY magazine has now surpassed the *National Enquirer* as the most malignant example of Barnacle Journalism. Lacking any worthwhile original ideas or possibly the guts to pursue them, your writers are fully dependent upon the shortcomings of public figures for material.

And yet yours is barnacleism of the worst kind, since you embellish parasitic writing with an attitude that accepts no criticism.

Alec Lawson

Westport, Connecticut

DEAR EDITORS **I**'ve never been to New York, never had to drive through it, and therefore never been abused while visiting it. SPY generates some frightening impressions, though. Is New York ruled by evil real estate moguls who hate elderly people and minorities? Why does Dianne Brill design men's clothing? What happens if Saul Steinberg and Donald Trump want the same table at Mortimer's?

Elizabeth Nikles

Cincinnati, Ohio

The Trump Organization wouldn't comment on whether it hates anybody. Dianne Brill told us, "Because men's bodies are the bodies I appreciate the most. I'm happy to adore them and adorn them." Of course, she designs all her own clothes too, and she has plans to develop a lingerie line. Glenn Bernbaum, the owner of Mortimer's, said it would depend on who else was coming that night: "Neither of the gentlemen comes frequently enough to be given preference over a regular customer."

DEAR EDITORS **I** don't usually read SPY magazine, but my friend sent me a copy to enjoy. Out of obligation, I read it.

Why the obsession with Donald Trump? Do you editors at SPY long to be flashy buttholes and American like Trump?


Your magazine is poop. Although you at SPY would like to believe it, the magazine is not hilarious, it is not funny, and it isn't even clever. I fail to find what is so brilliant and redeeming about clipping "celebrity" photos and captioning them with subsatiric lines.

I bet at the monthly SPY parties you editors roar about another fantastically funny issue. It seems that all your magazine consists of is movie stills, blasting entertainment stars while kissing their asses, playing it safe, because you truly wouldn't want to offend them.

Until the next issue, I'm finding some use for SPY, as I'm swatting beetles off my ceiling with your magazine.

Dave McGurgan

Claymont, Delaware

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Typewritten letters are preferred. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. 

So you were the Life of the Party, eh?

Prove it,  and we'll pay you!



What made you the Life of the Party this holiday season?

- A. The squirting-daisy trick?
- B. The goldfish-in-the-punch-bowl joke?
- C. Taking advantage of the mistletoe?
- D. *Crown Royal* and SPY?



As any debonair partygoer worth his or her evening wear knows, the correct answer is D—but we need proof. Just send us a photo of how *Crown Royal* and SPY enlivened your holiday party and you could win \$500. Photos must include a bottle of *Crown Royal* and a copy of SPY (squirting daisy optional). Nine prizes will be awarded to the most creative, innovative interpretations.

Send entries to: Life of the Party c/o SPY Promotions, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, New York 10003.

Rules: (1) No purchase required. (2) Enter as often as you like. Photos should be standard prints. Each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope and consist of standard photograph, name, address, and age. All entries must be postmarked no later than January 8, 1990. (3) One Grand Prize-winning entry will be chosen by a team of judges from House of Seagram Media and DDB/Needham Worldwide Advertising. (4) The Grand Prize winner will receive \$500, to be awarded no later than March 1, 1990. Three Second Prizes (a Crown Royal sweater) and five Third Prizes (a Crown Royal golf shirt) will also be awarded. (5) All local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners. Employees, and their families, of House of Seagram Media, SPY, their advertising agencies, and liquor retailers and wholesalers are not eligible. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. All entries become property of Spy Publishing Partners. Void in Texas and where prohibited by law.

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Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



D. TRUMP



J. PISCOPO



B. DILLER

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT, PART I

The wages of sin, the Bible tells us, is death. Maybe they used to be, but nowadays many jobs aren't compensated as extravagantly as they used to be. Here are some of the miscreants who passed before the bar of justice in the last year and, in declining order of severity, the sentences—none of them death—they received.

Gene Gotti and John Carneglia, mobsters convicted of drug trafficking and racketeering: 50 years to life and \$75,000 in fines

James W. Hall, the Army warrant officer who spied for East Germany and the USSR: 40 years and a \$50,000 fine

John Royster, who murdered his girlfriend with a 12-gauge shotgun while she stood on a subway platform at Grand Central: 33 1/2 years to life

Yu Kikumura, the Japanese Red Army terrorist arrested on the New Jersey Turnpike with three bombs in his car: 30 years

Philip Copeland, David McClary, Todd Scott and Scott Cobb, who murdered police officer Edward Byrne: 25 years to life

Barry Minkow, the 23-year-old ZZZZ Best carpet-cleaning mogul, who was convicted of massive fraud: 25 years

Keith Campbell, one of 12 high school football players from Texas con-

LAST FALL, in the course of a television interview about race relations, **DONALD TRUMP** (apparently speaking as an expert on the attitudes of really rich, really white guys from Queens) spoke with characteristic sensitivity, saying, "If I were starting off today, I would love to be a well-educated black, because I believe they do have an actual advantage." A Manhattan office-temporary agency interested in sending clerical workers to The Trump Organization responded to a call from the Organization by sending a representative to meet with a Trump employee. After a brief discussion about the various qualifications of the agency's employees, the Trump executive made things simple: *Don't send us black temps*, the executive explained. Some more astonishingly overt racism followed, but a spokeswoman for Trump denied to SPY that her boss has any such policy. Indeed, she added, "We have a new [black] gal [and] I think we have another one still with us."

IF YOU SAW *Saturday Night Live's* fifteenth-anniversary special, you know that **CHEVY CHASE**, walking through the audience during the opening, spilled popcorn on employer-of-white-people **DONALD TRUMP**. And that Trump, hearing the laughter and appreciative applause (for Chase), forced a smile and pumped his arm in the air. But unless you attended the postbroadcast party in the Rainbow Room, you probably didn't have the chance to notice a piece of popcorn still lodged, more than an hour later, in Trump's hair, as one fellow partygoer did. The partygoer (high enough on the executive food chain to actually touch Trump) picked away the stray kernel and accidentally discovered Trump's horrible hairstyling (and popcorn-adhering) secret: hair spray. A superabundance of it, so thickly applied that his hair has the texture of fur on a cheap stuffed animal. If you'd been at that party and you'd made the imprudent decision to take an elevator down with pumped-up Miller Lite pitchman **JOE PISCOPO** and his special lady, you'd have had the chance to watch the pair becoming intimate for the 64-floor duration of the trip. Two

strangers had this opportunity, but they didn't watch the musclebound dry-humping. They stared ahead and rode in silence—a silence punctuated only by the sounds of a has-been's frantic, passionate sucking and slurping.

CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY, THE DESPOTIC Beverly Hills talent agency built on the principle of ask-not-what-your-agency-can-do-for-you-ask-what-you-can-do-for-your-agency, recently and uncharacteristically hosted a week's worth of open houses to celebrate the christening of its sleek new **I. M. PEI**-designed headquarters on Wilshire Boulevard. The urge to impress chief flesh peddler **MIKE "THE MANIPULATOR" OVITZ** was, naturally, an obsession of almost every Hollywood muckety-muck present. Gap-toothed tough-guy Fox Inc. chairman **BARRY DILLER**, striving to seem as polished as Ovitz (who is a celebrated art collector and owns part of New York's Pace Gallery), distinguished himself with some incisive critical comments about the **ROY LICHTENSTEIN** mural planned for the building's lobby. Surveying the blank, splotchy, spackled wall where Lichtenstein's 17-foot-tall mural would eventually appear, Diller paused thoughtfully and announced, "Oh! That's his best work ever."

WHEN **NANCY AND RONALD REAGAN** arrived in Japan for their nine-day, \$2 million paid vacation sponsored by the Fujisankei Communications Group this fall, the happy rent-a-president remarked that "Japan must anticipate and respond to... demands from the other countries of the world." Demands? From other countries? Now we know exactly what he meant: demands made by the wives of other countries' former presidents. At the retreat in Hakone where the Americans were to stay, a regiment of Japanese workers showed up a few days before the Reagans arrived, with orders to install an elevator in the two-story guesthouse—Nancy, it seems, had refused to walk up the single flight of stairs.

ALREADY GETTING NOSTALGIC FOR THE 1980s

Introducing Our Periodic We-Told-You-So Junk Bond Tote Board

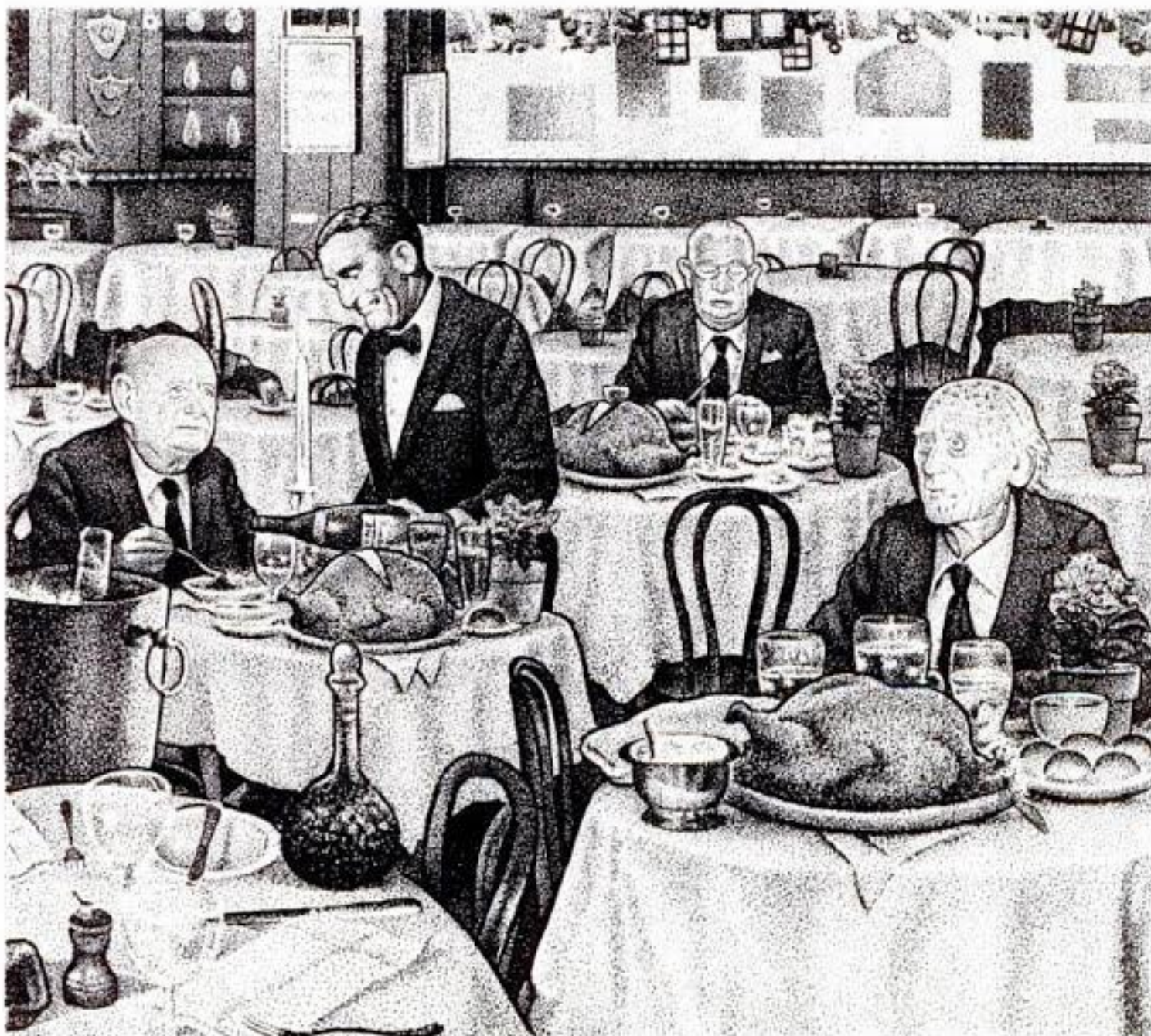
It's been nearly a decade since Mike Milken and Drexel Burnham Lambert invented junk bond financing. Now many of the nearly 1,000 businesses that indulged in this strategy find themselves hobbled with debt. And without Milken (indicted) and Drexel (guilty of securities fraud), this

enormous cash machine may start sputtering to a halt. With the party just now ending, it's getting hard to keep track of all the restructurings, defaults and bankruptcies taking place. Thus, our handy junk-bonds-in-default tote board, designed to follow the industrial empires as they dissolve:

Junk Bond Issuers Not Belly-Up Just Yet	Junk Bond Issuers Who Have Restructured for Easier Payments	Junk Bond Issuers in Default	Junk Bond Issuers in Chapter 11
Farley Industries Gillett Holdings Inc. I.C.H. Corporation Jim Walter Corporation Leaseway Transportation Corporation R.H. Macy & Company, Inc. Morse Shoe Inc. National Can Corporation Orion Pictures Pacific Lumber Pan Am World Airways Inc. RJR Nabisco Inc. Southland Corporation Twentieth Century Fox Films	Campeau Corporation S.C.I. Television Seaman Furniture Company, Inc.	General Homes Corporation Geothermal Resources International Inc. Gibraltar Financial Corporation Integrated Resources Inc. Nelson Entertainment Resorts International Corporation Simplicity Pattern Inc.	Allegheny International Inc. American Continental Corporation BASIX Corporation Coleco Industries DeLaurentiis Entertainment Group Eastern Airlines Maxicare Health Plans Inc. Revco D.S. Inc. Southmark Corporation

—Eddie Stern

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Ed Koch, Harry Helmsley and Rudolph W. Giuliani enjoy their dinners amid the Yuletide festivities at The 21 Club.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Cory

James

Pamela

Fred

Coretta

Jacqueline

Yoko

Isabel

Joan

Ian

Gayfryd

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

victed in an armed-robbery spree involving 21 holdups: 25 years

Lillian Perez, a Brooklyn grandmother convicted of dealing heroin, despite her plea that she entered the drug trade only to effect the cancellation of a murder contract on her son: 20 years

David Taggart, a former aide to Jim Bakker at the PTL club, who was convicted of tax evasion and using church funds to buy furs, jewelry and a condominium: 18 years and 5 months, and a \$500,000 fine¹

Bruce Kimball, the winner of a 1984 Olympic silver medal in diving, who killed two teenagers by plowing into them while driving drunk: 17 years

Lyndon LaRouche, who was convicted of defrauding his supporters and the IRS: 15 years

Noah Robinson, Jesse Jackson's half brother, who was convicted of beating up a witness to a slaying: 10 years

Adolph Hitler Clark, who sought to exculpate himself from murder charges by saying he'd turned to crime because of his name: 10 years

Joel Steinberg, who killed Lisa Steinberg: 8 1/2 to 25 years and a \$5,000 fine

Mario Biaggi, the former congressman convicted of being a Wedtech racketeer: 8 years²

David Bloom, the Wall Street whiz kid convicted of defrauding investors in his company of almost \$15 million: 8 years

The Reverend Thomas Streithorst, the Harlem pastor convicted of sexually attacking three parishioners who had come to him for counseling: 7 to 21 years

Stanley Friedman, the ▶

¹ Three other PTL officials have been convicted on various counts of fraud. James Taggart, David's brother, got 17 years and 9 months, plus a \$500,000 fine; Richard Dortch, a former PTL vice president, received 8 years and a \$200,000 fine; and ringleader Jim Bakker got 45 years and a \$500,000 fine.

² His son, who was convicted of fronting for his father, received a two-year term and a \$71,000 fine.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

former Koch crony already serving 12 years on federal charges, who was convicted on state charges of bribing a National Guard general: 7 years

James Brown, the singer, who was convicted of leading police on a high-speed car chase: 6 years

Larry Davis, the desperado who, though acquitted of nine charges of attempted murder stemming from a shoot-out with police, was convicted of illegal weapons possession: 5 to 15 years

Mercedes Perez, a Manhattan woman who fired on police raiding her apartment; the cops returned fire, killing one of their own: 5 to 15 years

Norby Walters, a sports agent who was convicted of signing college players before they were eligible, and of threatening some of them: 5 years and a \$250,000 fine³

Sean Sullivan, who set three homeless people on fire in Prospect Park: 4 to 9 years

Clovis Fearom, a drug-charge fugitive who became a heroic samaritan when he shot two men who were mugging someone in front of his house: 4 years (for the drug conviction)

Chuck Muncie, former NFL running back convicted of selling cocaine: 2½ years

Joseph Desposito, a corrupt city Health Department restaurant inspector so greedy he was nicknamed Hungry Joe: 2 years in jail, 3 years' probation

Lisa Ann Jones, the Drexel Burnham Lambert trader convicted of lying to a grand jury investigating the firm: 18 months in prison and a \$50,000 fine

Robert Wallace, who killed a man near the Dublin House, near Broadway and 79th Street, by delivering a karate kick to the man's throat: 1½ to 4 years

Pat Swindoll, former congressman convicted of lying to a federal grand jury: 1 year and a \$30,000 fine

³ A confederate, Lloyd Bloom, received a 3-year term and was ordered to repay a player \$145,000.

THE BOY WHO COULDN'T SEE THE TREES FOR THE FOREST

A Look Into One Writer's Environmentally Conscious World

New York — or at least the serious-nonfiction-reading portion of it — is abuzz over the doomsayings of Bill McKibben, the (balding) fair-haired boy of William Shawn's last years at *The New Yorker*. From his woodland sanctuary in the Adirondacks, McKibben has issued *The End of Nature*, a 226-page warning of environmental apocalypse to come. McKibben asserts plausibly that civilization has, in mere decades, upset nature's eons-old balance, swallowing up natural resources and belching enough carbon dioxide to put the planet into a permanent heat wave. Part of the problem, he explains, is the destruction of forests. "Now that we have changed the most basic forces around us," McKibben laments, "the noise of [the] chain saw will always be in the woods."

But to just what degree is Bill McKibben, concerned writer and environmentalist, responsible for the noise of the chain saw, the alteration of the atmosphere, the change in the weather — the end, as it were, of nature?

A quick tally reveals that McKibben's warnings have so far consumed about 5.65 million sheets of paper, the product of his book's 226 pages and Random House's initial printing of 50,000. Add

to this figure the 18.2 million sheets of paper consumed by *The New Yorker's* 26-sheet excerpt of the book in its September 11 issue (print run: 700,000), plus the 525,000 sheets of paper used for *Vanity Fair's* half-page blurb about the book in its October issue (print run: 1.05 million), plus the 1.3 million sheets consumed by the *Times's*



review of the book (print run: 1.3 million), plus the 3.1 million sheets consumed by large ads for the book in both the *Times* and the *Times Book Review* (print runs: 1.3 million and 1.8 million, respectively), plus the 265,000 sheets used for *New York's* half-page piece on the book (print run: 530,000), and you get 29.04 million sheets of paper. Given that one tree yields about 9,000 standard-size sheets of paper, we can so far hold McKibben responsible for the death of at least 3,200 trees.

—David Kamp

OTHER STUFF YOU COULD DO WITH \$13.8 MILLION BESIDES UNSUCCESSFULLY RUN RON LAUDER FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK

Provide full college tuition costs for four years in the CUNY system for 2,760 high school graduates; allow Zsa Zsa Gabor, at a court-imposed fine of \$12,937.50 per cop slapped, to physically abuse 1,066 Beverly Hills police officers; purchase 3,920,454 tubs of popcorn with real butter at the Cineplex Odeon Regency; pick up the weekday *New York Times* through the year 132183 (Saturdays, Sundays extra); prevent God (at 1987 prices) from killing Oral Roberts 1.6 times; pay 1989 starting salaries for 167 fresh-faced dweeb lawyers at legal powerhouse Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz; add 382 rookies to the New York City police force; stockpile 2,303,839 sets of Lee press-on nails; engage in 45 influence-purchasing phone calls with former Interior secretary James Watt; feed the 300,000 homeless New Yorkers dinner for 16 days at Chelsea's Church of the Holy Apostles soup kitchen, on Ninth Avenue;



single-handedly revive the Subway Series by bringing sluggish Yankees/Mets rosters up to par with contracts for, respectively, Orel Hershiser, Wade Boggs and Dave Stewart (\$7.1 million) and Cal Ripkin, Rickey Henderson and Mickey Tettleton (\$5.9 million), plus purchase two hot dogs and two jumbo beers for each Series ticket buyer; give Malcolm Forbes 6, or Saul Steinberg 13, really nice parties; purchase approximately 400 square inches of *Sunflowers*, by Vincent van Gogh; order 7,885,714 slices of Sicilian from Famous Ray's Pizza on Sixth Avenue in the Village (with pepperoni or mushrooms, 5,520,000 slices; with pepperoni and mushrooms, 4,246,153 slices); fund the Pentagon for 10.4 minutes; give a copy of the Harper & Row paperback edition of Henry David Thoreau's *Walden* to every man, woman and child in New York City.

—Randall Short

The art of Pancaldi

The art of Gianfranco Ferre

PART OF THE ART

The art of Fratelli Rossetti

The art of Bottega Veneta

The art of Alessi

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Bernhard Goetz, the subway gunman, convicted of illegal weapons possession: 1 year

Gustav Jerry Hasford, coauthor of the screenplay of *Full Metal Jacket*, who was convicted of stealing 748 books, many of them rare, from nine libraries: 6 months in jail, 5 years' probation and a \$1,100 fine

State Senator Israel Ruiz Jr., who was convicted of lying on a loan application: 6 months

Jimmy (the Weasel) Fratianno, confessed murderer and mob stool pigeon, who was convicted on weapons charges after threatening his wife: 5 months

Luis Polonia, the Yankee outfielder, convicted of having sex with a minor: 60 days, \$1,500 fine

John Jenrette, one of the congressmen convicted in the Abscam sting, who was convicted of stealing a necktie and a pair of shoes from a discount department store: 30 days in jail, 2 years' probation and a \$2,000 fine

Donald "Buzz" Lukens, the Ohio congressman convicted of having sex with a minor: 30 days in jail and a \$500 fine

James Tabacca, a North Hollywood undertaker, who bullied a flight attendant for ordering him to obey no-smoking regulations: 15 days in jail, 2 years' probation, 100 hours of community service and a \$500 fine

The Reverend Al Sharpton, who was convicted of disorderly conduct during a demonstration at La Guardia airport: 15 days

Jay Turoff, Koch's corrupt taxi commissioner, who was convicted of illegally distributing medallions: 3 months' house arrest and a \$1,000 fine

Cyndy Garvey, celebrity ex-spouse who defied a child-visitation order: 5 days

Boyd Jefferies, the corporate takeover specialist guilty of securities law violations: 5 years' probation and a \$250,000 fine

Oliver North, who conducted foreign policy on behalf of the United States: ▶

LADIES!

FABULOUS EASTERN TIPS FOR BETTER SEX!

The Best Parts of the Ancient Indian Sex Manual

The *Kama Sutra*, or "Lover's Bible," is renowned as a 1,600-year-old *Joy of Sex*. Some versions even come illustrated. But how many people have actually read it? The following is an abridged list of the requisite arts of the Kama Shastra, or "science of pleasure," that its anonymous author (the first English translation, by Sir Richard Burton, was printed in 1883) insists women should study.

Tattooing
Fixing stained glass into a floor
Playing on musical glasses filled with water
Storing and accumulating water in aqueducts, cisterns and reservoirs
Stringing of rosaries, necklaces, garlands and wreaths
Magic or sorcery
Quickness of hand or manual skill
Making lemonades, sherbets, acidulated drinks... with proper "flavour" and "colour"
Solution of riddles, enigmas, covert speeches, verbal puzzles and

mysterious questions
Study of sentences difficult to pronounce
Art of cockfighting, quail fighting and ram fighting
Various ways of gambling
Art of obtaining possession of the property of others by means of "muntras" or incantations
Knowledge of gymnastics
Making artificial flowers
Knowledge of mines and quarries
Art of teaching parrots and starlings to speak

—Peter Heffernan

"d SORE LOSER — OR CONSCIENCE OF THE NATION?"

The SPY Interview: Phil Paladino, Zsa Zsa Gabor's Publicist

Do you know who Big Brother from 1984 is today? The press. The press in this country can destroy anyone. You journalists are all alike. You're all lazy and stupid. You wouldn't have jobs if it weren't for guys like me who you can call up, who tell you what to write. I never met one so-called journalist who has ever come up with a story on his own. Why don't you write a story about how stupid journalists are? You'd probably win a Pulitzer. You might think I'm crazy, but I'll tell you: tonight when you lay in bed, you're going to remember the name Phil Paladino. And for the rest of your life you're going to remember the way he made you feel."

—Michael Hainey

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"The most entertaining thing about the rise of cable TV is the proliferation of preacher shows. The most fun to watch are Jim and Tammy Bakker, whose 'network' is called PTL (Praise the Lord, or People That Love). They rake in millions every year.

"Of course, the exposure will ultimately kill them. This pair is too meretricious, too sleazy even for the trailer parks that spawned them. Before too long they'll be broke or in jail or working the shopping malls. Or maybe all three."

—from "Satellite Television," by David Owen, SPY, December 1979



THE NEW, IMPROVED LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

*mentioned
once every...*

Malcolm Forbes.....	3.42
Gayfryd Steinberg.....	4
Gianni Agnelli.....	6
Henry Kissinger.....	6
Woody Allen.....	8
Glenn Close.....	8
Oscar de la Renta.....	8
Katharine Graham.....	8
Liz herself.....	8
Billy Norwich.....	8
Annette Reed.....	8
Carolyn Roehm.....	8
Saul Steinberg.....	8
Elizabeth Taylor.....	8
Bette Davis.....	12
Jesus.....	12
The Regency Hotel....	12
La Cage aux Folles....	24
"My hero Lewis Grossberger"	24
SPY	24

...days





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This time, the proof is the Sony D-555. This Discman® portable compact disc player is the most advanced available today. It utilizes an 8X oversampling digital filter with dual D/A converters for incredibly accurate sound reproduction. And our *exclusive* new digital signal processing (DSP) technology lets you digitally shape music precisely to almost every listening environment.

Of course, if you spend a lot of time on the road, you may want to travel with our new D-180K Discman CD player. Its dual damping suspension

is designed for the rigors of the car environment. And the D-180K's backlit display and function controls are ideal for both day and nighttime use.

Another Discman player that's sure to get a lot of use is our new DT-2. Like all our Discman products, it's sleek, lightweight and fully portable. Only this one features an AM/FM tuner for even more versatility.

Fact is, every Sony Discman player is versatile enough to go virtually anywhere. But then, it's what you'd expect from the people who invented the compact disc and the first portable CD player.

So remember, wherever the spirit moves you, take along a Sony Discman portable CD player. Hear there and everywhere.



D-555

D-180K

DT-2

SONY
THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

2 years' probation, 1,200 hours of community service and a \$150,000 fine

Robert McFarlane, the former national security adviser, who was convicted of perjury: 2 years' probation and a \$20,000 fine

Ike and Margarethe Kozminski, who pleaded guilty to violating Michigan's labor law after being accused of enslaving two mentally retarded men on their farm: a \$6,000 fine and \$34,000 in restitution to the men

Ethel Scull, the art collector, who pleaded guilty to aggravated harassment after phoning her stockbroker 1,208 times in the 8 days following the October 1987 crash: a \$1,000 fine and \$60 in court costs

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT, PART II

Case No. C 701 718 in the Superior Court of the State of California

Monica Harmon v. Don Simpson, Jerry Bruckheimer, Film Visions Inc., Paramount Pictures, et al.

Monica Harmon was hired by Paramount to work as a secretary for Simpson and Bruckheimer, the producers of *Top Gun* and *Beverly Hills Cop*, among other hit movies. Her primary responsibility, she maintains, was to act as Simpson's executive secretary. She held the job between February 1986 and October 1987, during which time, she says, she was directed by Simpson to perform various illegal acts. "Simpson ordered and directed Plaintiff to assist Simpson in scheduling appointments with various... prostitutes, to help arrange for their transportation through a limousine service and to pay said prostitutes for their services.... Simpson caused various quantities of cocaine to be brought into the offices... left such quantities in and around the office, and ordered and directed Plaintiff to clean up such substances when she arrived... the following morning." Harmon contends that these activities constitute a racketeering activity under the fed- ▶

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Bette Davis...



and the mean apple tree in *The Wizard of Oz*



Hermann Göring...



and L.A. Law's Larry Drake?



Pee-wee Herman...



and Chanel model Inès de la Fressanges?

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Readers won't be able to put [it] down."

— Alice Hoffman on Anne Bernays's *Professor Romeo*

"Awesomely good."

— Bernays on Hoffman's *Illumination Night*

"A trenchant, funny, important book."

— Erica Jong on Jill Robinson's *Dr. Rocksinger*

"A triumphant, irresistible adventure."

— Robinson on Jong's *Serenissima*

"Compelling tales of elemental fear and everpressing silence... by one of our best writers." — Don DeLillo on Peter Matthiessen's *On the River Styx*

"As brilliant, funny, and well-made as the rest of DeLillo's excellent work."

— Matthiessen on DeLillo's *White Noise*

— Howard Kaplan

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Our regular look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.

Subject: MERV GRIFFIN

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/6/25)

Date: August 28, 1989

Notable Activity: Said that his financially troubled company, Resorts International, was suspending interest payments on its debt

Horoscope: "Details, puzzle pieces fall into place. Applies especially where finances are concerned. You'll learn more about investments, special rates, cost of borrowing money."—Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*



Subject: BOB BARKER

Sign: Sagittarius

(b. 12/12/23)

Date: August 30, 1989

Notable Activity: Animal-rights activist Barker was sued for libel and slander after making statements about the American Humane Association

Horoscope: "You can expect most of your friends to challenge you or disagree with your methods and ideas. If you enjoy lively disputes and discussions, then go to it."—Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner*



Subject: MARLON BRANDO

Sign: Aries (b. 4/3/24)

Date: August 31, 1989

Notable Activity: Was quoted in published interview as calling New York "a warthog straight from hell." Also said *The Freshman*, his most recent project, was "horrible... a flop... a stinker"

Horoscope: "Be discriminating."—Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*



Subject: RON LAUDER

Sign: Pisces (b. 2/26/44)

Date: September 12, 1989

Significant Activity: Said he would be running for mayor despite losing Republican primary by 2-1 margin

Horoscope: "You're not the thin-skinned lightweight you once were, nor are you about to be intimidated or thrown off course—even if push comes to shove."—Katharine Merlin, *Town & Country*

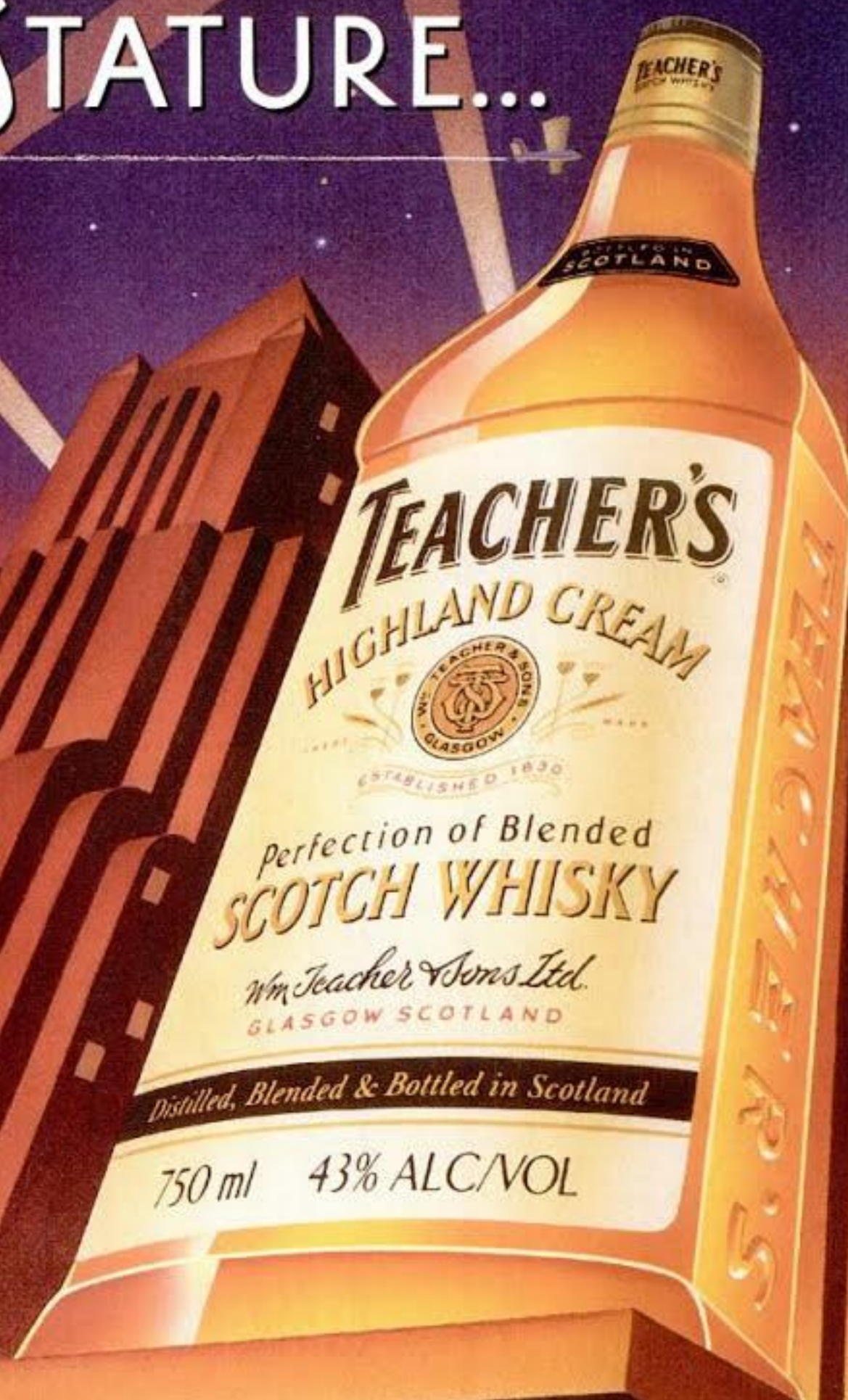


—George Mannes

ORDINARY PROPORTION OF SINGLE MALT WHISKIES ASSURES ITS EXCEPTIONAL SCOTCH CHARACTER

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THE SCOTCH
WITH STATURE...



TEACHER'S
SCOTCH

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

eral RICO statute, which, if her accusation holds up, would make her eligible for triple damages. Harmon also maintains that Simpson "regularly berated, insulted, cursed at and reprimanded the Plaintiff in a loud and boisterous manner without any cause, using such language as 'dumb shit,' 'stupid bitch,' 'you fucked up again you stupid bitch' and 'garbage brain.'" Harmon says that she was required to "view and tolerate illegal and immoral acts" and was exposed to "a variety of pornographic and obscene documents and statements." She says she was demoted to another secretarial position at Paramount without just cause. She is suing for \$5 million.

The defendants' initial response was one of those curious models of legal reasoning wherein one first denies all the allegations, then says the court doesn't have jurisdiction to hear the argument, and then says that because "Plaintiff gladly and willingly participated in the activities of which she now complains"—the ones that never happened—she should be denied redress. The defendants' second response was considerably stronger. They countersued Harmon, accusing her of violating her fiduciary duties, "including her duty of faithfulness and loyalty." They say she secretly searched Simpson's and Bruckheimer's personal offices, files, briefcases, desks and wastebaskets, spread false and malicious gossip about them and forged Simpson's initials on a personnel appraisal form. They also say she called in sick when she really wasn't. The defendants say her allegations have damaged them in excess of \$5 million.

CRIME UPDATE: HOMICIDE-FREE DAYS

According to the Police Department, there were only two days in 1988 when not a single murder was committed in New York City: May 4, a Wednesday, and August 28, a Sunday. There were five such days in 1987, and eight in 1986, the first year SPY began soliciting such records. ☺

DECEMBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

- 2** Al Haig turns 65, Ed Meese turns 58; guys, you're not getting older, you're just out of power.
- 2** The Queens Museum sponsors a "marketplace of memorabilia," in which the World's Fair Collectors Society sells memorabilia from past World's Fairs. *The place to find that trylon-and-perisphere-shaped gravy boat.*
- 4** The 122nd anniversary of the National Grange.
- 4-7** The American Museum of Natural History presents the thirteenth annual Margaret Mead Film Festival. You came of age with the book—*now live the movie.*

- 5** Lighting of the tree at Rockefeller Center.
- 7** The Museum of American Folk Art sponsors a lecture entitled "America Eats: Folk Art and Food," an exploration of "the direct relationship between the utensil and the food prepared in it." Finally, an explanation for why we don't eat soup with a fork.
- 7** National Fire Safety Day. Pour a bucket of water on someone you love.
- 10** Annual convention of the American Society of Associate Executives

Management Conference in Dallas. In other words, *p-a-r-t-y.*

17-23 Tell Someone They're Doing a Good Job Week, sponsored by radio station WCMS in Virginia Beach, Virginia.

24 The Museum of Modern Art sponsors "Sesame Street: The First Generation," containing—among other things—a compilation of "alphabet sequences" from foreign versions of the program. And, if we're lucky, the lyrics

to Ernie's theme song *Rubber Duckie* written in runes. **25** Christmas. As we all know, people

who have birthdays on Christmas often don't get the attention they deserve and need.

With that in mind, we take our hats off to some very special little birthday orphans:

Larry Csonka, Barbara Mandrell, Justin and Sacha Trudeau and Levon, who was born a pauper to a pawn.

28 John C. Calhoun, who had served under John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, became the first vice president to resign, in 1832. Well, it was big news then.

31 New Year's Eve. Go to a party. Wear a funny hat. Drink a little too much. Annoy people by wondering aloud why nobody remembers Ben Grauer. ☺



BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend

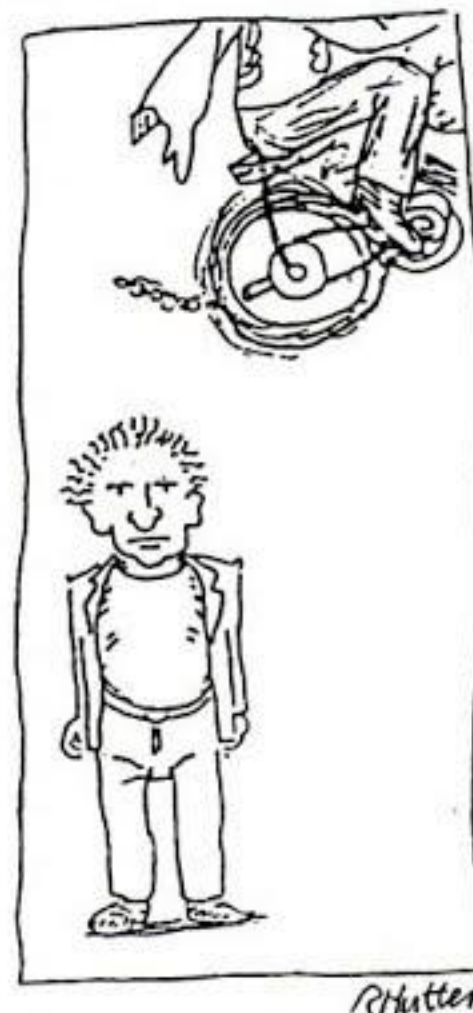
THE TWO JAKES, starring Jack Nicholson, Harvey Keitel (Paramount)
Walter Monheit says, "Jack acts, Jack directs—*Two Jakes* equals two Oscars for this Jack-be-nimble-of-all-trades!"

TANGO & CASH, starring Sylvester Stallone, Kurt Russell (Warner Bros.)
Walter Monheit says, "Sly steals one again! You can bet your biceps this won't be the last *Tango*!"

ALWAYS, starring Holly Hunter, Richard Dreyfuss; directed by Steven Spielberg (Universal)
Walter Monheit says, "Out-Capras Capra! Out-Sturgeses Sturges! Deck the halls with bows for Holly—fa la la la oooof!"

DRIVING MISS DAISY, starring Morgan Freeman, Jessica Tandy (Warner Bros.)
Walter Monheit says, "Who's going to be driving *Miss Daisy* down the aisle come Academy Awards night? The chauffeur with the gold-plated head—Oscar!" ☺

TWO CAREERS REVIVED:
EVEL KNEIVEL JUMPS
OVER NORMAN MAILER



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THE COOLEST PAGE IN THIS MAGAZINE

BULLET LAVOLTA



"Prepare to be utterly overwhelmed, beaten over the head, and left begging for more," says *Rockpool*. According to *Sounds*, "bands don't come any cooler." Bullet Lavolta's album, **"The Gift,"** now on RCA Records with two additional tracks: "Over The Shoulder," and "Dead Wrong."



THE STONE ROSES



Stone Roses cut deep. Tear into fresh rock from this guitar-driven Manchester band who have already inspired a huge core of fanatical followers. Their debut album, **"The Stone Roses"** cuts right to the bone, starting with "She Bangs The Drums" and "Elephant Stone."



THE PRIMITIVES



Rolling Stone said of their debut album, "Lovely," "in a perfect world, every song on this record would be a hit."...And the first single, "Crash," was. The new album from the #1 alternative band is pure Primitives. **"Pure,"** featuring "Sick Of It" and "Secrets."

THE DEL FUEGOS



Roots rock for the people, of the people and by none other than The Del Fuegos. They rocked the masses with a free concert in New York's Central Park. *College Music Journal* says of their new album, **"Smoking In The Fields"** "breathes with life and vigor, capturing the string-busting guts and sweat that they have been busting out on stages and in bars for so long."

GRAHAM PARKER



He's one of the few artists with two albums in *Rolling Stone's* Top 60 Albums of All Time. Now he reveals his real and surreal side on **"Human Soul,"** his new album on which no one escapes Parker's scrutiny, from the American media to AIDS and little "Green Monkeys." "In a lab somewhere a rodent pair were busy mating/As their D.N.A. got blown away it changed the shape of dating..."

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"OH, AND MR. FAULKNER? COULD YOU MAKE IT OUT TO SANDI?"

Spotting Famous Writers Doing Their Book-Signing Thing

Once upon a time, book signings were special events, providing an uncommon opportunity for the writer to engage those faceless readers with whom he has already communed, and to enrich their lives more deeply by signing their copies of his work. But that was back when writers were writers. Today writers are, at most, celebrities, and book signings are merely a device to lure the sometime reader into so alien a place as a bookstore. As an approach, it's theoretically sound—as we shall see, it's sometimes done with items other than books—but by no means foolproof. Here's what happened when some distinguished contemporary authors recently ventured out to meet America's readers.



Author: Jay McInerney
Work Promoted: *Story of My Life*

Time and Place: Week-day evening, 6:00, Wal-

denbooks, 614 Columbus Avenue

The Scene: A card table set up for the author, complete with a dozen copies of the novel, one ballpoint pen and an arrangement of pink Heliconia, the lobster-claw flower. A strip of masking tape stretched across the carpet in front of the table reads BEHIND THIS LINE PLEASE, but it is a pointless precaution—no one has shown up. The writer fidgets impatiently. There are about 25 customers in the store, many of them flipping through calendars; they eye the famous author warily and do not approach. About four would-be fellow stylish literati who have accompanied McInerney hover over the card table; periodically one of them picks up a copy of *Story of My Life* and says in a loud voice, "Oh, Jay, I am such a faaaaaan! Would you autograph my boooooook?!"

Finally the Rubicon is crossed: two giggling blond women in bomber jackets ask McInerney to sign their books. In a little while, a boy with a buzz cut and a skateboard tucked under his arm asks him to sign a dog-eared copy of *Ransom*.

The rush over, the author grows sulky and starts pacing. "Rizzoli's publicity mis-

spelled my fucking name," he whines. He wanders to the window and looks out into the street. "Bret must be lost," he says. Then: "Could I use your phone... Can I have the number for '21'?" He mentally stores the sequence, but does not call. Five minutes later he says, "Let me go see if Bret's car is here." Seeing his fellow super-famous Brat Pack novelist's vehicle, he announces, "All right! I gotta split." He climbs into the back of a silver limousine and heads downtown.

Number of Books Signed: 8–10



Author: George Burns

Time and Place: Week-day lunch hour, B. Dalton, Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street

Work Promoted: *Gracie: A Love Story*

The Scene: With presigned books (Burns need only sit, smile and shake hands) and a half-dozen security guards ("Clear this area! Clear this area!"), the ambience is more conveyor-belt efficient than literary intimate or show-biz glamorous. One woman runs up to a DON'T STAND HERE sign, jumps up to get a better view, then walks away muttering, "I saw white hair—that's all I need." Another onlooker who sees Burns's whole body remarks, "He gets smaller and smaller all the time."

Number of Books Signed: 400 were presigned



Author: Patrick Macnee

Work Promoted: *Blind in One Ear*

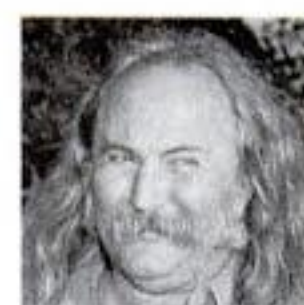
Time and Place: A rainy Saturday afternoon at Forbidden Planet, 821 Broadway

The Scene: The author, the inimitable John Steed of *The Avengers*, alights from his limo in a blustery, driving rain. As if on cue, his umbrella turns inside out, leaving him and his impeccably tailored suit drenched. Unruffled, he enters the clogged shop to the applause and wild cheers of fans in a long line that snakes through the store.

There he finds the humblest accommodations: a wooden plank table, a dozen felt-tips, coffee (milk, two sugars on the

side) in a generic I ♥ New York take-out container. He signs books for an hour and a half, warmly clasping the hands of more than 200 of those who are adolescent in age or spirit, saying, "Nice of you to come." Despite the disproportionate number of fussy, bearded men with Howard Hughes-length fingernails who have brought along their mothers, the author is throughout the event gracious and composed, never more than when one sweaty fan, wearing a parka on a September afternoon, confesses, "My wife would have been here, but she's nine months pregnant. Actually, she's due *right now*." "Ahh," smiles Macnee. "Ah-haaaah."

Number of Books Signed: Approximately 200 books, along with bowlers, photographs, envelopes and *Avengers* tote bags



Author: David Crosby

Work Promoted: His autobiography, *Long Time Gone*

Time and Place: A week-day lunch hour, Barnes & Noble, 600 Fifth Avenue

The Scene: Crosby, fortified with three store-supplied cans of Diet Pepsi, signs books lifted from a stack balanced on a side table supported by low Corinthian columns. A rail-thin blond woman with big round eyes hangs on to him. Security forces scrutinize the block-and-a-half-long queue of fans, most of whom seem to be beer-bellied men in satin roadie jackets and starry-eyed women with fringy hair or fringy jackets, clutching albums; a large number of them look as if they've been doing celebratory bong hits since dawn.

Inside, as a store manager repeatedly announces, "Please don't ask the author to personalize the book—he'll just sign his name," readers are presented with a painters' cap that says WNEW-FM, WHERE ROCK LIVES; many whoop in appreciation. Crosby pleasantly signs, responding to well-wishers ("You fuckin' look great!") by saying, again and again, "I'm a very happy guy. I go to the meetings, stay out of trouble. It works."

Number of Books Signed: 300 ➡➡



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AN ORDER FROM THE BORDER

Naked City



Author: Warhol hanger-on Ultra Violet

Work Promoted: *Famous for 15 Minutes*

Time and Place: Week-day autumn afternoon, Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 West Broadway

The Scene: A dozen people form a line early on; despite some minor customer dissatisfaction ("No, it's B-R-Y-A-N"), the crush of customers is disposed of within seven minutes. Much of the author's remaining time is spent indulging the questions of an elderly, mustachioed "performance artist."

Number of Books Signed: Fewer than 30



Author: U.S. Congresswoman Pat Schroeder

Work Promoted: *Champion of the Great American Family*

Time and Place: Weekday lunch hour,

Waldenbooks, 57 Broadway

The Scene: The author (D-Col.) sits expectantly behind a table, flanked by stacks of her book (a personal *and* political memoir), prepared to sign away. But not even the best efforts of four very dedicated Waldenbooks employees can disguise the fact that absolutely nobody wants to talk to the author. Not even constant reminders over the store's public-address system can stir up interest. Finally the author addresses one shopper who seems to offer more than a passing glance at the display. "You look like you're studying very intently," she says. The man seems surprised when he realizes someone has been watching him—and immediately leaves. Time passes. Just before the author is scheduled to leave, an elderly married couple, both sporting mustaches, decide to buy the book but request that the congresswoman not personalize the inscription because, as the woman puts it, "I'm

not sure if I'm going to keep it."

Number of Books Signed: Perhaps 50 are signed in advance; 2 are sold

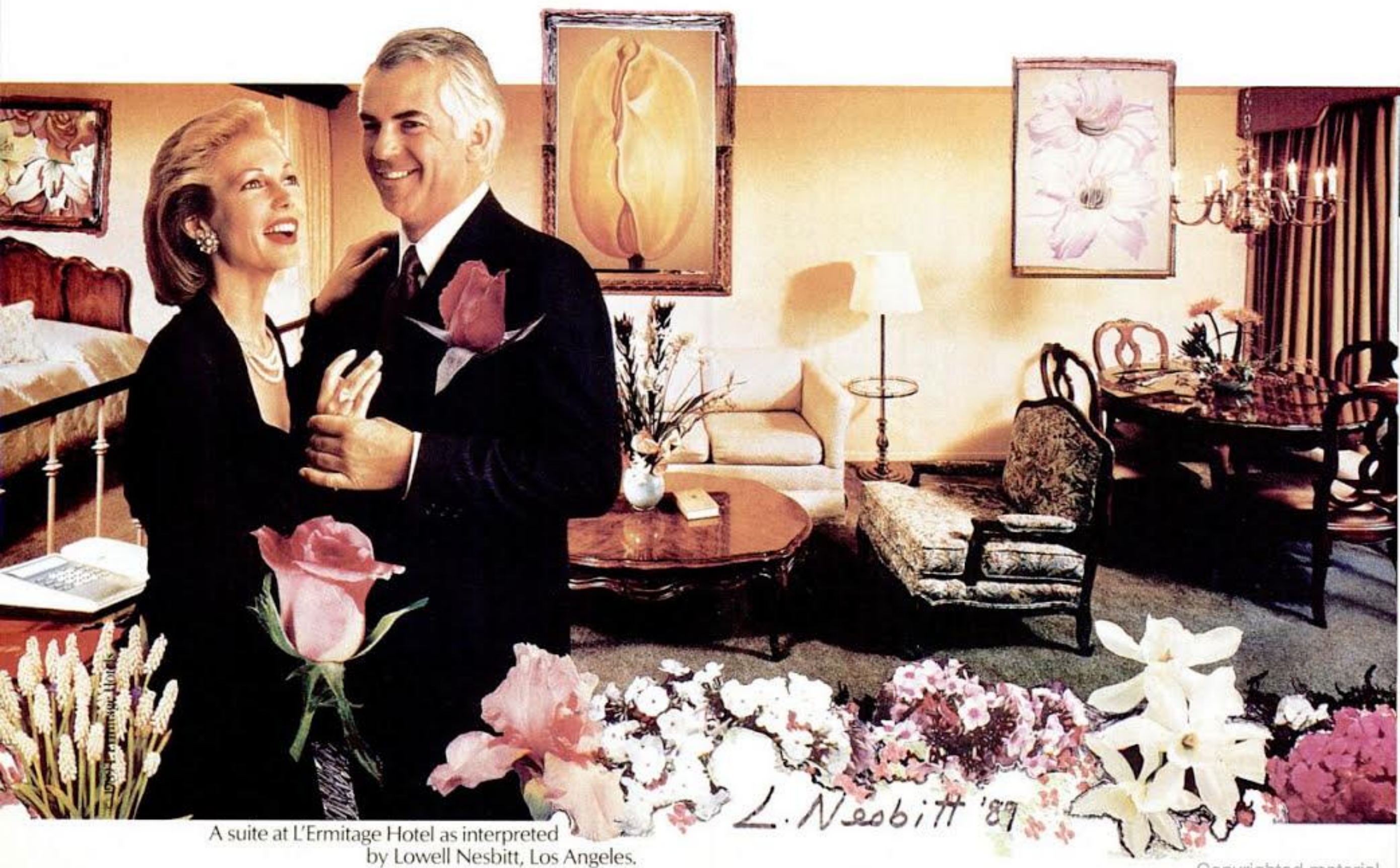


Author: Donald Trump

Work Promoted: Trump The Game

Time and Place: Week-day morning, 11:00, F.A.O. Schwarz, 58th Street and Fifth Avenue

The Scene: The author sits behind a polished mahogany desk, legs straddling a *faux* Chippendale chair with brocade upholstery. Behind him, perched on a riser skirted in lamé, sits an enormous poster of himself. The author is accompanied by four security guards, all of whom look sweaty and conspicuous in their tan raincoats, all of whom are content to leave the heavy work of carting off rabble-rousers to lower-echelon uniformed personnel. About 300 people have shown up,



A suite at L'Ermitage Hotel as interpreted by Lowell Nesbitt, Los Angeles.

though later a spokesperson, accustomed to thinking like a Trump, will profess that "thousands" had attended. The author's fans, including an unsettling number of balding men with ascots and silky pocket puffs, wait on a line that stretches through Mickey Mouse fashions and the Barbie Boutique; when they reach the red velvet ropes separating the author from the masses, they push forward and, bumping one another with their Fortunoff shopping bags, clamber to snap a photo of Trump. Not everyone misbehaves; an older woman in a smart suit leans over the table, kisses Trump's cheek and slips an envelope into his breast pocket. "Thank you, thank you. Enjoy it. Play to win," Trump tells everyone. The signing is frequently interrupted to enable Trump to speak to radio and television reporters. "Enjoy it," he ad-libs. "Play to win."

Number of Games Signed: 300 were presigned



Author: Frank Zappa
Work Promoted: *The Real Frank Zappa Book*

Time and Place: Week-day evening at B. Dalton Booksellers, Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street

The Scene: About 500 people queue up around the block. The majority of the people in the crowd are wearing Zappa T-shirts exalting TITTIES 'N' BEER and similar messages. At the appointed hour, a black stretch limousine glides to the curb, and the man himself rolls down the window. "Frank, Frank, freak me out, Frank! Freak me out! Ugliness! Eat that man alive!" the crowd shrieks, and a barrage of envelopes, flowers and demo tapes is sent into the limo. An astonished onlooker asks, "Is it Bill Cosby?"

Once inside, Zappa sits in front of the New Fiction section with two bottles of Perrier, a tin ashtray, a pack of Winstons

and a blowup of the book jacket (which a slightly bewildered publicist from Simon & Schuster keeps knocking over). Admirers present Zappa with portraits of himself, roses, a plum pudding, a bag of baked goods, tapes, poems and obscure rock 'n' roll journals. There is some dissonance, however: one fan who appears on the brink of hysteria points to the publicist and screams in a possessive tone, "Who is *she*, Frank?" The publicist, obviously uncomfortable and wishing to avoid fisticuffs or worse, replies, "I'm nobody!" Another disgruntled fan remarks, "He's wearing *Hush Puppies*, I'm not kidding—look." Another reaches the table and experiences a genuine shock. "This isn't Bill Cosby!" he says. "They told me Bill Cosby was here."

Number of Books Signed: about 500, along with a guitar, a guitar strap, diaries, records and photographs

—Peter Heffernan and Elissa Schappell



*To sleep,
perchance to dream...*

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I HATED BATMAN, THEREFORE I AM

What We Mean When We Talk About Cinematography



As Americans drift toward the millennium, the scuffle for self-expression is becoming more difficult. In olden times, your decision to drive a used foreign car or wear a ponytail or serve black pasta identified you to the world. Nowadays, symbols are confused, making it more and more complicated to say who we are, what we stand for, whom we admire and what we feel.

Have Americans lost their identity? That's what we're told by the people who have the most to lose in this bizarre situation — pollsters and market-research experts. These are the fellows who have spent their lives exploring "ZIP code clusters," a system that defines people by their postal delivery district. *Hello. I live in 10022, but some people tell me I'm kind of an open book that way. What about you — you strike me as kind of a 90049 person....*

No. In the end, all we find it easy to talk about is the movies. Think about it. The first piece of personal information most Americans are willing to share with you is what they think of re-

cent films. You don't even have to ask; they *want* you to know what they thought of *Turner and Hooch* or *Always*. It makes them feel as if they've expressed themselves. "I've got this theory about *Uncle Buck*," a stranger says to you as your plane leaves a medium-size metropolis, bound for Pittsburgh. The subtext of the stranger's announcement is, *I am somebody*. And if you listen carefully, you'll find out exactly who this somebody thinks he is, and how he's different from you and your cabinmates. Or how he's exactly the same! Don't bother trying to discuss much of anything else; the Siskel-and-Ebert-ization of the country is complete.

Fortunately, this code of cultural self-expression can be cracked. Thus the following translations that can serve — until we rediscover the power of such traditional calling cards as skirt length, hairdo or choice of pet, job or hobby — as a kind of Rosetta stone for deciphering America's consciousness.

—Deanne Stillman

The Movie	What They Say	What They Mean	Old-Fashioned Accessory, Activity or Item That Would Have Said the Same Thing
WHEN HARRY MET SALLY...	"I'm in the middle of a <i>Harry Met Sally</i> relationship myself."	"Do I have to wait 12 years to get laid?"	Wearing one's heart on one's sleeve
SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOTAPE	"I don't see what the big deal is."	"I express my needs at the moment I feel them, and people who don't are what's wrong with the world."	Embarrassing amount of white space in address book
CASUALTIES OF WAR	"It's a true story, you know."	"I was a member of the Venceremos Brigade."	No deodorant
THE ABYSS	"Great production values."	"I have a call in to Mike Ovitz."	A season ticket to a YMCA lecture series on Sidney Lumet
PARENTHOOD	"Why does Dianne Wiest always get knocked up at the end?"	"When am I going to get knocked up?"	Wearing a pair of Ben Wa balls
DO THE RIGHT THING	"I liked it until Mookie asked for his salary."	"I saw Parliament/Funkadelic at the Apollo in 1969."	The high-five
POWWOW HIGHWAY	"I finally rented it."	"I finally rented it."	Skiing Taos
WEEKEND AT BERNIE'S	"I had the same idea myself."	"Why did I drop out of film school?"	Not standing up straight
GREAT BALLS OF FIRE	"It's not as bad as everybody says."	"I was at the fourplex in Santa Monica, and I sneaked in after I saw <i>Wired</i> ."	Buying generic products
COOKIE	" <i>The Godfather</i> on nitrous oxide."	"I'm clean now."	Frequent trips to the dentist



"Can you read me 'The Night Before Christmas'
before I go to bed, Daddy?"

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Please give whatever you can. Every dollar helps these volunteers teach adults to do something so many of them desperately want to do.

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HOW TO GET PUBLISHED IN *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY Deconstructs a Year's Worth of Short Stories

"*The so-called 'New Yorker short story' probably causes more debate, and results in more distemper, than anything else about the magazine. . . . For their part, the editors deny vigorously that there is any such thing as a 'New Yorker' type of story.*"—Dale Kramer, *Ross and The New Yorker* (1951)

Well, they're wrong. Using the most sophisticated computer technology available, our highly trained statistician, SETH ROBERTS, put one year's worth of *New Yorker* fiction through a series of analyses. While we have not yet been able to discover a foolproof formula for the composition of the magazine's particular brand of short fiction, we have noticed some suggestive patterns. Aspiring Ann Beatties, take note.

1. Most Common Settings of Conversations in *New Yorker* Short Stories

Setting	Number of stories	Setting	Number of stories
kitchen.....	22	dining room.....	8
car.....	22	sidewalk.....	8
living room.....	18	hospital.....	7
bedroom.....	17	hallway.....	5
restaurant.....	13	bathroom.....	5
doorway.....	11	store.....	4
seaside.....	10	office.....	4
bar.....	9	graveyard.....	2

2. You've Bought the Desk Diary, Now Try the Diet

We are not puzzled that characters in *New Yorker* short stories practically never commute, exercise, have sex, bathe or do laundry. But they do eat and drink—especially drink—quite frequently. This discovery made us wonder: could one of the magazine's quirky stylistic conventions require that a character's consumption pattern resemble that of a teenager with a fake ID? Or, as the magazine's publisher, Steven T. Florio, might put it, why isn't the magazine selling more fashion ads? The year in calories:

BREAD GROUP (usually recommended: four servings a day)

	Number of stories		Number of stories
bread.....	9	cereal.....	2
sandwiches.....	9	biscuits.....	2
rolls/buns.....	4	(six items	
pasta.....	3	mentioned once)	
oatmeal/porridge.....	3		
		TOTAL:	38

MILK GROUP (usually recommended: two servings a day)

	Number of stories		Number of stories
milk.....	6	yogurt.....	3
cheese.....	4	ice cream.....	2
		TOTAL:	15

PROTEIN GROUP (usually recommended: two servings a day)

	Number of stories		Number of stories
chicken.....	8	ham.....	3
fish.....	6	beans.....	2
eggs.....	5	(14 items	
shrimp.....	3	mentioned once)	
		TOTAL:	41

VEGETABLE AND FRUIT GROUP (usually recommended: four servings a day)

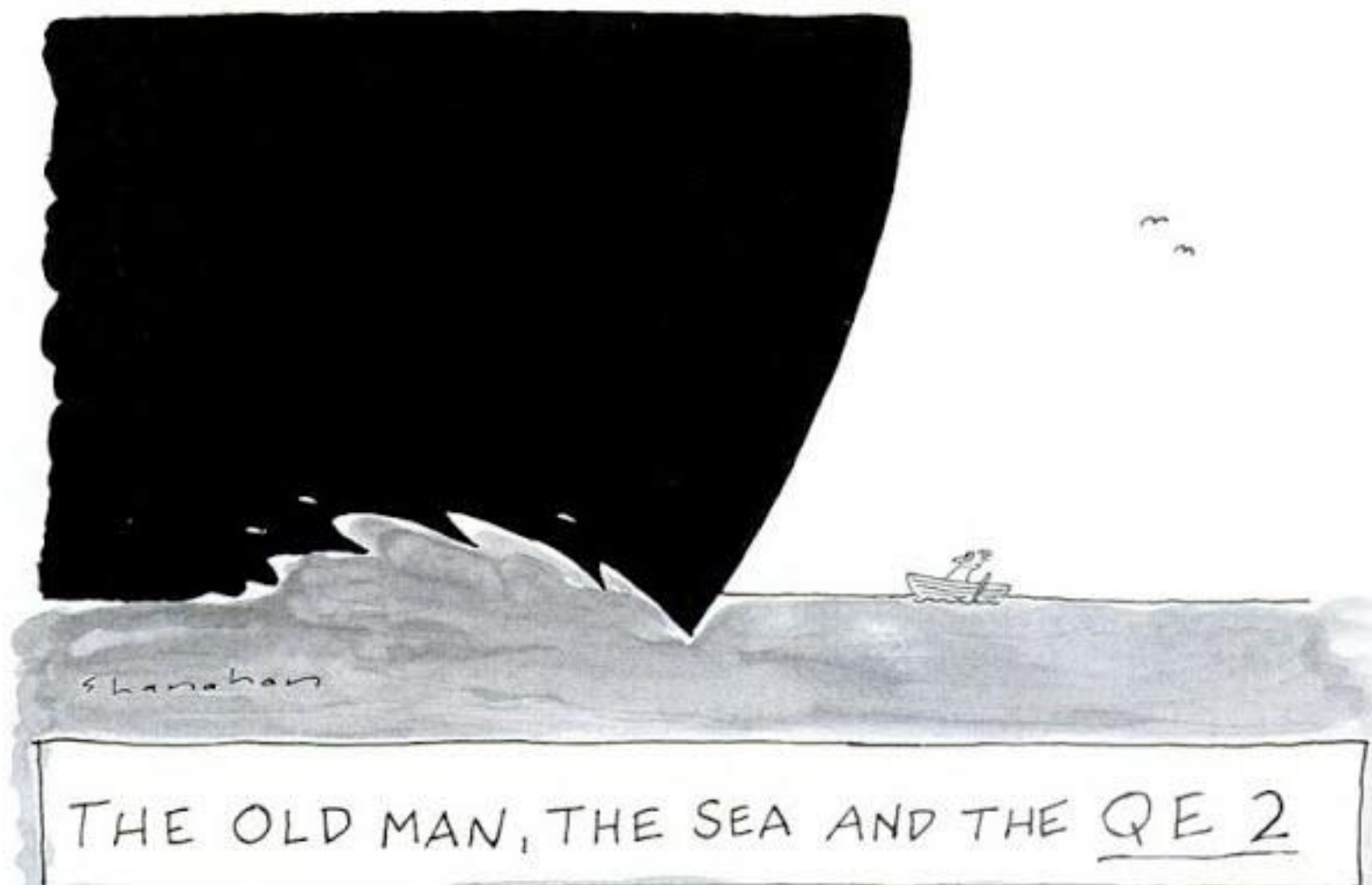
	Number of stories		Number of stories
potatoes.....	6	peas.....	3
apples.....	4	salad.....	3
asparagus.....	4	orange juice.....	2
vegetables		cabbage.....	2
(unspecified).....	3	(17 items	
celery.....	3	mentioned once)	
		TOTAL:	47

PARTY GROUP (usually not recommended)

	Number of stories		Number of stories
coffee.....	21	gin.....	3
wine.....	16	pie.....	3
beer.....	14	sausage.....	2
tea.....	12	Popsicles.....	2
Coke.....	7	Kool-Aid.....	2
cookies.....	6	brownies.....	2
candy.....	6	hot dogs.....	2
hamburgers.....	5	soft drinks.....	2
bacon.....	5	potato chips.....	2
whiskey.....	4	(18 items	
champagne.....	3	mentioned once)	
		TOTAL:	137

3. Who exactly—besides a lot of Jims (five characters) and Bobs (four characters)—is eating all this bread and coffee in the car?

Aimeda, Aisling, Arkady, Augusta, Bernhard, Caimin, Carlton, Carlyle, Ceci, Chaz, Chester, Cobb, Cornelius, Damson, Digna, Donat, Dout, Durwood, Felicity, Fergus, Fermina, Galileo, Glanville, Gregor, Hopey, Hortense, Jamal, Jameson, Jarvis, Jeronimo, Jolene, Jorie, Juvenal, Kevy, Lacides, LaDonna, Lainie, Lanny, Lenya, Long, LuBeth, Mawrdew, Moses, Naomi, Noonie, Obdulio, Ofelia, Placido, Pep, Peppy, Porter, Rico, Rolan, Rue, Sabina, Shayla, Sherm, Shurik, Sullivan, Tazama, Una, Vartan, Watt, Zootie



THE OLD MAN, THE SEA AND THE QE 2

*"Until I got one,
I was too busy
earning a living to
make any money."*

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WHY NORTHERN PIKES ARE STILL FISH TO YOU

Canadian Radio Explained

the Crew Cuts; The Four Lads; Buffy St. Marie; Bryan Adams; Loverboy; April Wine; Honeymoon Suite; Glass Tiger; Blood, Sweat and Tears; The Guess Who; Rush; Anne Murray; Gordon Lightfoot... the list of Canadian music stars is truly astonishing. These great artists have already carved their niche in the pop pantheon. It is not too much to say that they have changed our lives.

But where does that leave Frozen Ghost? Or Murray McLauchlan, Barney Bentall & The Legendary Hearts, Eye Eye, Northern Pikes, Rita MacNeil or Myles Goodwyn, to name but a few of Canada's current pop radio fixtures? Can they ever dream of breaking through to the American marketplace with the impact of an April Wine? Certainly. But to win a shot at the harsh meritocracy that is American radio, these would-be supergroups must first negotiate the far trickier backwaters of Canadian radio programming—a sys-

tem that offers native acts a leg up on foreign competition as well as pitfalls unknown south of the 49th Parallel.

Among the more curious aspects of Frozen Ghost's native broadcasting system:

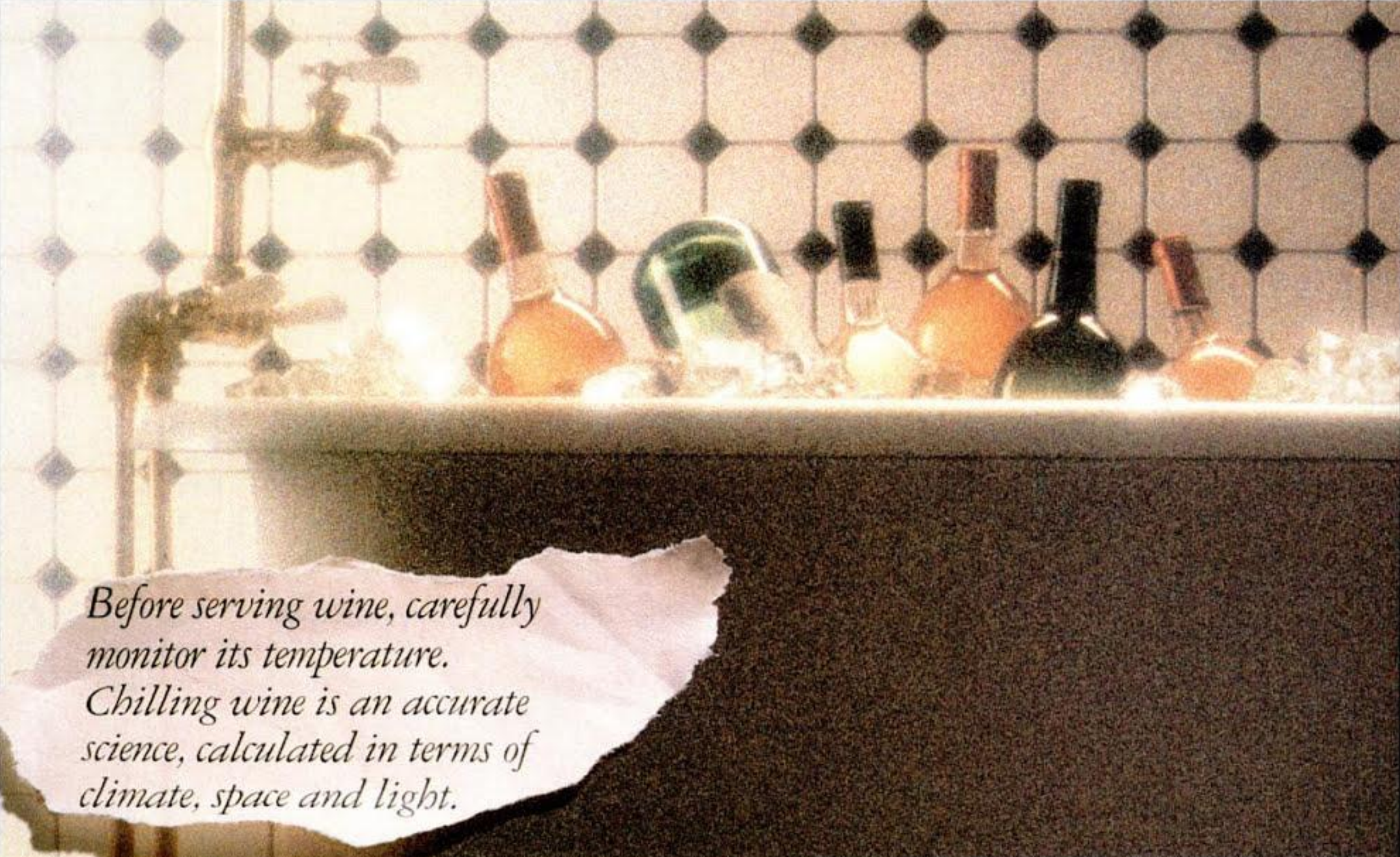
- *Canadian radio is hybrid-hostile.* When a Canadian station receives permission from the government to broadcast a particular kind of music, it must stick to that format. The Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) in 1984 refused to renew a Quebec City FM station's license because it had violated its "middle of the road" mandate; the offending station had—yes—played too much "progressive rock." FM stations that wish to change formats must submit a written proposal that may include its competitors' comments on the idea. Not surprisingly, given the paperwork, new formats, such as classic rock, New Age and dance/Top Forty hybrids, are generally slow to catch on in Canada—even af-

ter they've proved popular in the U.S.

- *Canadian radio is jingoistic.* Canadian stations also operate under strict "Canadian content" rules that require them to devote a fixed portion of their musical programming to Canadian records, regardless of quality (for AM stations, it's 30 percent; for FM, 15 to 30 percent. What percentage must be by the band Northern Pikes specifically is unclear). And what is a Canadian record? One made with the involvement of Canadian nationals in two out of four aspects of its creation: music, artist, production, lyrics. "That spells MAPL," says Jeff Atkins, the CRTC information officer in charge of mnemonics.

However Canadian artists initially benefit from these protectionist rules, they eventually discover that

- *Canadian radio is antisuccess.* The CRTC actually dictates how much hit music Canadian stations may play. FM stations, for example, are prohibited from devoting



Before serving wine, carefully monitor its temperature. Chilling wine is an accurate science, calculated in terms of climate, space and light.

SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY

50 percent or more of their music programming to hits (the CRTC defines a hit as any song that has appeared on the music charts of *Billboard* or its Canadian counterparts, *RPM* and *The Record*). Fine—it's nice to hear something you haven't heard 12 times already that day. But what about those Canadian acts poised on the brink of major breakthroughs? Heavy rotation could make all the difference for them, but the best they can hope for is heavy rotation divided by 2. How do you tell Barney Bentall that his new single must claim its wretched three minutes from a block of potential airtime that's only half what it might be—the other half having been earmarked for losers?

These regulations are not simply antiquated legal curiosities waiting to be dropped from the books. The CRTC means business. Stray and you pay the price. When CKFM, a Toronto Hot Adult/Contemporary station, threw caution to the

wind and began devoting two-thirds of its airtime to hit songs, the desperate, near-traitorous gamble to actually entertain its listeners did not go unnoticed by the government. According to reports filed by vigilant CRTC monitors, CKFM was over the hits limit by 18.7 percent on October 15, 1987, and by 16.6 percent on January 8, 1988—Elvis's birthday. CKFM could have lost its license for that kind of willful, un-Canadian excess, but the CRTC, evidently feeling magnanimous, simply ordered the station to broadcast without commercials for three days. In other words: no revenue, fewer hits, Elvis's birthday ruined.

In short, if you're a Canadian band and you don't take too many chances with your style, you can get on the radio and maybe have a hit—at which point you stop getting played on the radio.

How *did* April Wine do it?

—Randall Bloomquist

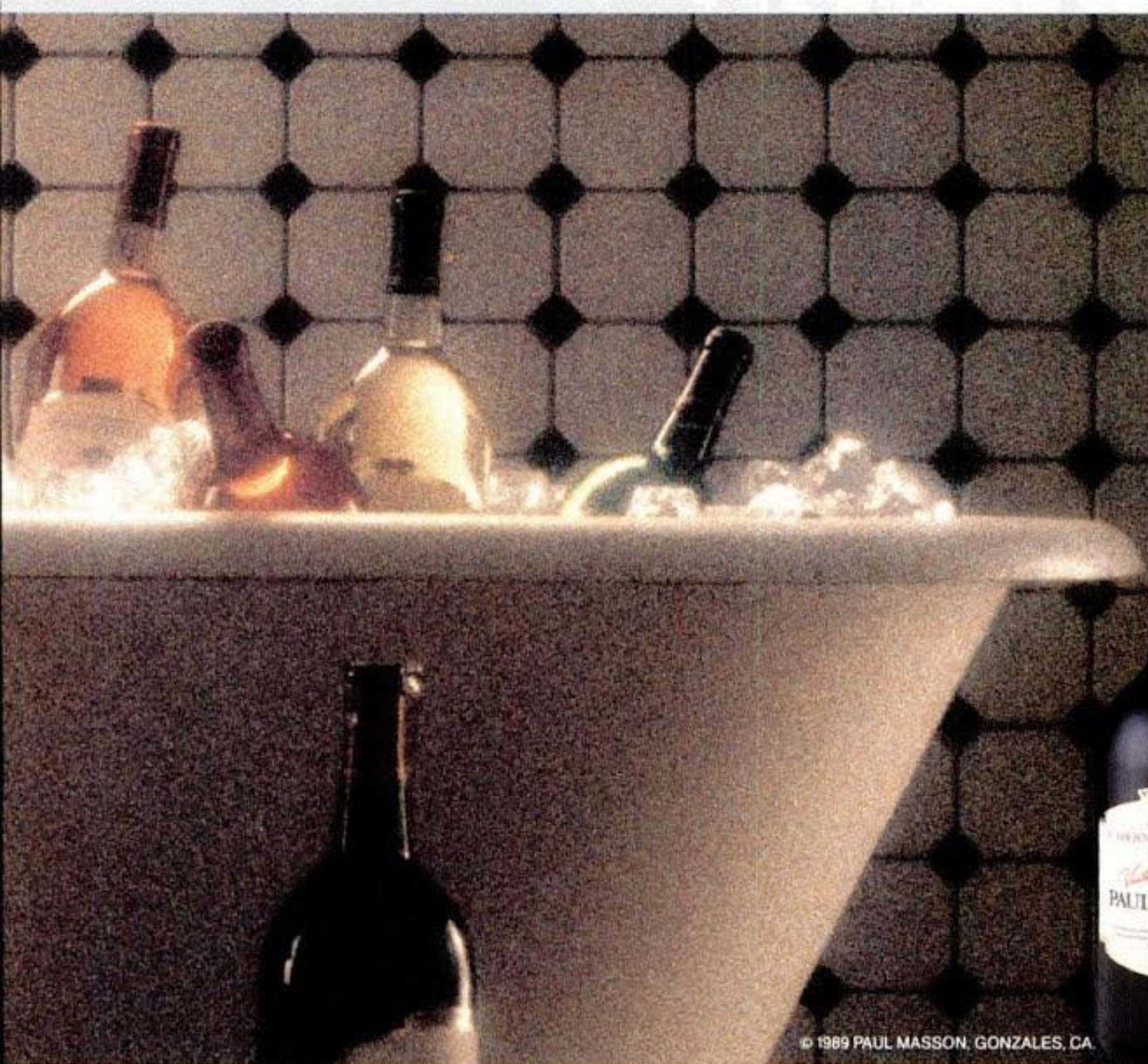


TONY KRUK

SPY: *What's your secret, Tony?*

Tony Kruk, Star of Tomorrow: "I belong to the Laurence Olivier-Katharine Hepburn school of acting—you just go out there and do it. Basically I'm a very funny person, but that hasn't been taken advantage of." ☛

**Introducing
new Vintners Selection
from Paul Masson.
A varietal wine so fine,
you can proudly serve it
no matter where
you have it waiting.**



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I CRIED AND CRIED

The Complete Works of Tammy Faye Bakker (Abridged Edition)



The following material is from Tammy Faye Bakker's books *I Gotta Be Me* (New Leaf Press, 1978) and *Run to the Roar* (New Leaf Press, 1980).

ACTION	TAMMY FAYE'S REACTION
Parents went to see <i>The Ten Commandments</i>	"I cried and cried" (<i>Me</i> , page 27)
Fears abandonment by parents	"I don't know how many days of my life I spent crying" (<i>Run</i> , page 27)
Misses her mother	"One day Jim found me behind the door sobbing" (<i>Me</i> , page 49)
Hears parents arguing	"I'd just sob and cry" (<i>Run</i> , page 27)
Discourteous houseguests drop by	"Many a Sunday I would hear Mother cry and cry. I'd cry also..." (<i>Me</i> , page 34)
Unexpected guests drop by	"Tears sprang into my eyes..." (<i>Me</i> , page 136)
Announces she is quitting job at Woolworth's	"I burst out crying" (<i>Me</i> , page 39)
Quits job	"In between sobs..." (<i>Me</i> , page 39)
Wets pants at work	"I ran out of work just sobbing..." (<i>Me</i> , page 49)
Leaves childhood sweetheart, Ken	"I was crying so loud..." (<i>Me</i> , page 40)
Thinks about Ken	"I got a job at the Three Sisters Clothing Store. While I was working I would go back to the dressing room and cry, then I'd go out and sell some more clothes. I'd go back to the dressing room and cry a while longer and then go sell more clothes" (<i>Me</i> , page 41)
Gets married	"Tears were coming down my cheeks" (<i>Me</i> , page 48)
Told she is loved	"Tears ran down my face..." (<i>Me</i> , page 136)
Jim ignores her	"One day I went to Pat crying" (<i>Me</i> , page 70)
In-laws dislike her	"I would cry over this sometimes" (<i>Me</i> , page 116)
Father-in-law teases her	"I was so tender-hearted and would end up crying most of the time" (<i>Me</i> , page 116)
Overcomes fear of Jim's infidelity	"I had to pray and cry and scream.... I cried..." (<i>Run</i> , page 47)

ACTION	TAMMY FAYE'S REACTION
Jim doesn't want to adopt a child	"I spent one whole night sobbing" (<i>Me</i> , page 75)
Birth of son, Jamie Charles	"I just started crying..." (<i>Me</i> , page 115)
Birth of daughter, Tammy Sue	"I was crying and couldn't quit" (<i>Me</i> , page 77)
Experiences postpartum depression	"One night just before bed-time, Grandma found me, in the kitchen crying" (<i>Me</i> , page 78)
Death threats made on children	"I started crying and sobbing" (<i>Run</i> , page 13)
Concerned for emotional state of children	"The tears began to flow" (<i>Run</i> , page 15)
Contemplates accompanying postman's crippled son to Minneapolis	"I would stop and cry..." (<i>Me</i> , page 40)
Dislikes a woman	"I sobbed" (<i>Me</i> , page 87)
Decides to love disliked woman	"I still felt a tear well up in my eyes" (<i>Me</i> , page 88)
Prays	"I began to cry" (<i>Me</i> , page 32)
Becomes aware that Jesus created her	"If I want to cry, I'm going to cry" (<i>Me</i> , page 138)
Hears story of David and Goliath	"Tears came streaming down my cheeks" (<i>Run</i> , page 17)
God tells her she will go to Heaven	"I just burst out sobbing. I sobbed and sobbed and sobbed..." (<i>Run</i> , page 33)
Voice tells her she has sinned against Holy Ghost	"I was sobbing at the altar..." (<i>Me</i> , page 58)
Sings "How Big Is God"	"I put my head down on my accordion and began to cry.... Everybody started crying, including Jim" (<i>Me</i> , page 57)
Jim uninterested in church	"I would cry over this and began to withdraw" (<i>Me</i> , page 50)
Jim tells her church is unnecessary	"I went there and cried and cried..." (<i>Me</i> , page 51)
Told that <i>The Jim and Tammy Show</i> is bad	"We were in tears" (<i>Me</i> , page 86)
Sees a rerun of their show	"We sobbed until we almost couldn't stand it" (<i>Me</i> , page 90)

ACTION	TAMMY FAYE'S REACTION
Fears next day's television appearance	"I cried. I sobbed all night long" (<i>Me</i> , page 61)
God tells Jim to stop show	"We left that day in tears" (<i>Me</i> , page 90)
Experiences claustrophobia	"I started crying" (<i>Run</i> , page 27)
Imagines car being swept off bridge	"I would lie down between the seats screaming—sobbing..." (<i>Run</i> , page 25)
Drives car into ditch	"I started screaming uncontrollably" (<i>Run</i> , page 24)
RV destroyed in crash	"I cried until I couldn't cry any more" (<i>Me</i> , page 57)
Flees to Florida	"I cried..." (<i>Run</i> , page 13)
Attends funeral for family dog, Smokey	"We all cried and cried" (<i>Me</i> , page 29)
Death of dog Chi Chi	"I cried and cried" (<i>Me</i> , page 74)
Spills glass of milk	"My first thought was to just fall apart and cry" (<i>Me</i> , page 67)

—Jess M. Brallier



A JOURNEY INTO A WONDROUS LAND...

... Whose Boundaries Are That of Local TV Stations' Imaginations

emeridge.
1:00 (2) Movie, "Twilight Zone — the Movie."
(5) Archie Bunker's Place
(9) Twilight Zone (CC)
(11) Twilight Zone
1971 Movie "Twilight Zone: The Movie"

—New York Post,
 September 22, 1989

SOME OF THE FINE WORKMANSHIP THAT GOES INTO FUR COATS.



The fur industry depends upon the suffering and death of millions of wild fur-bearing animals each year. It also depends upon the ignorance of fur-wearing humans.

More than 17 million animals are trapped for their skins in the United States annually. They struggle for days to escape the prolonged agony of steel-jaw leghold, whole-body or neck snare traps before being crushed, drowned, strangled, suffocated or bludgeoned to death.

Over 5 million "ranch-raised" or "farmed" animals, notably mink and fox—but also lynx, cougar, bobcat, chinchilla, rabbit and wolf—are cruelly imprisoned in small wire cages, awaiting brutal execution. They suffer death by neck-breaking, electrocution, poisoning and asphyxiation.

How can the wearing of fur garments possibly justify this suffering? The fur industry is counting on your looking the other way. They know that the practice of peeling the skins from tormented animals to feed human vanity is something most people cannot tolerate.

Trapped or "ranch-ed," fur-bearing animals suffer and die needlessly. If you choose to wear fur, you play an important role in perpetuating this horror. If you refuse to wear fur, you play a crucial role in ending it.

YES, I'd like to support FoA's anti-fur campaign.
Enclosed is my tax-deductible donation of \$_____

A \$20 membership donation entitles you to a one year subscription to our magazine, ActionLine.

We'll thank you for a gift of \$30 or more by sending you our new "Beautiful Beast" sweatshirt available in unisex sizes.

SM _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____ Z 025

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Friends of Animals 

Mail this coupon to: Friends of Animals, PO Box 1244, Norwalk, CT 06856, Attention Priscilla Feral, President.

RHETORICAL QUESTIONS ANSWERED, CONUNDRUMS SOLVED, LYRICS DECIPHERED

What is so rare as a day in June? (*James Russell Lowell*)

Nearly 1 out of every 12 days is a day in June. Things precisely as rare as a day in June include Henry Fonda in *12 Angry Men*, the number 4 or the number 10 in craps (each comes up 3 out of 36 times), a single proton in a magnesium nucleus.

Who says women can't run the world? (*slogan of the Leggs Mini Marathon*)

On one hand, Satwant Singh and his co-conspirator, Kehar Singh, the Sikhs who assassinated Indira Gandhi.

On the other hand, the International Olympic Committee before 1984, when a women's Olympic marathon was run for the first time. A 10,000-meter race (6.2 miles) for women wasn't added until last year in Seoul, before which the longest women's indoor track race was 3,000 meters, less than two miles.

**How many roads must a man walk down be-
fore you call him a man? (Bob Dylan)**

It depends. Leaving my West 76th Street

apartment recently and heading north on Amsterdam, I got to 99th Street before anyone said, "Joints and bags, *man*," so the answer would be one, for 23 blocks. A stroll some time ago on just one block in the Bronx from Riverdale Avenue to the campus of Cory Aquino's alma mater, the College of Mount Saint Vincent, caused a woman to exclaim, "Oh God, it's a *man*."

Is the pope Catholic?

Yes, and catholic with a small *c* as well. In the fifteenth century, John XXIII was accused of keeping his brother's wife as a mistress, of having at least 200 other women, including many nuns—and of being an atheist. No wonder they took his number away (it wasn't until more than 500 years later that it was reassigned to the beloved, roly-poly John XXIII of the early 1960s).

But he *was* nevertheless Catholic, as were all the variously misbehaving popes, even the French ones, even the Antipope pretenders, and even the ones named Conon, St. Fabian, St. Hyginus, St. Sim-

plicius and St. Dionysius.

Why did the chicken cross the road?

Right, it's *been* answered, but "to get to the other side" has never seemed satisfactory. Chickens are stupid, not known for complex motives. Perhaps that's the very point—a suggestion that behavioral motivations are every bit as obvious as they appear.

Suzanne Mittenenthal, a sociologist who is technical editor of *Poultry Science* magazine, notes that recent studies have equated human neurology with that of pigeons, which are also poultry. "It's not so absurd to ask why people cross the road," she says, perhaps a little defensively. "It's my experience that poultry don't get very far. They see wildlife and they get fascinated. And then they get hit by cars."

Karl Nestor, *Poultry Science's* editor in chief, says, "Chickens are just curious animals. The fact that the road happened to be there was incidental." Which, of course, suggests a whole new ontological question, concerning chickens and eggs.

—Peter Gambaccini

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our Monthly Anagram Analysis

MEDELLIN CARTEL

ALL DERELICT MEN

MANUEL NORIEGA

GENUINE AMORAL

IAN SCHRAGER

I GARNER CASH

SENATOR HELMS

NET: MR. ASSHOLE

SENATOR D'AMATO

A MONSTER, A TOAD

PERESTROIKA

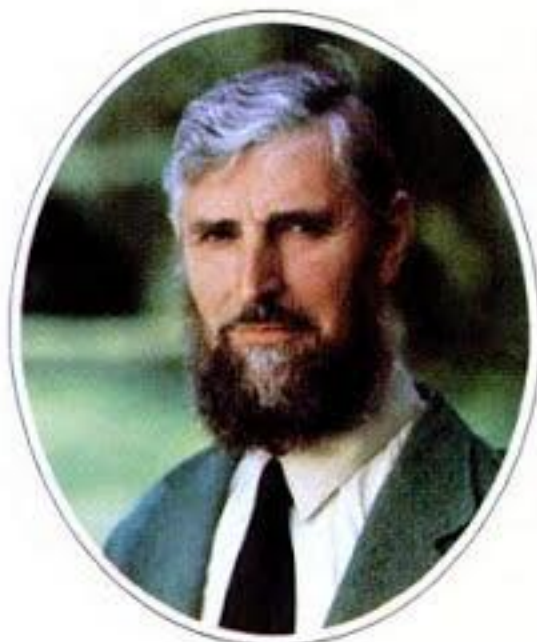
...OR I KEEP TSAR

—*Andy Aaron*





Christmas cheer from The Glenlivet—in your choice of three special-edition, embossed tins.



Sandy Milne.

**“When you give The Glenlivet,
you give the father of all Scotch.”**

—Sandy Milne
Stillman & Resident Sage.

The Glenlivet is true Scotch in all its original glory.

It is a single malt Scotch, not an assortment of different Scotches all blended together to appeal to as many people as possible.

For Christmas this year, we've put The Glenlivet in embossed tins,

made for us in the U.K. by Barringer Wallis and Manners, “Makers of Tin Boxes Since 1890.”

Each of the three tins depicts on its lid one of the classic golf courses of Scotland.

To order gifts of The Glenlivet by telephone, please call 1-800-238-4373.

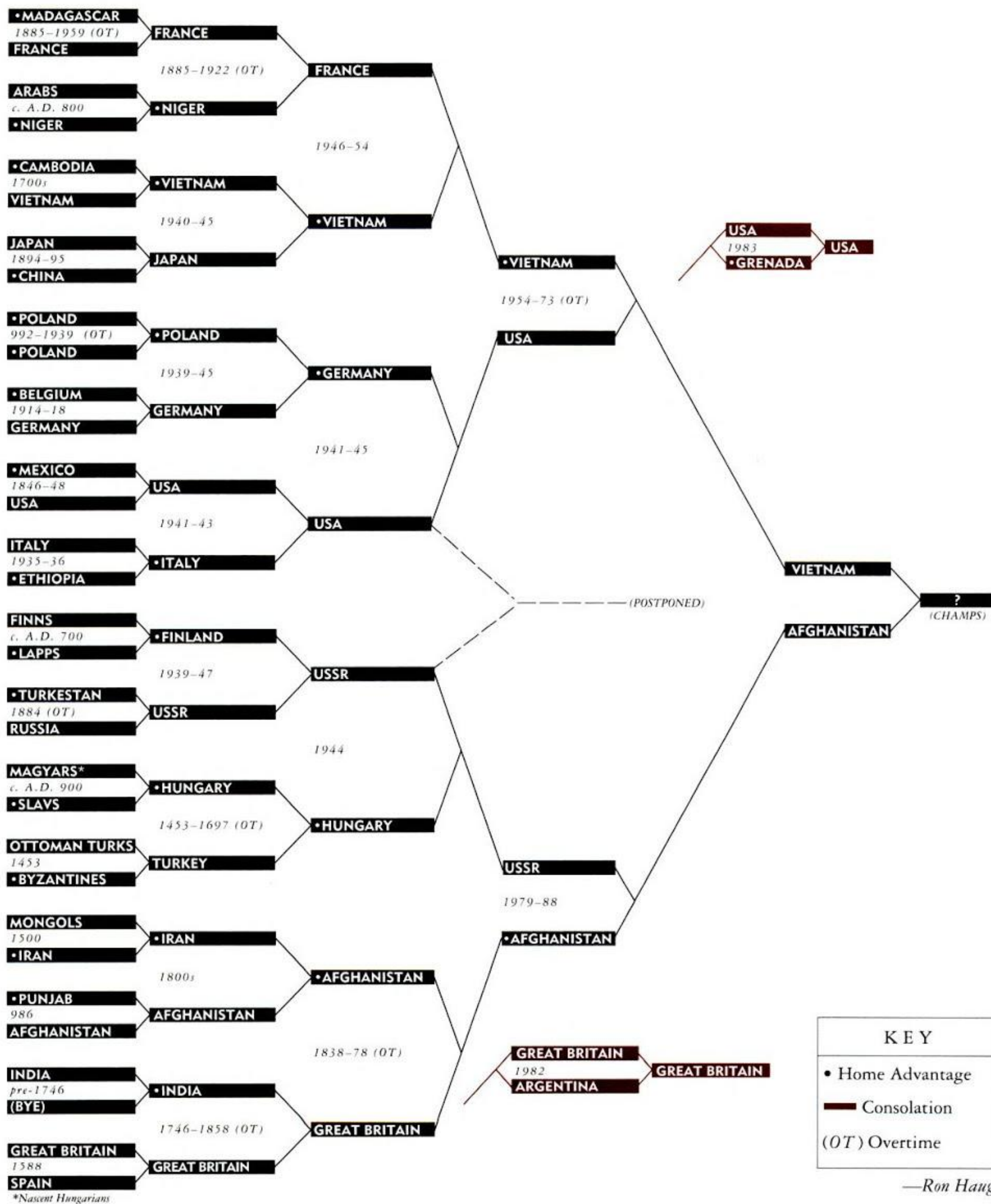
What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a château-bottled wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.



**The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.**

THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



—Ron Hauge

Coming to SPY

this March...

The Fashion

Supplement to SPY.

We're not satirizing
fashion. We're
not spoofing it.

We're celebrating it—

intelligently,

playfully—in a

separate supplement

so stylishly designed

and elegantly

conceived that it

will seem like

its own magazine.

The Fashion

Supplement to SPY

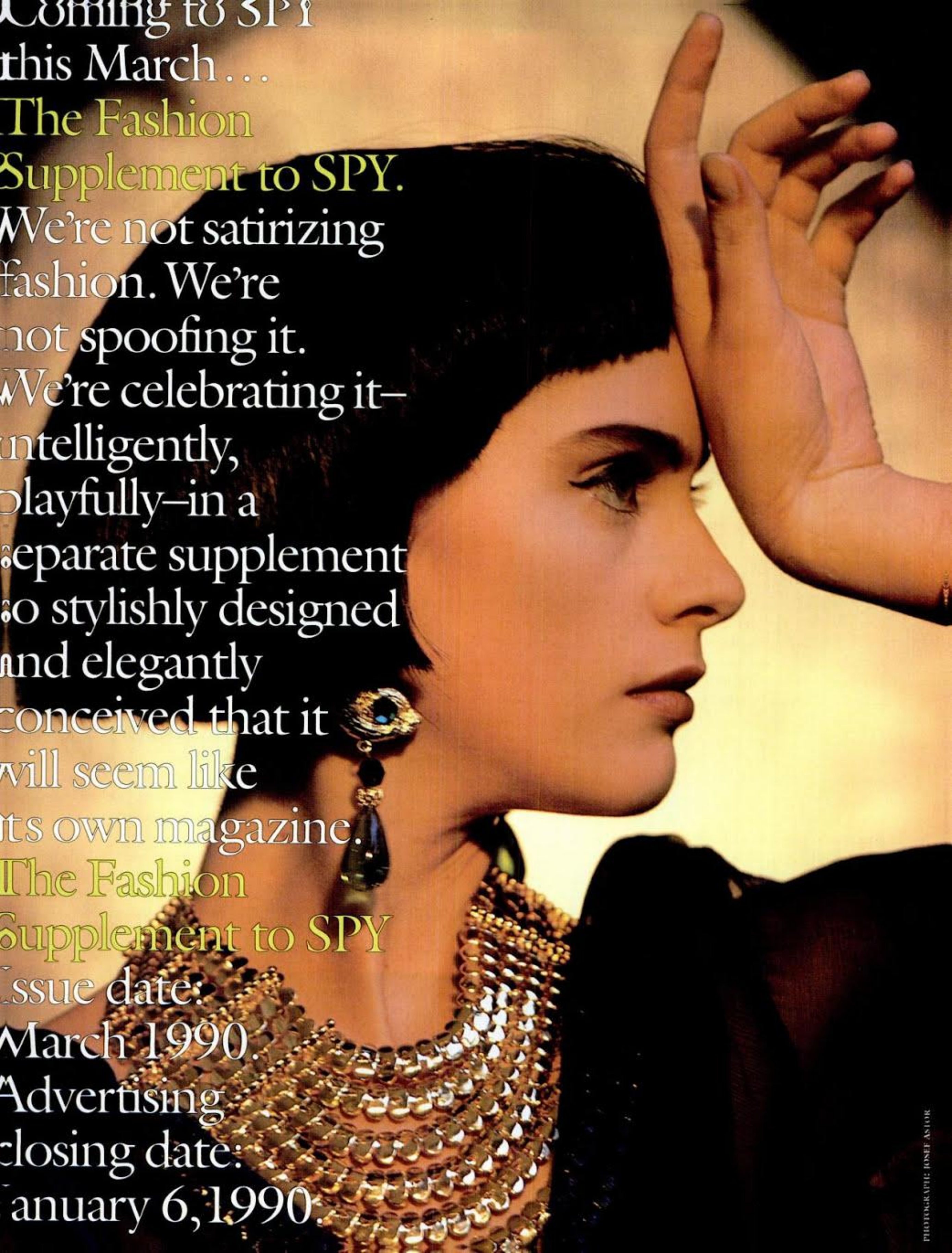
Issue date:

March 1990.

Advertising

closing date:

January 6, 1990.





Max



Punch



Abe

The departure of E. J. Dionne, the *Times*'s Pigpen-like, pustle-gutted national political correspondent, rings down the curtain on the diverting ad hoc *Odd Couple* revival that Dionne and the paper's persnickety Washington bureau chief, Howell Raines, had been performing for their co-workers. It seems that Raines had grown displeased with Dionne's work following a period of allegedly lackluster presidential-campaign coverage, during which Raines, a southerner, felt Dionne, a Harvard-educated northerner, had made far too much of Jesse Jackson. A noisy shouting match at the Republican convention in New Orleans between Dionne and weekend national editor Adam Clymer did little to further Dionne's case with his superiors in Washington. Moreover, Raines, who has an obsession with workstation orderliness that borders on the insane, had grown weary of playing Felix Unger to the disorderly Dionne's Oscar Madison.

Senior editor Gerald Boyd was the first to approach Dionne with the news of Raines's displeasure. He suggested that a stint in the *Times*'s Budapest bureau just might salvage Dionne's flagging fortunes. When Boyd's overtures failed to produce the desired effect—groveling compliance—Raines was forced to issue the ultimatum himself. *We want you off politics*, he told Dionne, *because your stories lack sufficient conceptual sweep. And by the way, E.J., his boss said, getting to the heart of the matter, you really should lose some weight.* Raines's executive decision-making quota for the day filled, he turned to his office and busied himself straightening his bookshelves.

Dionne, of course, is the former Rhodes scholar who until recently had happily assumed Judy Miller's mantle as

the Washington-bureau character with a penchant for entertaining new faces in the administration. His friends weren't as high-profile as Miller's, mind you, but for a squinty little fat guy he consistently confounded nature's odds. This is a new epoch, however, and Dionne, now settled in with a girlfriend who is attending school in Washington, found life in the capital just too sweet to abandon.

Word of Dionne's misfortunes found receptive ears over at *Time* and *The Washington Post*, both of which solicited his services. The *Post*'s David Broder, himself a former *Times*man, helped his paper recruit Dionne, but only after calling up his old friend R. W. "Johnny" Apple to find out why the *Times* was letting someone of Dionne's talent go. Apple admitted he was appalled by Raines's treatment of Dionne but said there was nothing he could do. After Dionne signed on at the *Post*, executive editor Max Frankel quickly jotted off a memo, to be posted on the newsroom bulletin board, that snidely announced the departure of the paper's former national political correspondent and noting the fact that the *Times* had had a "plum" assignment in store for him. Raines, now well over a dozen people short on his skeletal staff, assigned Michael Oreskes and Robin Toner to fill Dionne's shoes. (There is precedent for two reporters' filling the post of national political correspondent, by the way—Apple and Christopher Lydon did it in the 1970s.)

Fortunately, Raines isn't the only editor at the paper being tormented by underlings these days. Usually dunderheaded Hollywood-beat reporter Aljean Harmetz displayed authentic valor earlier this year when she issued a grouching memo to cultural-affairs editor Marvin Siegel

(cc-ing Warren "No" Hoge and assistant managing editor John Lee). In her memo, Harmetz complained about having to cover the American Cinematheque's tribute to Steven Spielberg. The *Times*, she said, never covers dozens of similar fundraisers that are held in Hollywood each year. Further, she said, "the Cinematheque is an institution struggling to be born, not a national fixture." The reason Harmetz was ordered to cover the affair (and the reason she was so brave to have scolded the likable Siegel so) was that the *Times* had sponsored the event, donating \$75,000 in cash and services. And just in case anybody overlooked its largess, each of the 1,300 guests left the affair with an ugly tote bag inscribed with the legend AMERICAN CINEMATHEQUE 1989 MOVING PICTURE BALL SPONSORED BY THE NEW YORK TIMES.

The American Cinematheque may not be a national fixture, but the *Times* is, and when morale hits the skids—even in the advertising sales department—the nation runs the risk of suffering a slide in the quality, or at least in the thickness, of its paper of record. It therefore became incumbent upon the organizers of a recent two-week sales conference, attended by both Frankel and publisher Punch Sulzberger, to cheer up the sales staff, which had been demoralized by a decline in retail ad lineage, among other setbacks. And cheer up the staff they did! Thanks to the impromptu efforts of a few willing female employees, the conference suddenly assumed a most un-*Times*-like, Spring Break at Daytona Beach joviality, as attendees whooped it up while the ad-selling nubile staged a wet-T-shirt contest. Yo, *Times*! Go for it!

—J. J. Hunsecker

**Usually
dunderheaded
Hollywood-beat
reporter
Aljean Harmetz
displayed
authentic valor
when she issued
a grouching
memo to
cultural-affairs
editor
Marvin Siegel**



Spruce up their Holiday.
Give Tanqueray.

To give Tanqueray as a gift, visit your local retailer or call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.
Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. © 1989 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

REMEMBER: DRINKING AND DRIVING DON'T MIX.

HERE today

constantly replenished as suffer a fate worse than ritydom is an exquisitely Erica Jong—and at Ru-like a more palat-species: the Dino-

Chameleon, quick and ever current. Let's see. Dianne Brill. Jerry Zipkin. Sylvia Miles. Baby Jane Holzer. What are they, really, but Dinosaurs, creatures who once seemed to dominate their time and place but who are now more or less extinct? Unable to adapt to a changing environment—wild parties,

BY RICHARD STENGEL

sedate parties, more sex, less sex—they were built such that they could only really flourish in certain circumstances. Alger Hiss could only be Alger Hiss in the forties. Elvis Presley was a Dinosaur outside the fifties. Edie Sedgwick would have been just an eccentric party girl at any other time but the sixties. Jerry Falwell's only viable moment was the mid-eighties, and Morton Downey Jr.'s, the last gasps of that same decade. Alas, without the Bee Gees and the white suits of the mid-seventies, the cultural terrain was just too inhospitable for John Travolta to survive. As they pay their respects, the Dinosaurs rue their own passing as much as Rubell's. But what of the others at the funeral, those who are not the walking dead but creatures preeminently of their time? Calvin Klein. Jann Wenner. David Geffen. Tina Brown. They are representatives of a species that never becomes extinct, that survives and thrives in every new environment. They are Chameleons, celebrated individuals who seem the very embodiment of their era no matter what era they are in. Chameleons have a preternatural ability to change color at abling them to seem a natural part of the changing landscape. They seem to know ahead of time when the Zeitgeist is shifting. Either through talent or astute career management or both, they contrive to stay in a state of perpetual *hotness*. And what of Steve Rubell himself? He was the craftiest of Chameleons. Not having any discernible talent except the sniffing out of expensive trends, he became the impresario of the hip. In the seventies, he reigned in the neo-Jazz Age club world of drugs and societally

FUNERALS ARE FOR THE LIVING. AN implicit nod passes among the guests: *We're still here*. Few rituals affirm the

social order like a funeral. In the hierarchy of grief, mourners jostle one another for the best pews, eulogists duel one another with sharpened superlatives, pallbearers bask in shouldering their heavy

burden. At Steve Rubell's funeral earlier this year, the only figure missing was a doorman standing behind a velvet rope, choosing those chic enough to attend. It was a state funeral of sorts, drawing dignitaries from the kingdom of the night and the realm of flash society. But Rubell himself was never before at the very center of things. A funeral is an ideal locale for any social zoologist to do his work, a perfect laboratory for classifying the species. As phyla go, the celebrity is especially mortal. Perpetually endangered as individuals, a category, most celebrated people eventually death: obscurity. During life, even extreme celeb-perishable state—think Henry Winkler, think bell's funeral the spectacle of *real* death seemed able alternative. Look closely and you will see two saur, once famous and now irrelevant; and the

THE LIFE CYCLE
OF THE HUMAN
CHAMELEON

WHY JANE FONDA

WILL NEVER

HAVE TO DO

HOLLYWOOD

SQUARES, WHY

TOM WOLFE

WILL NEVER

HAVE TO

TEACH AT

THE LEARNING

ANNEX, AND

WHY STEVE

RUBELL NEVER

HAD TO OPEN A

SHOPPING MALL

HERE

precisely the right moment, en-

tomorrow



OW

SCULPTURES BY ADAM KURTZMAN • PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DUKE

POLITICAL CHAMELEONS

JOE BIDEN

RICHARD BURT

MARIO CUOMO

RICHARD HOLBROOKE

JESSE JACKSON

ED KOCH

RICHARD NIXON

HOWARD RUBENSTEIN

JERRY RUBIN

GEORGE WALLACE

SOCIAL CHAMELEONS

BOB COLACELLO

PAMELA HARRIMAN

JACKIE ONASSIS

STEVE RUBELL

ANDY WARHOL

sanctioned homophilia. But then in 1980 he and his partner, Ian Schrager, went to prison for tax evasion and profit skimming, and Rubell seemed relegated to gossip-column history. But this is America, the land of the second chance and Body by Jake (*Don't quit!*)—the first country in the world with a prison system based on the idea of rehabilitation. In these days of fame as the great emulsifier of evil, what is a prison sentence? A temporary setback. No big deal. Some of the best people have done time, and many of the rest, from Mike Milken to Sam Pierce, must be planning for the contingency. In the early eighties Rubell returned and not only repeated his success but surpassed it. After duplicating the buzz of Studio 54 with Palladium, he sensed a change in the social environment. Public excess was out, so Rubell and his partner started what was in effect the Antidisco: a discreet private hotel, a place where you went not to be with crowds but to escape them. Rubell, like Nixon, was back.

No matter how society shifts—hairdos evolving from flips to shags, male movie stars metamorphosing from small and dark to tall and blond, economic theory changing from demand to supply, buttoned top shirt buttons going from geeky to cool—Jack Nicholson, Tom Wolfe, Mike Nichols, Philip Johnson, Mick Jagger, Felix Rohatyn

Chameleons has increased. Nowadays, to stay on top in one's chosen career, one has to change colors almost perpetually, blend in again and again and again. Except for a few unchanging exceptions—Bob Hope, the Grateful Dead, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, living fossils that zoologists call coelacanths—modern celebrity depends on appearing continuously novel, permanently fresh. Adapt or die.

The Reagan era not only deregulated industry, it removed the traditional constraints in the world of pop culture. The old statutes about early fame—resist overpraising first novelists, don't put first-time movie stars on magazine covers, let people prove their talent—were swept away in the laissez-faire school of celebrity. This overheated emphasis on sheer celebrity has caused both a proliferation of Chameleons and a sharpening of their prestochango skills. Just as bulimia was the characteristic eating disorder of the Reagan years (gorge yourself, but don't pay the price), Madonna was the quintessential celebrity, a Chameleon who achieved instant, fantastic fame and then accomplished a series of quicksilver permutations to keep that fame from fading.

SCIENCE ADVANCES, CLASSIFICATIONS CHANGE. Michael Jackson, who once seemed the very model of the pop Chameleon, is now a fey and freakish Dinosaur, unable to adapt to a sparer, sequinless era. Batman, however, turns out to be pure Chameleon, embodying the forties, then the sixties and now the eighties in turn. And Burt Reynolds—yes, Burt Reynolds, the classic Dinosaur—shows signs of chameleonism simply by agreeing to look older than he is and reveal what may be his true hairline in *Breaking In*.

All Chameleons are not created equal. There are natural Chameleons and calculated, consensus-reckoning Chameleons. Ronald Reagan is a natural Chameleon; George Bush, a calculated one. Reagan changed colors from internal motives when it was unfashionable to do so. He seemed destined for fossildom until the Zeitgeist shifted and embraced him. George Bush, who also seemed on his way to extinction at many junctures, always kept his finger to the wind. He remade himself at each stage, changing from Texas carpetbagger to ineffectual congressman to well-turned-out executive bureaucrat to fire-breathing right-wing presidential candidate and now back again to good old George. Bush, like Ralph Lauren, is market research incarnate, divining what is most popular and then heading smack-dab for the center of it.

Everyone wants to be a Chameleon. And why not? Who wants to pass irrevocably out of style? As a result, there are many desperate Chameleons



Staying alive: for Steve Rubell it meant being the scrawny doyen of the Fire Island crowd and then, one prison term later, a genteel hotelier.

MEDIA CHAMELEONS

KEN AULETTA

TINA BROWN

BRYANT GUMBEL

JESSE KORNBLUTH

NORMAN MAILER

and the rest always manage to seem of the moment, to be au courant, to become the very exemplars of their age. Chameleons are news that stays news.

Chameleons were once the rarest and most marvelous of creatures. Only a few existed in a given field at one time, and they were born, not made. But recently, as the cycle from anonymity to fame and back again has accelerated, the number of

manqués. Steve Martin is a Chameleon, Dan Aykroyd a Chameleon manqué. Johnny Carson is a Chameleon; Joan Rivers longs to be one. Andy Warhol was a Chameleon, Roy Lichtenstein a Chameleon manqué. Peter Ueberroth is a Chameleon, George Steinbrenner a Chameleon manqué. Leonard Bernstein is a Chameleon, André Previn a Chameleon manqué. Jack Nicholson is a Chameleon, Sylvester Stallone is manqué. Take the Chicago Seven. Abbie Hoffman was an admirable Dinosaur, resolute in his refusal to betray what soon became unfashionable principles. Tom Hayden was a Chameleon wanna-be, overeager to adapt to a world where good intentions had to be marketable. And Jerry Rubin was a Chameleon — no, a caricature of a Chameleon — shamelessly adopting the Reagan-era colors of networking and money grubbing.

Chameleons adapt to technological change; Dinosaurs become obsolete. The Jarvik heart is a Dinosaur; transplantation is a Chameleon. The LP is a Dinosaur; the cassette, in its newest DAT form, appears to be a Chameleon. Sardi's is a Dinosaur, The Four Seasons a Chameleon.

Dinosaurs can make brief reappearances, but do not be deceived. Robert Goulet, lava lamps, Donny Osmond and TV shows about nuns are natural-history museum pieces. Country Joe & the Fish have not been reborn — they have just been carted out for the twentieth anniversary of Woodstock. In the high-technology age, the Warholian dictum has been updated: everyone will still be entitled to their happy 15 minutes of fame, but they will also be guaranteed a 90-second comeback appearance on *The Tonight Show* and a ghostwritten book sometime within the next 20 years.

Some occupations — especially New York and Los Angeles occupations — are by definition Chameleon careers. Fashion designers, advertising men and women, politicians, graphic artists, restaurant owners, record executives and magazine editors must closely monitor the fluctuations of the Zeitgeist. The best in these professions actually seem to *start* trends, even if all they are doing is



Jann Wenner as (1) a paunchy counterculturist (1971), (2) a paunchy disco guy (1979) and (3) a paunchy media mogul (1987)

catching up with the trends before anyone else.

Chameleons sense the subtlest nuances of societal fickleness. Is the New Journalism growing tired and formulaic? Write fiction. Hostile takeovers losing their sheen? Work for the homeless. Old-style Marxism-Leninism weakening its grip? Give 'em *glasnost*. Ralph Lauren sensed that authentic American WASPiness would heave its last sigh before the end of the century, and saw that would-be WASPs were an enormous market. Jane Fonda discerned that Americans were finding salvation through the body, not the soul. The Rolling Stones mutated with each decade while retaining their essence. That is another secret of Chameleons: change, but not wholly.

Never jettison what made you famous in the first place.

Chameleons are created through a combination of talent and calculation. Both are necessary, neither sufficient. Herewith, a few case studies.

AS THE FASHION FOR OFFICE-BUILDING TOPS HAS shifted from plateaus to mansards to jungle gyms, Philip Johnson has always been preeminent. Whereas architects such as Robert Stern and Richard Meier have a signature style that barely changes over time, Johnson is a master mimic. Whether design is in a pre-, post- or anti- mode, Johnson makes certain that he is in the vanguard, because he popularizes

THE OP-ED PAGE OF
THE NEW YORK TIMES

P. J. O'ROURKE

MARTIN PERETZ

GERALDO RIVERA

DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK

THE STYLE SECTION OF
THE WASHINGTON POST

BARBARA WALTERS

JANN WENNER

WFAN

WNCN

TOM WOLFE

CREATIVE CHAMELEONS

MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV

PHILIP JOHNSON

PETER MARINO

HOLLYWOOD CHAMELEONS

CHER

JANE FONDA

MERV GRIFFIN

DENNIS HOPPER

STEVE MARTIN

BETTE MIDLER

MIKE NICHOLS

JACK NICHOLSON



Tina, Tina, TINA! She was a shimmying battered wife and the Acid Queen before she hit upon her most durable persona: the fright-wigged survivor.



So many beauty treatments, so little time: Barbara Walters made a big splash as a brunet newsbunny back in '65, but her Watergate-era anchoring duties demanded a lacquered Betty Ford look. Now a gaunt blond, Babs is a socialite first, a celebrity hound second.

JON PETERS

STEVEN SPIELBERG

DEAN STOCKWELL

FASHION CHAMELEONS

BLUE JEANS

CALVIN KLEIN

RALPH LAUREN

ROCK 'N' ROLL
CHAMELEONS

DAVID BOWIE

BOB DYLAN

MICK JAGGER

DAVID JOHANSEN

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

IA TURNER

TUTIONAL
ELEONS

ORTS

MPUTER

the terms himself. As an architectural historian (before his brief career as a fascist rabble-rouser and Nazi sympathizer), he created the term International Style. As an architect, he then became *the* proponent of that style.

When less was more, he did less; when more became the minimum, he went for the max. In the

late 1960s, Johnson saw that people were growing bored with the glass boxes of the International Style and began designing buildings in a more classical tradition. His AT&T building established the postmodern mode for skyscrapers. The quintessential modernist had become the pioneering postmodernist—until, less than a decade later, he became a chief popularizer of the anti-postmodernist style called deconstructivism.

THE LAST SENTENCE OF KURT VONNEGUT'S review of Tom Wolfe's first book, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, got at the secret of Wolfe's success: "Verdict: excellent book by a genius who will do anything to get attention." Getting attention is one of the keys to being a successful Chameleon. No sense in doing something well that no one knows about!

Tom Wolfe was the avatar and greatest practitioner of the New Journalism. Whereas his comrades in careering prose and idiosyncratic punctuation, Hunter Thompson and Gay Talese, have become prolix Dinosaurs, Wolfe has moved from triumph to triumph. Of course, talent and diligence have had something to do with it.

As a journalist, Wolfe pioneered techniques

PEOPLE WHO'LL

CHAMELEONS-TO-BE: COMEBACKS OF THE NINETIES AT A GLANCE

With Dalton done, Pierce Brosnan finally becomes Bond

People weekly
February 24, 1992

DOWN HOME WITH JIM AND BETTY WRIGHT

THE WRIGHT STUFF

The 1989 resignation ordeal seems long gone to this happy Texas couple. These days they spend their time writing children's books, running their three-star restaurant and even (gasp!) dabbling in local politics

The May-September romance of Winona Ryder and veteran character actor Charles Durning

People weekly
November 8, 1993

ROB LOWE COMES CLEAN

"I WAS ADDICTED TO SEX"

Four years ago he was embroiled in a steamy sex-tape scandal. Now a repentant Lowe says how he put aside his hopping ways and how his nightmare is over with an... performance... for Owen Meary

usually confined to fiction—interior monologue, everyday dialogue, subjective judgments—and fused them with crackerjack reporting to create a new form of nonfiction. Later, in *The Right Stuff*, he created a work of nonfiction that so totally eclipsed most novels that fiction seemed almost redundant. Then, while at the peak of his powers, he contemplated a switch. Just when readers had grown weary of the monotonous minimalism of the modern novel, Wolfe brought his reportorial eye to fiction, creating a teeming, Hogarthian novel of contemporary New York. *Bonfire of the Vanities* may not be as original a work as *The Right Stuff*, but it came at precisely the right moment.

IN ADDITION TO PROVEN CHAMELEONS WHO HAVE never skittered away, there has been a resurgence in what might be called Comeback Chameleons. *Comeback* once referred to boxers, baseball players and movie stars who had retired and then decided to return for a last hurrah. Comebacks had the air of underdogs striving against great odds. But the comebacks of today are different. They never retired (no one does anymore), they simply slipped out of fashion. Tom Jones never stopped crooning "Delilah" and mopping up rivulets of sweat with

freshly laundered panties. But now he has been retrofitted with a postmodern video and a song by Prince.

But these comebacks are happening at a fantastic speed. Once someone had to have a period of sustained success and an even longer period in the wilderness before he could come back—Reagan was obliged to spend more than a decade as a loser before his return as a politician. These days, Dennis Hopper and Tina Turner are enjoying larger, longer-lived bouts of popularity as comebacks than they did originally. Now you have Drew Barrymore a star at 7, a cocaine abuser at 12 and a comeback at 14. Be prepared for the fifth anniversary of Live-Aid next year.

The pervasiveness of comebacks reflects a poverty of imagination. The seer who scratched out "There is no new thing under the sun" in Ecclesiastes meant that the eternal verities endure and never change. He did not mean that CBS should bring back Andy Griffith and Don Knotts in a new *Andy Griffith Show*. We don't like what is truly new. We prefer the familiar in a different wrapper. The wisest thing Samuel Goldwyn never said was "Enough of these old clichés, bring me some new ones."

MASSACHUSETTS

MCDONALD'S

THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART

MIAMI

NEW YORK CITY

SONY

WALT DISNEY STUDIOS

WARNER
COMMUNICATIONS

BUSINESS CHAMELEONS

STEVEN JOBS

FELIX ROHATYN

TED TURNER

CHAMELEON WANNA-BES

JIMMY CARTER

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

DIANE VON
FURSTENBERG

TOM HAYDEN

TOM JONES

LIZA MINNELLI

MOTHER JONES

DONNY OSMOND

BOB PITTMAN

PLAYBOY

THE SMOTHERS
BROTHERS

TIME INC.

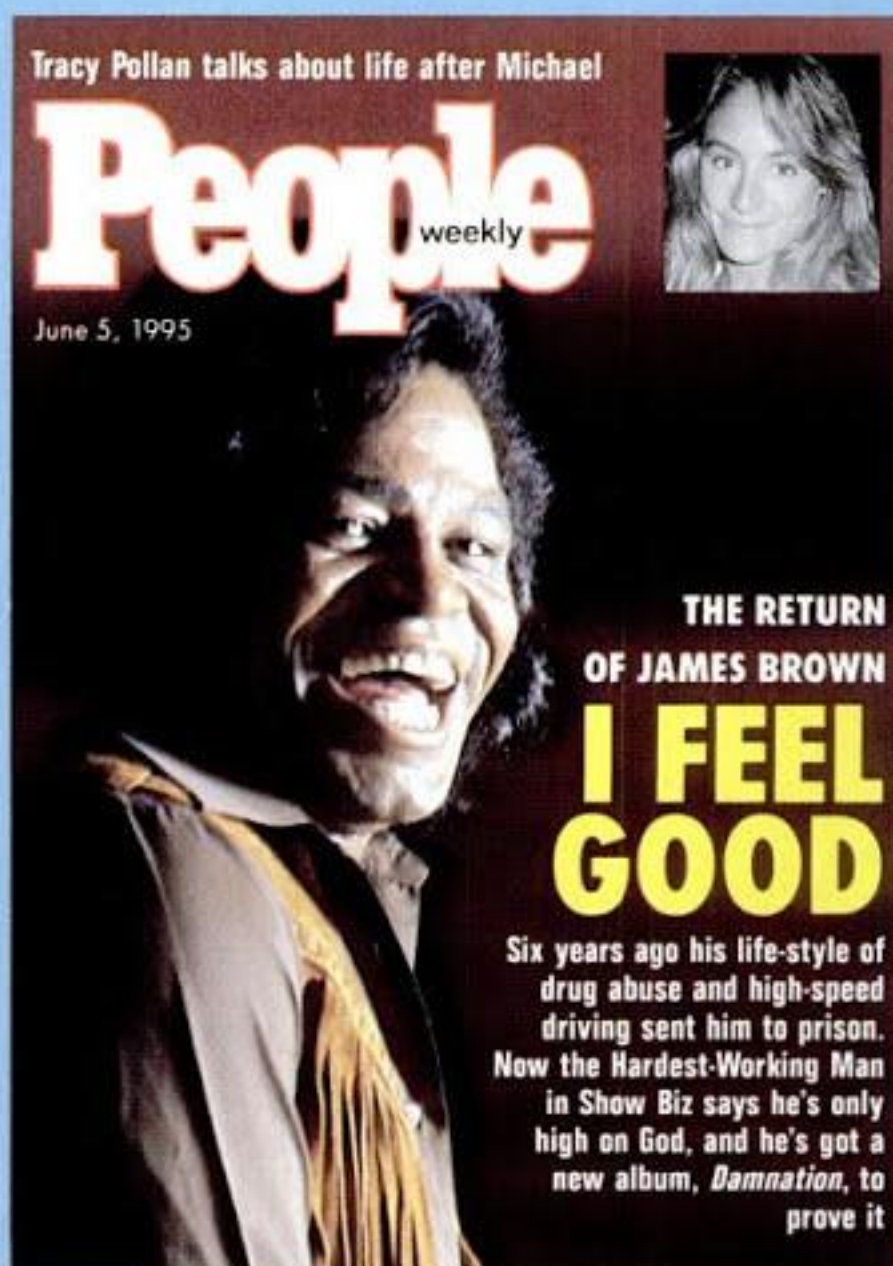
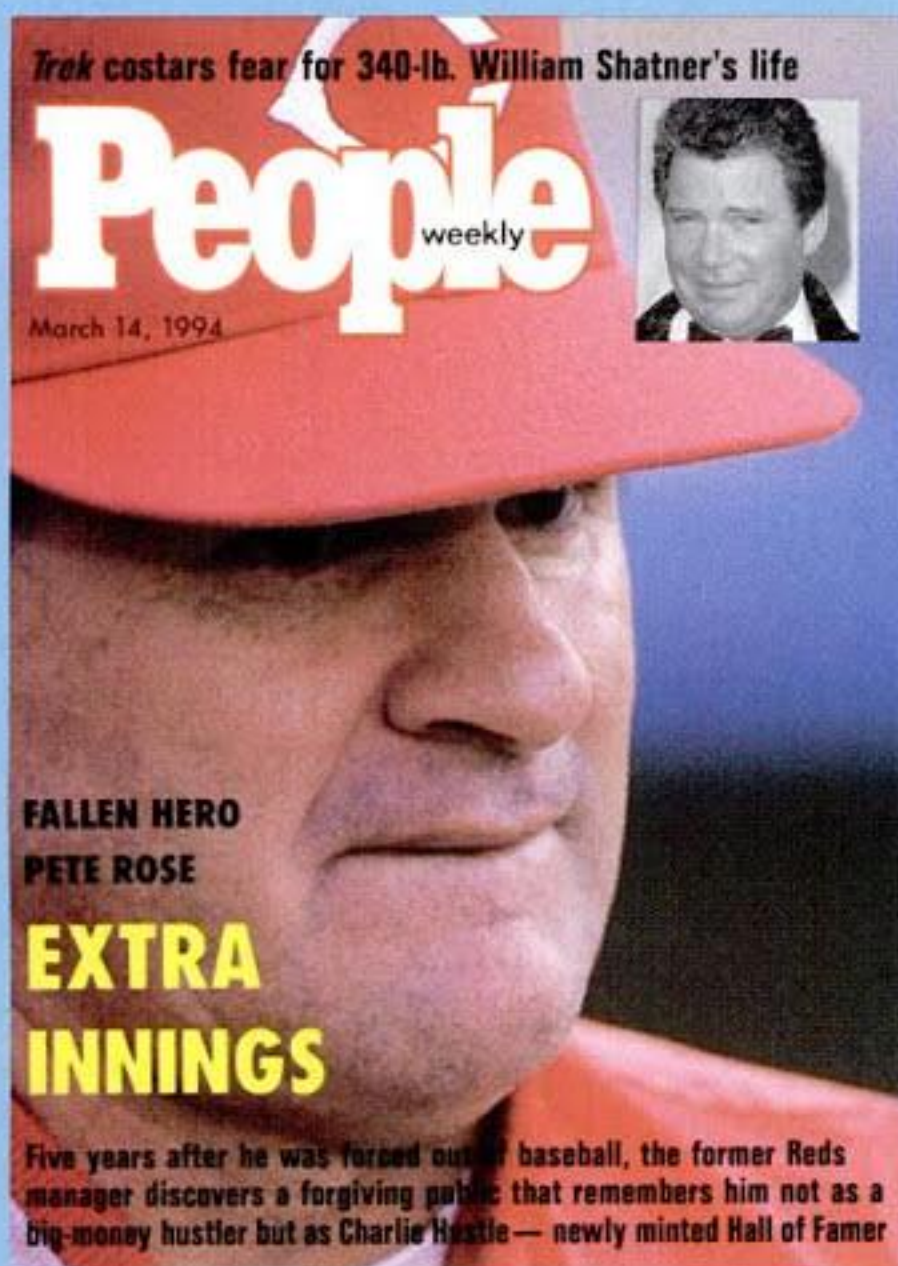
DINOSAURS

CBS

RODNEY DANGERFIELD

THE FRICK COLLECTION

NEED PEOPLE



—David Kamp

THE GREAT LAKES
STATES

HALSTON

THE JARVIK HEART

TED KENNEDY

TIMOTHY LEARY

DON RICKLES

SUZANNE SOMERS

LEON SPINKS

The prevalence of Chameleons gives the lie to F. Scott Fitzgerald's maxim that there are no second acts to American lives. Nowadays, there are second, third and fourth acts. Fitzgerald observed that Americans who achieved early success typically failed to duplicate it because they became prisoners of premature lionization. It is surely still the case that many Americans who accomplish something of value early on never manage to rise again to that level. But the truth is, it no longer matters.

No one accepts failure. And why *should* anyone? Failure is merely regarded as a precursor to success, fodder for I-was-a-struggling-tyro stories to

impulse depends on minutiae and trivia that evoke a cartoon of history rather than the reality of it. If a movie can dredge up the atmosphere of 1967 by playing "White Rabbit," it needn't explain further. *Ah, yes, the sixties.*

The ease of engendering this enticing, surface sense of the past has allowed us to achieve in culture the state only imagined in the woolly theories of the new physics, with past, present and future existing simultaneously. Inescapably with us now are the twenties (October crashes, deconstructivism), the thirties (Anna Wintour, the comedy boom) and the forties (a cooperative Soviet Union, Kevin Costner, a baby glut, animosity toward the Japanese), as well as the more familiar examples of the fifties, sixties and seventies. The networks and the glossy magazines can't seem to decide which decade is back, and so the seemingly extinct creatures of any old time — miniskirts, Al Pacino — are brought back and permitted to assume the colors of the day. Those who forget the past will be doomed to sit through it again.

Chameleons depend on a particular kind of amnesia rampant in our time: the inability to recall the consequential combined with an abiding recollection of the trivial. The media's pathetic reliance on anniversaries (Woodstock, the French Revolution, *Saturday Night Live*, Elvis's birth, death and first kiss) is a bonanza for Chameleons.

Chameleons with shady pasts win second acts because no one remembers the first one. The statute of limitations for the American memory of ethical lapses is perhaps six months. We value celebrity — *Claus! Miss Biddle Barrows! Welcome!* — more than we revile wrongdoing. The sweet perfume of success easily covers the stench of scandal. Infamy has become a self-mooting concept; celebrity is celebrated even if it derives from attempting to murder your wife or diverting government money.

So what if David Dinkins didn't pay his taxes for four years in the 1970s? That respected and highly paid international financial consultant, Spiro Agnew, wasn't he...? Edwin Meese will jovially collect awards at banquets for the rest of his days. Last year the great evil consuming America was the national debt; this year it is drugs. In ten years, when Mike Milken is head of the Federal Reserve, who will remember or care that he had some problems with insider trading? The buttons come out again and again: TANNED, FIT AND RESTED: NIXON IN '92.

In school we were always told that if we got into serious trouble, it would be entered on our "permanent record." The phrase had a chilling ring of finality about it that still echoes into adulthood. But Chameleons were never fooled; they knew that there is no such thing. ☺



Living proof that self-serious aerobicizers never go out of style: Jane Fonda as a Broadway baby (1962), a dour Karen Silkwood look-alike (1970) and an aglitter limousine liberal (1987)

THE VILLAGE VOICE

KURT VONNEGUT

FUTURE DINOSAURS

MORTON DOWNEY JR.

ED KOCH

DAVID LEAVITT

MICKEY ROURKE

PATRICK SWAYZE

IMMORTAL DINOSAURS

JAMES BOND

DICK CLARK

THE HARLEM
GLOBETROTTERS

BOB HOPE

FRANK SINATRA

tell on talk shows. Failure is un-American, and quitting is regarded as worse than failing. Shouldn't Eddie Murphy give up on the idea of being a singer? Why must we be subjected to another novel by Joan Collins? The most distinguished thing about Ted Kennedy's post-Chappaquiddick career is that he has had the grace not to inflict his presidential candidacy on us every four years.

THE PROLIFERATION OF CHAMELEONS CAN BE ATTRIBUTED in part to technology. With VCRs and cable television, no one ever fades entirely from view. Instant and eternal replay makes it hard to be a true can't-even-get-work-in-a-supper-club has-been. People once drifted into extinction because when their moment had passed, nothing of it could be preserved. Good night, Jack Paar; farewell, Mike Douglas; you're gone, history. Now, unfortunately, nothing at all is lost, and our children's children will someday be dumbfounded by *Supertrain*.

We live in an age of the instantly recoverable past — not the objective past of history, but the subjective past that we call nostalgia. The nostalgia



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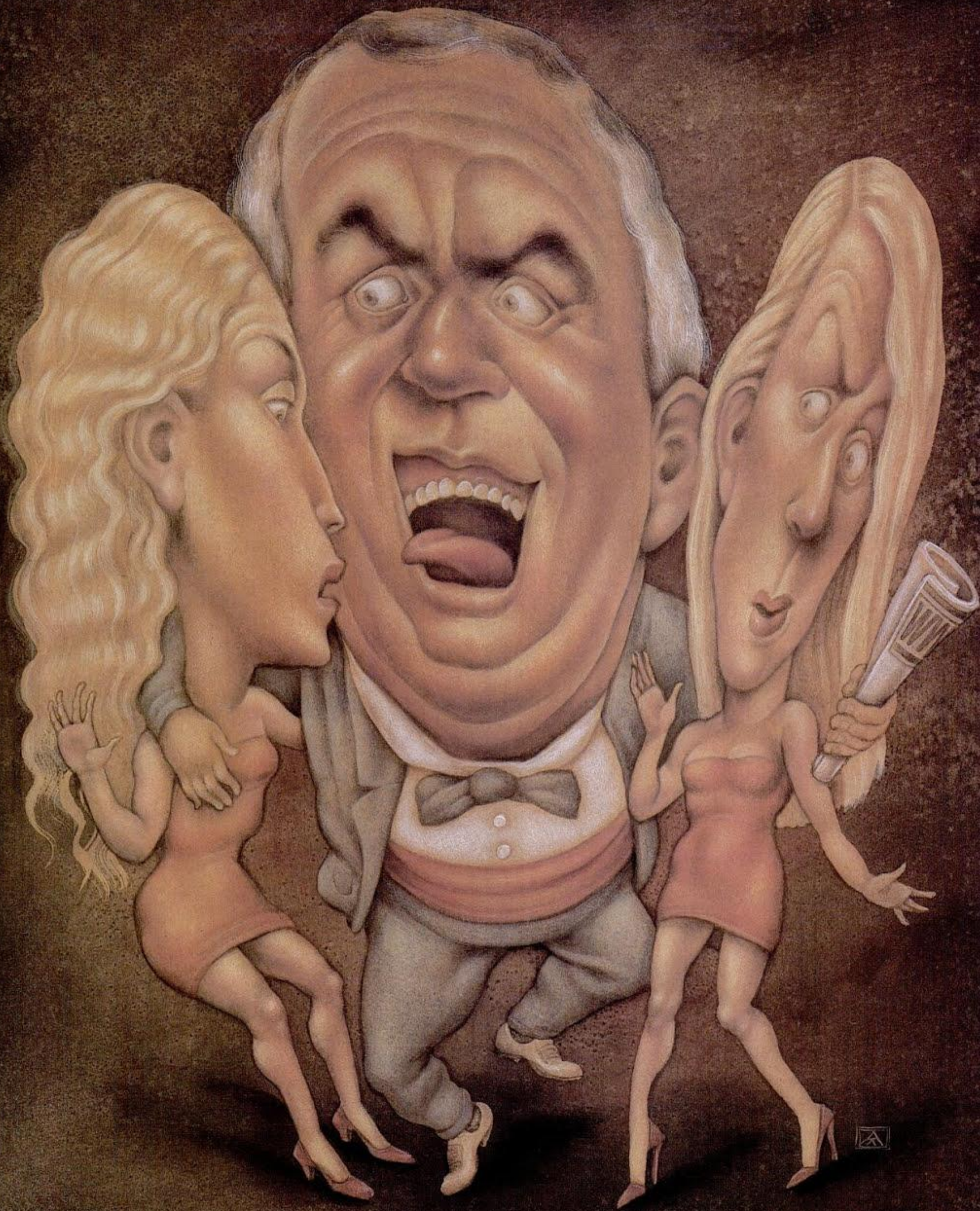
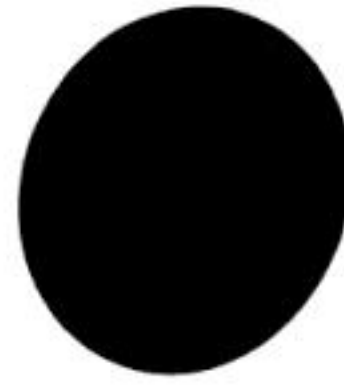



ILLUSTRATION BY ANITA KUNZ



"I'm Michael Coady—I toady to my

boss and protector, priggish *Women's Wear Daily* owner John Fairchild!"  "No, I'm Michael Coady—I prey on models and bully depart-

ment store executives!"  "No, I'm Michael Coady—I try to trick nice people into drinking my urine..."  Actually, they're all

Michael Coady, the most feared and loathed man in the world of fashion. As MARK LASSWELL discovered when he profiled the rag trade's

number one second banana—the only man in America qualified to declare:

"I'M MICHAEL COADY—

RULE SEVENTH AVENUE!"

It is Christmastime at Fairchild Publications, and the annual tide of goodwill from the beauty-and-fashion industry threatens to bury the staff of *Women's Wear Daily* beneath its largess. Awestruck interns—the office elves—distribute sleighfuls of Hermès gloves, bottles of Dom Perignon, cashmere scarves and baskets of cosmetics. The phones jingle merrily as designers, offering

perhaps more gratitude than is permitted by the company's \$50 gift ceiling, call to inquire discreetly about editors' home addresses. The season's bounty is almost too much. Almost, but not quite, not until that roguish potbellied fellow, face flushed red and voice a-booming, enters the newsroom.

When he does appear, though, no gladsome cheering, no jubilant welcome, greets him—just grim silence. Because if the past is a guide, his voice will soon be bellowing obscenities, the flush will turn rage-purple and the potbelly will quiver repellently on his otherwise bony little frame. For this is no jolly fat man from the North Pole.

This is Michael Coady, the celebrated hobgoblin and president of the Fairchild Fashion Group, overseer of the fashion industry's most important trade publication, the tabloid *Women's Wear Daily*, and of *W*, the big clean weekly broadsheet for socialites who find *Town & Country* too challenging. Unfortunately, the only visions Michael Coady sets dancing in his employees' heads are memories of the scapegoats who have endured his loud, spittled abuse while their colleagues literally crawled under desks to finish telephone conversations; memories of his apoplectic rages at women staffers, driving them, sobbing, into the only sanctuary the newsroom has to offer—the office wardrobe. And yet Michael Coady has his lighter side. Perhaps he will be prompted this holiday season to indulge the aggressive, urinocentric sense of humor for which he is renowned at Fairchild and in café society, and about which you will soon learn quite a bit more.

As it happens, however, Coady's bullying and sour high jinks only begin at the office, where his desk sits right in

PET DESIGNERS Bill Blass,



Calvin Klein,



Oscar de la Renta,



Yves Saint Laurent



the newsroom and where his responsibilities run largely to ham-handed meddling in his publications' content and design. Elsewhere, he has intimidated department store chairmen, affronted rival editors and provoked maître d's and nightclub owners. He has attempted to acquaint himself not only with the personal habits of young blond models but with those of the more attractive members of his staff as well, strenuously cultivating a relentlessly heterosexual reputation among his largely homosexual peers.

Scourge of the powerless in the workplace and enemy of new talent everywhere in the fashion world, Coady, 50, and the company he represents have held an entire industry in thrall for nearly two decades. Despite recent troubles, *WWD*, the Fairchild flagship, remains perhaps the country's single most influential trade publication, giving the insider's word on a \$43-billion-a-year industry.

In part, *WWD*'s preeminence derives from the fact that it covers the single major New York industry in which *The New York Times* is a comparatively minor player, so dismal is the

state of the newspaper of record's fashion reportage. Through the capricious abuse of this rare journalistic franchise, Fairchild Publications has shamelessly promoted those designers, artists and socialites the company considers friends and just as shamelessly denigrated those it doesn't, no matter how important ("No stories are to run on Yves Saint Laurent unless you first check with [executive editor Patrick] McCarthy or

THE MORE REPULSIVE COADY'S CONDUCT, THE MORE CATHARTIC IT SEEMS TO BE FOR FAIRCHILD



myself," read an imperious memo from the desk of Michael Coady to his staffers earlier this year). As for Coady himself, such is his disproportionate importance in the fashion world that he once phoned up Marvin Traub, the chairman of Bloomingdale's, and ordered him to tender a job offer to an especially Coady-favored buyer; Traub prudently complied.

Lordly, irresponsible, gross, cruel—Coady is all that. And yet he is but the second-most-powerful, -most-willful, -most-tantrum-prone figure on Seventh Avenue (SA, in the *WWD* stylebook). Indeed, one detects in his Ubu-like

swagger the sort of impunity reserved for men who know they have the permanent indulgence and protection of figures even more powerful than themselves. Sure enough, the aegis of John Burr Fairchild himself has sheltered Michael Coady since 1970, when, as the newly installed editor of *WWD*, Coady moved from the company's Chicago bureau to the dingy editorial headquarters on East 12th Street. In return, Coady (or Toady, as many refer to him) has given his unstinting service to Fairchild (or *Mister Fairchild*, as he adores being called), a man whose corporate empire contains not just the fashion publications but also *Skin & Allergy News*, *American Metal Market* and other obscure, profitable trade papers—31 altogether, with a total circulation of 1.5 million.

Coady is the ideal second banana for Mr. Fairchild, a man who is crazy for intrigue but shies away from confrontation. (His recently published, *New York* magazine-hyped and

— excerpted book of reflections, *Chic Savages*, was rejected for excerption by at least one magazine editor, who was astounded by the anemic, “boring” pensées of the man responsible for three decades of fashion industry bloodletting.) Coady acts the court jester to a rather priggish, would-be patrician aesthete who, in turn, shows his appreciation by tolerating the most belligerent antics imaginable from his right-hand man. Antics such as the time Coady ordered a female employee to carry a wine bottle filled with his urine to Bergdorf Goodman chairman Ira Neimark at a party. The more repulsively schoolboyish Coady’s conduct, the more cathartic it seems to be for his boss.

Coady has a peculiarly obsessive attitude toward his own urine and has developed an industry-wide reputation for using it as an all-purpose prop in his practical jokes. Mr. Fairchild’s response is to revel in the stories of his second-in-command’s urinating in public, giggling and reprimanding Coady by literally slapping his hand. Like an especially proprietous dog marking its territory, Coady has trailed his urine across North America, Europe and Asia, relieving himself on a tree in front of Le Relais Restaurant on Madison Avenue in full view of a party attended by Calvin Klein and the then Kelly Rector; pissing on the facade of the Chanel store in Paris; and filling a wineglass with his urine in the upstairs dining area of a Japan Air Lines 747, offering it to a stewardess and saying something on the order of “This doesn’t taste right to me. What do you think?” The designer Stephen Burrows, in one version of the story, gambled his career when he risked offending Coady by gallantly knocking the glass away as the stewardess reached for it. In another version, the stewardess considered suing Coady after accepting the glass. Mr. Fairchild has been known to tell his own delighted account, and to be sure, no one could leave a trail this piquant without the amused indulgence of a very potent protector. Without John Fairchild, Michael Coady would cease to exist as quickly as a particularly abrasive wiseguy deprived of his don’s goodwill.

A tall man with a permanently appalled expression, Mr. Fairchild has reigned for decades as the Queen of Hearts of the fashion trade, making and breaking careers at will, dressing up his whims as the highest dictates of taste. *WWD*, long just another of the company’s little-known trade papers, became indispensable to the fashion

industry after Mr. Fairchild took over as editor in 1960 and added gossip, biting reviews and investigative reporting. He has attracted attention by turning pet designers (Bill Blass, Calvin Klein, Oscar de la Renta, Yves Saint Laurent

when he is being obedient)



Geoffrey Beene



Pauline Trigère



Yves Saint Laurent

IN THE DOGHOUSE

into celebrities. He has stirred up controversy by pretending—even to this day—that designers who refuse to defer to him (Geoffrey Beene, Pauline Trigère, Yves Saint Laurent when he strains at the leash) don’t exist. And he sniffs over the ranks of the designers’ moneyed customers, finding some (Mercedes Bass, Nan Kempner) insufficiently attuned to his sensibility to warrant the fawning coverage accorded Pat Buckley and Susan Gutfreund. It’s all chronicled in the Eye columns in *WWD* and the biweekly *W*, and in *W*’s exhaustive annual In and Out list, which incorporates the vicissitudes of Mr. Fairchild’s animus and a glancing familiarity with *Entertainment Tonight*. Heady stuff for a boy from Newark.

Coady’s background is murkier. He didn’t return phone calls, nor did he respond to letters requesting



The Wineglass Switcheroo? Restaurateur Glenn Bernbaum, Seventh Avenue strongman John Fairchild and urine sleight-of-hand artist Michael Coady (looking suspiciously nonchalant)

an interview for this story (which is based on conversations with almost 50 fashion industry insiders, including 26 current and former Fairchild employees). It is known that Coady, who turned 50 last August, joined Fairchild in 1968 as a correspondent for *Electronic News* in Boston and later that year was named Chicago bureau chief; he now lives in the Village, just a block away from the Fairchild offices. He has two daughters and has been estranged for years

from his wife, Helen, a lawyer for the Legal Aid Society. “That always horrified him,” says a former employee. “It was like, ‘She works for poor people?’”

Based on what others have been led to believe about Coady by him and his friends, two distinct biographical portraits emerge. A young woman who spent some time deflecting his romantic attention believes that Coady grew up as an orphan in Boston, was a Golden Gloves boxer and worked in military intelligence before moving on to Fairchild. There, as editor of *WWD*—and later of *W* and *M* as well—he took credit not only for the company’s success but also for having made Henry Kissinger’s reputation as a ladies’ man by accommodating the former secretary of State when he used to plead at social events, “Michael, volograph me with de girls.” The same insouciant Coady claimed that his champagne bill in one year was \$14,000, that his wife was a

physicist and that he was hard at work on a screenplay for producer Robert Evans (who denies knowing anything about a Coady screenplay).

The other Coady, gleaned from interviews with current and former employees, grew up in a small town outside Providence, where as an undersize child he vowed he'd get enough power to push other people around someday. As a middle-class teenager he nurtured a yearning resentment of Newport society. After a stint in the Air Force, goes the story, he used his Fairchild credentials to eventually gain entrée to the cottages of Newport and get himself presented with an opportunity he rarely resists: the chance to demonstrate his loathing for society, himself and the people who work for him. One Newport anecdote has him at a dinner with *W* staffers, on hand for a fashion shoot, when he indulged once again his irresistible urinary talents, refilling a wineglass in his customary way and passing it with his compliments to an employee at the end of the table, who then feigned obligatory amusement at the prank (one thing Fairchild employees learn very quickly, however, is never—but *never*—to drink any Coady-proffered beverage).

Whichever of the many Coadys you choose to believe in, there is one that cannot be overlooked. "He's a pisser, a *real* pisser," is the way one Fairchild editor puts it. Interestingly, this underling requested anonymity even though he likes Coady (or, more precisely, prefers the directness of Coady's tirades to the backstabbing practiced by other Fairchild executives). Others who spoke well of Coady described a doting father and noted his capacity for extraordinary, scarily sudden acts of generosity; examples, however, were given off the record, because even Coady's admirers don't wish to be traceable. Detractors, both at Fairchild and on Seventh Avenue, broke off discussions before the entirety of their views could be determined, calling him variously "an obscene, unctuous snake," "a Cardinal Richelieu character" and "a vindictive little son of a bitch," all the while expressing their fear that "if Michael Coady even *thought* you were criticizing him, even though you have a job now, in two years you might want to

**COADY TAKES
CREDIT FOR HAVING
MADE HENRY
KISSINGER'S
REPUTATION AS A
LADIES' MAN**



THE LAST THING THEY'D WANT IS A JURY OF THEIR PEERS

A Consensus Directory of the Most Hated in Their Fields

In the same way that Michael Coady is arguably the fashion world's most despised member, so too are there mascots of odium in other industries, figures who rise above the ranks of their merely disliked confreres and inspire such fervent opprobrium that entire professions become mesmerized by collective revulsion.

Some of the following names will be familiar, some not; some are the objects of jealousy, others of plain loathing; some are legitimately despised, others perhaps unfairly so. But all are detested by their peers, as we discovered through a bit of highly informal canvassing. Here are just some of the reasons they are so thoroughly disliked.



ARCHITECTURE
Michael Graves

Is not embarrassed to tell people that he is the world's greatest architect; has probably received more publicity—barring Philip Johnson—than any other living American architect; had sold more than 100,000 of his \$115 yuppie-porn "birdie" teakettles as of last year; his enormous influence in the mid-1980s inspired the creation of BAN MICHAEL GRAVES buttons at a national convention of his fellow American architects; is peevis

ART
*Gallery owner
Larry Gagosian*

Has exhibited works by Johns, Rauschenberg and Warhol; thinks he is a pheromonal sex magnet and is eager to share this impression with many

women who walk into his gallery; within hours of Jean-Michel Basquiat's and Andy Warhol's deaths, called collectors who had their paintings and tried to represent them; admits he "may have" once made a transparency from a page in an art magazine and then offered it for sale; is a poor role model for Armenian-American youth



ART DIRECTION
*Graphic designer
Paula Scher*

Is adamant about her right to rip off design ideas of the 1930s; smokes excessively, leading to raspy voice and the constant igniting of office wastepaper baskets; shakes hands with people—and then tells them she has poison ivy

BIRDS
The Cowbird

Doesn't build its own nest;

lays eggs in others' nests, causing the mothers to roll their own eggs out and raise cowbirds as false fledglings; gives no credit to host birds; is unprofessional and deceitful; gives cows a bad name



BUSINESS
Financier
Henry Kravis

Led the \$25 billion takeover of RJR Nabisco (and, overall, some \$60 billion worth of takeovers), then told *Fortune*, "Greed really turns me off"; claims that his firm has "never made a hostile offer for a company, and we will never make one"; stormed the board of the Metropolitan Museum of Art by donating a \$10-million wing; bought a career for his chicken-wing wife, "designer" Carolyne Roehm

FILM

Producer Ray Stark

The bully's bully in an industry of bully's bullies—aborts projects without telling the parties involved; the groveler's groveler in an industry of groveler's grovelers—has been sending regular gifts to doomed studio head Dawn Steel; sent out 150 copies of Neil Simon's *Chapter Two* screenplay in an attempt to get it nominated for an Oscar; produced the film version of *Annie*



FOOD
Life-style marketer
Martha Stewart

Types recipes from Julia

Child and *The Joy of Cooking* directly onto her own letterhead and distributes them at her overpriced seminars; sold herself to K mart as a pitchwoman for a reported \$5 million; fills cookbooks with endless photos of self and home because "without those pictures, the books would be useful but not as fabulous"; attracts groupies (one fan requested the names and breeds of Stewart's cats so she could more perfectly duplicate the Stewart life-style) and seething food-industry enemies (one caterer has taken to going to bookstores, scooping up all the Martha Stewart books and putting them in the Humor section)



JOURNALISM
New York publisher
Ed Kosner

Puts the imperatives of toadying to his social betters above the imperatives of even service journalism; at *Newsweek*—where he and fellow editor Ed Klein shared the title of most hated—once gave a writer's story to his preteen son and, in front of the writer, said to the boy, "Here, you can do better than that." (Runner-up: Former journalist Tony Schwartz)



KENNEDYS
Ethel

A living how-to guide for dynasty worship; has so successfully terrorized her children that a *Mommy Dearest* memoir is probably

not in the offing; cheats at touch football



LAW
Attorney
Richard Golub

A spotlight-craving glamour whore; has defended Donald Trump; maintains that judges and other lawyers are begging to be in a rap video with him because "everybody wants to be Mr. Eclectic"; covered his kitchen walls with scenes of people copulating



POLITICS
Loser Michael Dukakis

Looks and moves like a ventriloquist's dummy; wallowed self-pityingly in his presidential defeat; wallowed sanctimoniously in his campaign; is the architect of the "Massachusetts Mess"; is actually more hated than Jesse Helms and Jesse Jackson (extremists at least serve the needs of the opposite fringes), or Pat Caddell and Lee Atwater (backroomers aren't visible enough to inspire pandemic, industry-wide loathing), or John Tower and Jim Wright (exiled politicians, like Dukakis, but ones who didn't take an entire party with them); is the last, one hopes, in the line of Democratic presidential losers that began with Jimmy Carter and continued with Walter Mondale

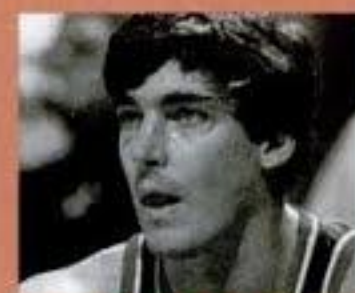
PUBLISHING
Agent Andrew Wylie

Is hated by publishers, editors and fellow agents for

being an author-stealing vulture (Marian Thurm) and client-list enhancer (Samuel Beckett); seems to have led Corazon Aquino to believe he was an agent for Random House; once stole an author and then tried to get a commission for a deal negotiated by the writer's former agent; suggested to a rival agent's authors that the agent, who remains perfectly healthy, albeit overtanned, was retiring; literally spits on books at dinner parties

REAL ESTATE
Developers Sherman
and Edward Cohen

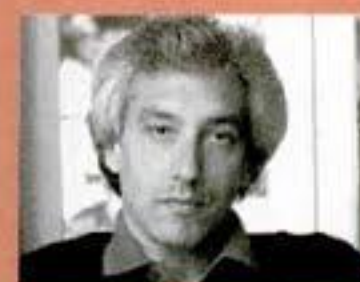
Began building the mirrored, tublike Crystal Pavilion (Third Avenue at 50th Street) with 35 floors already rented—the building was zoned for 31; tried to evict a holdout tenant from a midtown development site by claiming that the old woman's geranium-filled window box created a "dangerous condition" and then suing her for \$10 million; Sherman once telephoned the secretary of an attorney who wouldn't return his calls, saying, "Tell Mr. Fallon I have more money than he'll ever have, and I return my phone calls"; Sherman's public upbraidings of Edward have led the real estate community to give Edward the nickname Shut Up Eddy



SPORTS
Center Bill Laimbeer
of the Detroit Pistons

A kill-crazy, opponent-flattening hothead; grabbed Larry Bird by the head during the NBA's 1987 Eastern Conference final and threw

him to the floor (Laimbeer calls it an "accident"); inspired a man at Atlanta's Omni arena to brandish a cardboard replica of Laimbeer's uniform and then take a chain saw to it



TELEVISION
Producer Steven Bochco

Overpaid and brags about it (told *Rolling Stone*, "Wanna know something? I make an enormous amount of money. I mean a lot of money"); has a pious attitude toward himself and his oeuvre; insisted to *Newsweek* that if it wanted to do a cover story on *L.A. Law*, he would have to be the cover boy; casts his wife in his shows and says she spells her name "B-O-S-S-O-N, with an n as in 'nepotism'"



THEATER
New York Times
critic Frank Rich

Nicknamed the Butcher of Broadway; not only does a negative Rich review in the nation's most influential newspaper discourage droves of potential theatergoers, it also means the nation's most influential newspaper won't be likely to do a series of follow-up puff features—its usual method of drumming up business for favored shows and producers; refuses to fraternize with theater people; prefers the West End to Times Square. (Runners-up: Bernard Jacobs and Gerald Schoenfeld of The Shubert Organization)

—Sidney Falco



NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMP



CORIANDER SEEDS FROM MOROCCO



ANGELICA ROOT FROM SAXONY



JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY



CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA

move, and he could make it very difficult." Nearly everyone who did talk, however, mentioned the pissing stories. "I wonder," says one impressed witness to the Newport incident mentioned above, "how he stops the stream in time so nothing spills."

Apparently not everyone shares Mr. Fairchild's appreciation of Coady's kidneys. One former editor who declined an oddly warm glass from Coady says she contemplated having her husband punch him in the nose. Others who have threatened to go over Mr. Fairchild's head and complain to Capital Cities/ABC, the rather more staid media company that owns Fairchild Publications, have been met with Coady's dismissive reply, "There's nothing they don't know about me." Indeed, one story has Coady being banned from the Cap Cities offices after he relieved himself behind the dais at a board meeting.

Urine, however, isn't the only secretion that serves as a springboard for an elaborate, ugly Coady jest. There was the time he passed his hand under the hem of the dress worn at a party by Fairchild group vice president and *M* editor in chief Jane Lane. Coady then turned to a cosmetics company executive standing next to him and extended the hand in a male-bonding salute, saying, "Want to take a whiff?" On another occasion, at a fashion show in Paris, he

turned to the refined editor of a rival publication and queried loudly, "Well, are you wet between the legs yet?"

**ALMOST NONE OF
HIS COLLEAGUES
CREDIT COADY
WITH ACTUALLY
KNOWING MUCH
ABOUT FASHION**



"We used to call Michael 'the Prune' and get grossed out at the idea of anyone sleeping with him," says one former reporter for *WWD*, adding that the idea was nonetheless inescapable, particularly for readers of the Eye column when Jane Lane was editing it. "Jane would come to you before a party and say, 'See who Michael's with and make sure you get a picture of her,'" says

one of the many Fairchild reporters who have traded four hours of *WWD* party duty for half a day off from work. "Then they'd run the photo in the paper and a caption identifying her as if you're supposed to know who she is, when she was just Michael's girl for the party."

Michael's girl for the party was most likely



ORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.



ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA



LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN



ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY



LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA

Bombay® Gin, 43% alc/vol (86 proof), 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1988 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ

very pretty, very blond, about half his age, twice his height and possessed of a strong interest in having her photo appear in a fashion publication's society pages. When asked about her mid-1980s relationship with Coady, artist Lindsay McCrum said, "I wouldn't touch that one with a ten-foot pole," presumably referring to the question. Coady himself once astutely attributed his magnetic effect on beautiful young women to his business credentials rather than to his prowess, saying, "I give good card." According to someone he regaled with the stories afterward, Coady particularly liked to give it in the backseats of limousines.

While some Fairchild employees have been ordered to help push along Coady's romantic life, others have found themselves paralyzed by the realization that they have become the object of his desire. "There isn't a woman I know who worked there that he hasn't tried to kiss," says a former editor. She left the company after Coady launched a six-month campaign reviling her work. Ironically, the miserable half-year followed what had been a cordial working relationship with Coady, one that ended after an incident in a bar when he became...tender.

Whether driven out by the spurned Coady or



My Three Chins: Coady with one of his photograph-hungry captive escorts

simply tired of working late and sleeping at the office only to be screamed at for laziness, Fairchild refugees populate the mastheads of practically every women's magazine on the newsstands. From *Elle* to *Vogue* to *Mirabella*, editors who couldn't stick it out at *WWD* unanimously agree that nothing in their careers could be as difficult and debasing as life under Coady.

In fairness, the unique mix of frat-house humor and outright cruelty that seems to define corporate culture at Fairchild didn't begin with Coady. After all, many who knew John Sias, who served as the company's president between 1971 and 1977 (and who is now the president of ABC), consider him to be Coady's spiritual and managerial mentor. During those years, the two men—Coady was then editor of *WWD*—were noted for charming imitations of cripples trying to walk, for their imaginary games of kick-the-can staged for the entertainment of subway passengers, and for enlivening Fairchild employees' workaday world by suddenly turning off the office lights, knocking over trash cans and slamming into walls.

Coady, who just last January was promoted to the presidency of the newly created Fairchild Fashion Group (in addition to *W*, *WWD* and *M*, he is also responsible for the *Daily News Record*—or *DNR*, the menswear version of *WWD*—*Children's Business*, *Footwear News* and four other fashion-related trade papers), has maintained the Sias management style of squirting reporters with water pistols, sending baseballs whizzing past their heads and spontaneously spouting obscenities, but he gets little credit for his efforts. "Sias was brilliant and could get away with it," says a *WWD* reporter. "But Coady can't pull it off." Others who compare the two men note subtle differences that only a true Coady aficionado—such as, say, Mr. Fairchild—could appreciate. "Coady introduced a coarser element," says a student of company history. "He was more interested in flatulence and scatological things than Sias was."

Sias, whose name is still uttered with reverence by Fairchild employees, received an anonymous letter from one of them in 1985, after he had been promoted to president of the Capital Cities publishing division. According to a story in *Crain's New York Business*, the letter described declining morale at Fairchild caused by the loss of good reporters to better jobs and more humane superiors. Sias handled the allegations by posting the letter at the Fairchild offices with an ostensibly solicitous note asking the writer to come forward.

The complaints in the letter were another way of describing what employees call Fairchild's merciless star system. One beneficiary, Joseph Steuer (Vassar, class of '89), recently vaulted past many who were in line to become editor of the Eye column. His breakneck success is a particular pleasure to one of his best friends, Nichole Coady (Vassar, '90). But Steuer may not survive to gloat very long at a place where fortune is as fickle as Michael Coady's bladder. Every staff

member seems to have a favorite anecdote about a talented young reporter or editor accustomed to being ignored by management until, one day, a word of favor from Mr. Fairchild singled the employee out for instant coddling and admission to the inner sanctum where Coady, vice presidents Patrick McCarthy, Jane Lane and Etta Froio, and

Mr. Fairchild himself reside. "They make you feel so special and protected," says one former employee. "And then they rip you up."

The ripping usually begins when blame needs to be assigned. The scapegoating of well-liked editor Richard Buckley during the *Scene*



Coady groveling before one of *W*'s darlings, eye makeup adventuress Pat Buckley

magazine debacle is the current favorite among appalled Fairchild editors. *Scene*, intended for the young heirs of *W* readers—it had a creepy Nancy-Kissinger-meets-Michael-Musto quality—folded last year after a two-year tryout at a reported cost of \$3 million. Although Coady would

occasionally interrupt editorial meetings to mention what his daughter thought *Scene* needed, some employees say the magazine, despite its youthful aspirations, reflected the senior Coady's sensibility. "*Scene* wasn't about uptown or downtown," says one Fairchild editor. "It was about Michael Coady's attitude toward women, which is incredibly sexist and misogynist." One memorable *Scene* layout, touted on the cover as WILD PREPPIES, showed a dark-haired model in a Romeo Gigli dress with her head thrown back, sucking down a Budweiser. The piece ran a few months after the murder of Jennifer Levin in 1986.

Although Coady presides over ten varyingly influential fashion publications, almost none of his colleagues credit him with actually knowing much about fashion. A former Fairchild reporter says *WWD* reviewers dread attending fashion shows with Coady because he stands nearby, feeding observations to them that he expects to see in the reviews. "Coady didn't know what he saw when he was seeing it," she says, noting with relief that *WWD* reviews don't run with bylines. "Thank God. You'd be embarrassed to have your name attached to what he thinks is witty."

Coady's fashion interest, such as it is, appears to have been supplanted in recent months by an increasing concern over the well-being of the company. Reporters note that Coady's desk-kicking rants are increasingly prompted by news about dwindling Fairchild revenues. Indeed, his friends claim to detect a real buckling-down to the responsibilities vested in him at Fairchild.

He might have been sobered by the mounting evidence that Capital Cities/ABC has become impatient with Fairchild and has recently loosed outside management consultants on the company—always an ominous sign. In the 1970s, after a merger with Capital Cities Broadcasting in 1968 that left Mr. Fairchild considerably enriched and in editorial control, his company did well; but in the 1980s, a time of unprecedented interest in fashion—and

**"THE ATMOSPHERE
AT THE OFFICE,"
SAYS ONE FAIRCHILD
REPORTER, "IS
INCREDIBLY
DESPERATE..."**



especially in American fashion — Fairchild saw a paradoxical slowdown thanks in part to competition from the rash of new fashion and women's magazines such as *Elle*, *New York Woman* and *Details*. Fairchild circulations flattened and advertising revenues declined (WWD's textile advertising, for instance, has dropped from \$8-million to \$4 million over the past five years). The Capital Cities/ABC annual report for last year announced a "substantial decline in operating profits" at Fairchild, and a company source says a prototype for a revamped and weekly WWD (WWW?) was commissioned last summer in an effort to turn things around.

Editorially, WWD's special preeminence was long predicated on the anachronistic notion that Mr. Fairchild's star designers, usually European and usually pricey, could dictate to a good number of American women what they would wear. Today, although WWD remains virtually alone in its trade coverage of the clothing and cosmetics industries, its circulation has declined to 61,000 from a 1970 high of 82,000 — a drop-off attributable in part to boutique owners and department store buyers who have written off a publication that purports to cover the fashion industry and yet has frequently ignored several of the era's most consequential designers, including Giorgio Armani and Geoffrey Beene. "It's like being at the *Times* and having them say Cambodia doesn't exist," says a WWD reporter. Several big-name designers of the younger generation — Romeo Gigli, Jean-Paul Gaultier and Azzedine Alaïa — are notoriously indifferent to Mr. Fairchild's fearsome power, and Condé Nast's *Details* has begun to carve out a niche as a sort of trade magazine for fashion's cutting edge (the monthly's creative guru, the hermetic Bill Cunningham, is another Fairchild refugee).

W, meanwhile, appears unable to shake its identification as the magazine of choice among matrons with money to burn. A version of W published under license in England last year quickly bombed, leaving the licensee, publisher Kevin Kelly, sputtering resentfully over what he considered Mr. Fairchild's duplicity in not supporting the publication, letting it fail and then announcing his intention to publish a combined European W and WWD next year. The *Scene* failure took its toll on the company, and M, Fairchild's six-year-old style magazine for the "Civilized Man," is still a long way from turning a profit, according to a source familiar with company finances.

Editorial decline, according to the current staff, continues apace. W's recent fond, pointless look back at the weddings of some of Mr. Fairchild's favorite women, in gowns by his favorite designers, included this photo caption:

"Karl Lagerfeld with her husband Paloma Picasso, in Lagerfeld [*sic*], and her husband Rafael Lopez-Sanchez at their 1978 wedding party." Either something is amiss with the editing at Fairchild or W has achieved a new, hallucinatory level of cattiness.

"The atmosphere at the offices," says one Fairchild reporter, "is incredibly desperate over the financial situation." Aspirins and Band-Aid

THE OLD IN-OUT

Every January, John Fairchild's silly, capricious W gets distilled into a sillier, more capricious form: the annual In and Out list. A paradigm of schoolgirlish bitchiness, the list is essentially the self-important reassessment of the editors' friends, enemies, favorite appetizers and irrelevant peeves — based on criteria that bounce back and forth like a pinball with attitude. What follows is an overview of a decade's worth of Ins and Outs.

	1978	1979	1981	1982	1983	1984	1986*	1987	1988	1989
The Grimaldis	—	—	in	—	out	—	out	out	out	—
Jackie Onassis	in	—	in	out	out	in	in	in	out	—
Princess Diana	—	—	in	—	—	in	—	in	out	in
Liz Taylor	out	—	—	out	out	out	—	in	out	—
Ed Koch	—	out	in	out	—	—	out	—	out	—
Australia	—	—	in	in	—	in	—	out	in	—
Brooke Astor	in	—	—	out	—	in	in	—	in	—
Steven Spielberg	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	out	in	—
Susan Gutfreund	—	—	—	—	in	out	in	—	in	—
Demi Moore & Bruce Willis	—	—	—	—	—	—	in	in	out	—
Madonna	—	—	—	—	—	—	out	in	—	out
Sam Shepard	—	—	—	—	—	in	—	out	—	—
Jessica Lange	—	—	—	—	in	in	out	—	—	—
Katharine Graham	in	out	—	—	—	out	out	out	—	—
The Four Seasons	—	—	in	in	in	—	out	out	—	in
Lally Weymouth	out	—	in	—	—	—	out	—	—	—
Pasta	in	—	in	out	—	out	in	out	—	—
Bill Paley	in	out	—	in	—	in	—	—	—	—
Philip Johnson	out	—	—	in	—	in	—	—	—	—
Frank Sinatra	—	out	—	—	out	out	in	in	out	—
Chintz	—	—	—	—	out	in	out	—	in	—

*(No list in 1985)

— Rachel Urquhart

bandages are no longer available in the office, notepads are dispensed only grudgingly, and when reporters take their traditional subway rides to interviews, they are not reimbursed until they explain how every token was used. "You're already seeing a dynasty in its last glow," says a non-Fairchild business writer who has covered the fashion industry for years. "Everybody's aware that it's at the end of a great run."

Michael Coady himself seems to be at the end of a run of some sort. He apparently hasn't been thrown out of a nightclub since 1987, when he reportedly pushed past the

doorman at Nell's after refusing to pay the \$10 entrance fee for his guest. When he was asked to leave, Coady replied, "Don't you know who you are dealing with? I'm Michael Coady. I rule Seventh Avenue!" Keith McNally, one of the club's owners, responded by returning Coady's \$200 membership fee and telling him to take a walk on 14th Street.

Many who see Coady socially mention a recent diminution in his alcohol consumption, but it would be unfair to attribute his behavior to the presence or absence of strong drink. Consider one of his *New York Post* Page Six appearances in 1986, after his peripheral involvement in a

fistfight at Palladium, which had begun when a young man claimed that a male friend of Coady's had made a pass at him. Later Coady denied that he had been drunk, then amended the statement: "Well, what's drunk? I wasn't out of control."

Some attribute his current (relative) placidity to his relationship with the 30-ish blond woman he's been introducing as his fiancée. They appear together at dinner parties, where fellow feeders report that Coady refreshingly departs from tradition by insisting on being seated next to his date, with whom he then spends the evening in conversation, ignoring the other guests. This particular Coady affront, hygienic though it is, has reportedly distressed more than one convention-bound hostess; others are more forgiving, especially when they consider the standard Coady alternatives.

Coady's recent quiescence might also have something—perhaps a lot—to do with his professional prospects. Despite rumors of Mr. Fairchild's impending retirement (he is 62), arrangements for his succession remain messy. A reported agreement with Capital Cities precludes Mr. Fairchild's passing the job to one of his children, but insiders point out that he treats Patrick McCarthy—group vice president, executive editor and associate publisher—like a son. McCarthy is the current odds-on favorite to take over, gaining points for his obsession with

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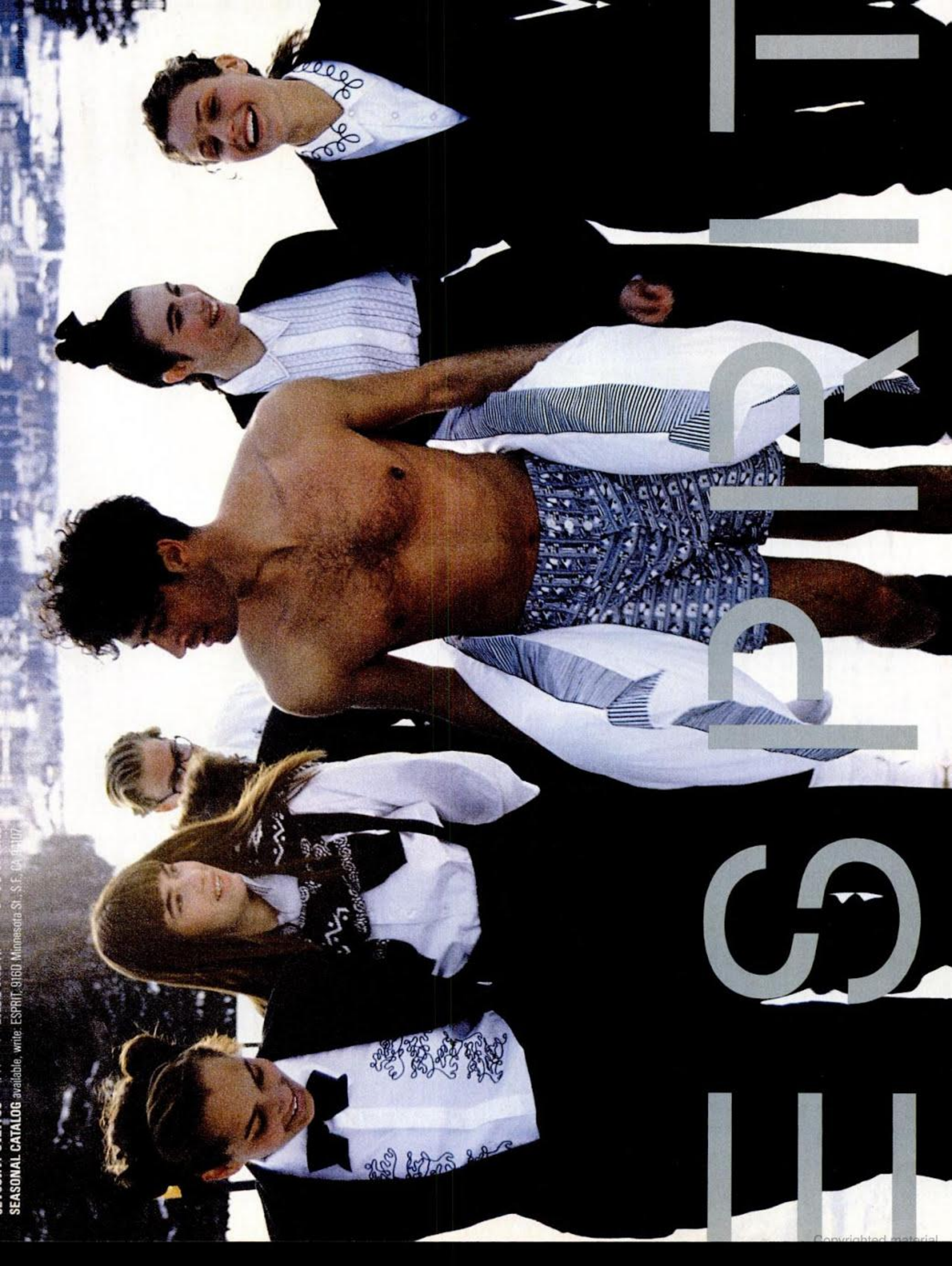
gossip and for his adoption of both Mr. Fairchild's unnerving giggle and what is known around the office as the Fairchild Pirouette (having attended a few too many fashion shows, Mr. Fairchild has developed a model-like knack for dramatically turning on one heel with hands tucked saucily in coat pockets).

As for Coady, he is the one Fairchild executive whom observers don't bother to handicap for succession. Despite his grim devotion to his boss, it is likely that Coady will just keep accumulating titles that, no matter how stupendous they sound (fashion group president, fashion group editor, corporate senior vice president), will always translate to second-in-command. As Mr. Fairchild's portable id, he can hardly expect to stand in for the man who once floated this line in *Vanity Fair*: "Anybody who shows off their wealth, or their power, or is rude to little people who can't fight back—I think it's almost a sin." Indeed, Mr. Fairchild is fortunate that he has a Michael Coady to do these things for him, much as George Bush is blessed with his Lee Atwater; but the nature of these sorts of relationships (which Coady's eleventh-hour maturation won't likely alter) is that no one makes the mistake of confusing the hatchet man or national-committee chairman with his master—that the dirty-worker almost always outlives his purpose but only rarely his boss.

And so it's Christmastime at Fairchild Publications. Soon the company parties will begin. As the wan designers and spreading debutantes and millionaire grandmothers gather round, perhaps someone will begin to tell the Coady Christmas stories. There's the one about the annual holiday luncheon for Fairchild editors that Coady turned into an executives-only food fight as lower-echelon editors smiled meekly and tried not to get hit. Coady capped the festivities, adding to Mr. Fairchild's giggling glee, by uprooting a potted plant and heaving it across the room.

Then there's the one about Coady at the Fairchild Christmas party in Los Angeles, being introduced to the not noticeably healthy fitness-and-diet pitchman Richard Simmons, who (charitably) asked the spindly-yet-big-bellied editor how he manages to stay in shape. "I jerk off a lot," Coady explained.

And then there's the one about the time Michael Coady used a urinal. ☺



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ON THE STREET WHERE THEY "LIVED"

A SPY MAP OF NEW YORK'S FICTITIOUS AND FAMOUS ADDRESSES

Mame Dennis. Carlotta Vance. Stephen Haines. They all have New York addresses. They may live in your neighborhood. Maybe in your building. But you won't ever see them buying one of those frightening whole wheat fig things at the Korean market on the corner. They live in a different New York, a parallel New York: show business New York.

1. 11 WALL STREET Mr. Andrews (Walter Connolly) mixes a drink as he phones his soon-to-be ex-son-in-law here. It's his office, and he's a millionaire in *It Happened One Night*.

2. 20 WALL STREET Stephen Haines works here. At least, that's what his mistress, Crystal Allen (Joan Crawford), says. He's got an Adonis-like figure. At least, that's what Ingrid the cook tells his wife, Mary (Norma Shearer). We have to take their word for it. We never see Haines, or his office. That's because Haines is a man and the movie is called *The Women*.

3. 125 WEST 9TH STREET Anna and Lars Thorwald live here. Make that *lived* here. One summer night, Lars (Raymond Burr) murdered Anna, cut her into little pieces and shipped her to the country. L. B. Jeffries (James Stewart) watched from his apartment in *Rear Window*.

4. 623 EAST 28TH STREET, APT. 3B Ricky's rehearsing for his big Hollywood screen test. Lucy's locked in the meat freezer with a side of beef and no mittens. No one seems to mind that, according to its address, the Ricardos' building is in the middle of the East River.

5. 1270 BROADWAY Vince Ricardo (Peter Falk) works here in *The In-Laws* (which also stars Alan Arkin). His company pays the rent. His company is the CIA.

6. 3 BEEKMAN PLACE Auntie Mame Dennis (Lucille Ball and Rosalind Russell) lives here.

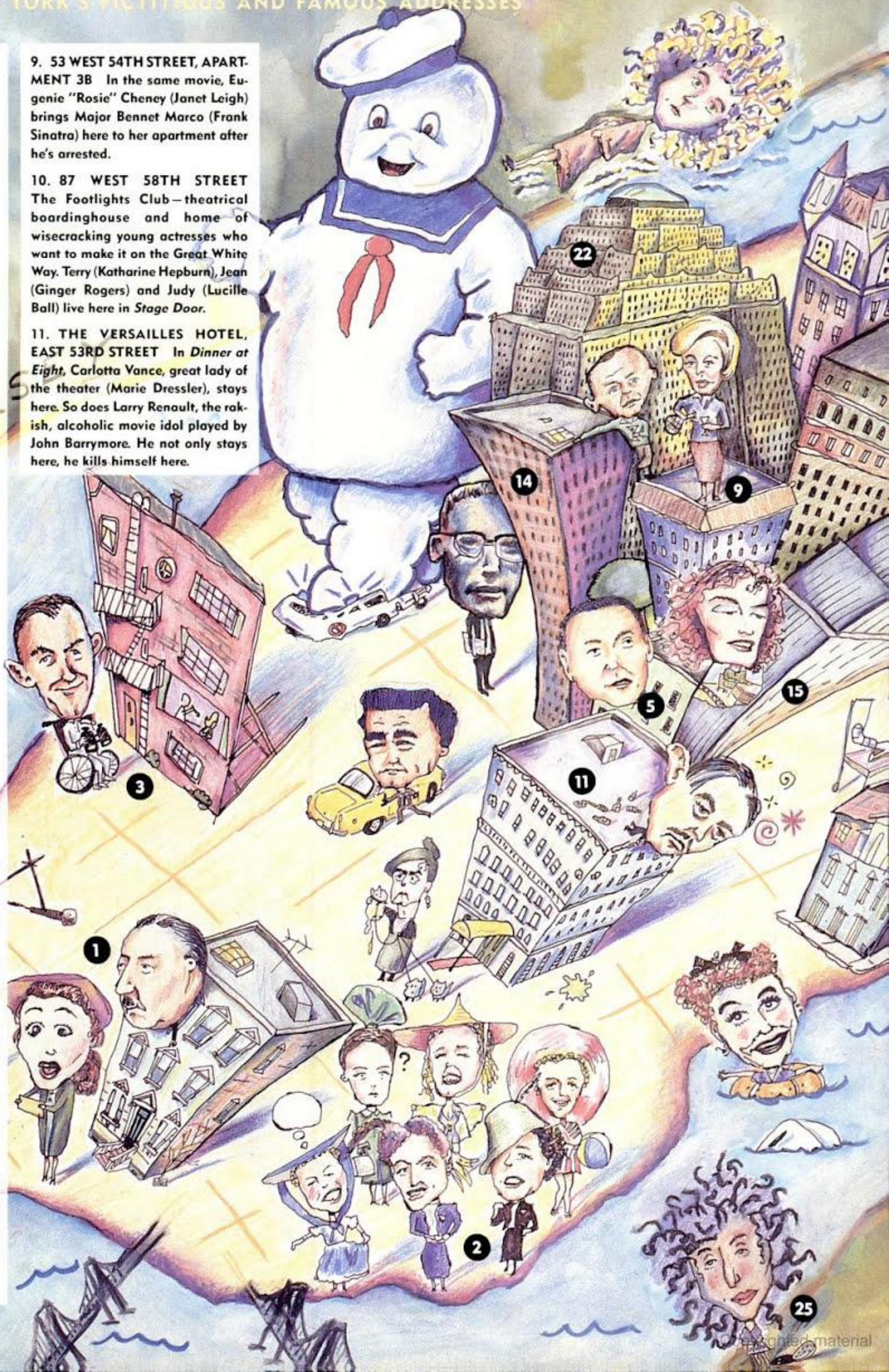
7. 43 SUTTON PLACE This beautiful duplex is the home of the Stevensons—Leona (Barbara Stanwyck) and Henry (Burt Lancaster)—in *Sorry, Wrong Number*. She's a bedridden bitch-heiress who keeps her husband in line by faking heart attacks.

8. TIMOTHY SWANN SANITARIUM, 84 EAST 61ST STREET Raymond Shaw (Laurence Harvey) has an 11:10 a.m. appointment here. He's not seeing his doctor; he's seeing his comrades who have brainwashed him in *The Manchurian Candidate*.

9. 53 WEST 54TH STREET, APARTMENT 3B In the same movie, Eugenie "Rosie" Cheney (Janet Leigh) brings Major Bennet Marco (Frank Sinatra) here to her apartment after he's arrested.

10. 87 WEST 58TH STREET The Footlights Club—theatrical boardinghouse and home of wisecracking young actresses who want to make it on the Great White Way. Terry (Katharine Hepburn), Jean (Ginger Rogers) and Judy (Lucille Ball) live here in *Stage Door*.

11. THE VERSAILLES HOTEL, EAST 53RD STREET In *Dinner at Eight*, Carlotta Vance, great lady of the theater (Marie Dressler), stays here. So does Larry Renault, the rakish, alcoholic movie idol played by John Barrymore. He not only stays here, he kills himself here.





MANHATTAN

12. CITY DUMP 32, EAST RIVER, SUTTON PLACE This is the address of Godfrey (William Powell) in *My Man Godfrey*. He's a bum—until he helps the very rich, very loony Irene Bullock (Carole Lombard) win a scavenger hunt. He becomes the family butler and moves into the family mansion at...

13. 1011 FIFTH AVENUE

14. 1619 BROADWAY The Brill Building—where columnist J. J. Hunsecker (Burt Lancaster) lives in *The Sweet Smell of Success*.

15. 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA This is the FBC Building. That's Federal Broadcasting Company, the net-

work in *Desk Set* and the place where Bunny (Katharine Hepburn) and Peg (Joan Blondell) work.

16. 501 EAST 66TH STREET Claudia Faith Draper (Barbra Streisand), an expensive hooker with lots of fancy panties, lives here in *Nuts*.

17. 968 PARK AVENUE Tom Jeffers (Joel McCrea), a crackpot architect who wants to build an airport over the city, and Geraldine Jeffers (Claudette Colbert), his wife, live here in Preston Sturges's *Palm Beach Story*.

18. 843 FIFTH AVENUE This is the mansion of the Setons in *Holiday*. Expensive furniture, tapestries and portraits fill four floors, and servants stand by to fill every request. A suffocating hell for Linda Seton (Katharine Hepburn), who wants to run away with Johnny Case (Cary Grant), her sister's fiancé.

19. 952 WEST 114TH STREET, #46 Academics Nick Potter (Edward Everett Horton) and his wife, Susan (Binnie Barnes), live here in *Holiday*. They have a large foyer, a sitting room with built-ins and a wood-burning fireplace, and plenty of windows. Columbia had a stranglehold on the best real estate above 110th Street even in 1938.

20. 185 WEST 74TH STREET Charles Foster Kane (Orson Welles) is

running for governor in *Citizen Kane*. It looks like an easy victory. Then this address shows up on a note mailed to his wife. It's where blond singer Susan Alexander lives. It's the love nest where Kane's political career comes to an end.

21. 1 WEST 72ND STREET The Bramford (*The Dakota*) has got gargoyles, Devil worshipers and all-around bad vibes. After Rosemary (Mia Farrow) and her actor husband, Guy (John Cassavetes), move in, Guy makes a deal with the Devil: he gets starring roles and the Devil gets to sleep with his wife.

22. 55 CENTRAL PARK WEST Dana Barrett (Sigourney Weaver) lives alone in a penthouse here. In *Ghostbusters* she gets a roommate: Zuul, an ancient Sumerian demon.

23. 704 HOUSER STREET It's a different "world" in working-class Queens, populated by meatheads, dingbats and Archie Bunker (Carroll O'Connor) in *All in the Family*.

24. 10 STIGWOOD AVENUE The Huxtables live here. Like all American families, everyone has chores. In this family, everyone's chore is to feed Dad (Bill Cosby) setup lines for long, comedylike monologues.

25. 19 CRANBERRY STREET Loretta Castorini (Cher) lives here in *Moonstruck*, a movie about an Italian family with no ostensible ties to the Mafia.

And so comes December, the season of goodwill, the season of giving. Now is the time when we use material objects, in the form of cash or gifts, to symbolize our warm feelings for the special people in our lives — our loved ones, our families and friends, our colleagues, our doormen and supers and mail carriers, our Department of Transportation brownies about to ticket our imprudently parked hard-top, our potential colleagues on the board of the Metropolitan Museum who must decide whether to seat us, our defense ministers in tiny far-off nations who are thinking of purchasing our weapons, our mob-connected fish distributors, and all others near and dear. As an unprecedented service feature gesture — our gift, at this holiday time, to our readers —

GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

surveys the world of gratuities and offers advice that will help you avoid embarrassment and allow you to fully experience...

THE

Big

OF GIVING

SPY'S SPECIAL HOLIDAY GUIDE TO TIPPING:



HOW TO GIVE, HOW TO GET,

HOW TO KNOW HOW MUCH IS SUFFICIENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTOPH ABBREDERIS

"GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER," SAYS THE BIBLE, AND IN THAT RESPECT GOD and Leona Helmsley and the General Dynamics Corporation and the bellhops at the Golden Nugget are indistinguishable. As they are indistinguishable from most of us, really. For who doesn't loveth a cheerful giver? And who, for that matter, would refuse the generosity of even a clinically depressed giver? *Oh, cheer up*, we'd say supportively, *and just set it down over there*.

It's true that giving can sometimes mean any number of things we don't approve of. Kickbacks, payola, graft, influence-peddling, wheel-greasing, junkets, arms-for-hostages, bag money and bribes are all reprehensible. But it's *Christmas*! So that'll be the last time you'll see *those* words in this article. Because this is an article about the cheerful giving we call tipping, and tipping is supposed

everyone's year give way to new, more festive venal machinations involving bonuses, promotions and gifts. And cabbies, damn them, whistle. Yes, the jangling sound you hear everywhere may still be coin of the realm, but it sounds as light and magical as sleigh bells.

Even while we are awash in the holiday spirit of giving for its own sake, it must be acknowledged that tipping is extremely practical. It's a way to leave a restaurant

WRONG



You'd better not cry, you'd better not pout...

RIGHT



...and you'd better not forget to leave a catered gourmet snack out on Christmas Eve.

to make you feel good—you, the tipper, and you, the tipped.

(The word *tip*, as is traditionally reported each December in service pieces everywhere, is supposedly derived from the TO INSURE PROMPTNESS labels on collection boxes in eighteenth-century English coffeehouses. But tipping has been around much longer than that, predating even Hog, who as Roman praetor of Sicily in 73 B.C. was enjoying the perks of his position to the tune of as many as 80,000 sesterces per service rendered—and remember, those were the days when 80,000 sesterces really *meant* 80,000 sesterces.)

Tipping, of course, is practiced year-round, but never is it more widespread than during the holiday season, and never is there more anxiety about getting it right. At this time of year the delicate matter of gratuities looms above us like a gigantic outstretched palm. It's in the air, that palpable pressure to show appreciation and to have appreciation shown. From Thanksgiving on, doormen discover themselves possessed of a helpful bounce and alertness they haven't had in years—well, okay, one year exactly. High-rise dwellers and private-club members find in their mailboxes notices that begin with the implausible phrase "We have had many requests for the names of our building staff..." Sanitation engineers go about their duties with greater care—the notion that aluminum trash cans should be placed in a neat row rather than thrown and rolled around the pavement seems suddenly, miraculously, to have visited them. At the corporate level, the dreary, venal machinations that occupy something in excess of eleven months of

without being followed into the street by an angry actor in an apron. It's insurance against your super's someday reacting to a plumbing emergency in your apartment with an elaborate yawn and a decision to fix the broken doorbell in 8C before dropping in on you. It's a precautionary measure that may keep you from winding up like Moe Greene in *The Godfather*. It's a tool with which you can earn the respect of the industrious fellow who, armed only with a one-speed bicycle and 300 menus, keeps you in sesame noo-

dles and Treasure Quartet from the Sea the year round.

New York, in particular, is both a *giving* city and—because the laws of physics, at any rate, must be obeyed—a *taking* city. Like the best tip-driven foreign societies, we have elevated the bestowal and solicitation of baksheesh to an art form, whether you're talking about squeegee guys on Houston Street or former Bronx borough presidents.

When bestowing, some people prefer to enclose a gift card, others simply to slump against a wall, jiggle their leg and say, "Hey, I've got something over here in my pocket." The straightforward simplicity and warm, lean-on-me vibes of Meade Esposito's "Well I can... I can help there" (spoken in 1985 to then-congressman Mario Biaggi) has already influenced countless tip transactions. But basically,

there are no hard-and-fast rules. As one FBI agent instructed SPY, explaining how nefarious tip hounds operate, "Sometimes there's a need for it to be subtle and sometimes there's a need for it to be just flat-out." In other words, as in all matters of etiquette, *appropriateness* is the watchword.

With soliciting, the method also varies. Smiling unnecessarily and often at those who are in a position to tip has tradition in its favor, but in some particular situations simple declarative statements ("I give you the contract, I gotta get taken care of") are appreciated and have always enjoyed something of a vogue. Friendly persuasion is effective in seeing that the tips continue: when one Fulton Fish Market businesswoman, already forced to tip certain people regularly and generously, wanted to take on a partner, one of the certain people told her, "You already got a partner—us." There is even a graceful way to request a larger tip, according to one private detective. "Say, 'That's fine for this week, that will be *every* week, thank you very much.' Like that," he coached SPY. Note the "thank you very much"—even potentially awkward exchanges can retain a measure of civility when gentlemen and ladies remember to be polite.

A textbook example of the way the whole gratuity dance ought to go was provided by another private investigator, George Rosen, whose firm's mention at the end of this sentence represents a tip of sorts, since he told us he'd talk to us only if we gave him credit (Mr. Rosen's firm is called Foresight Security). He described the proper method for asking a bellhop to procure a call girl: "Ask for anything but a piece of ass. Tell him, oh, you wish you were home with the wife. Then he says, 'Would you like some fresh fruit?' You say, 'Well, that's not really what I had in mind.' He says, 'Would you like a pretty

lady? Some company? *Something nice on your arm?*' He'll take 20 percent."

Got that? Home with wife, fresh fruit, not what you had in mind, nice on your arm. And again, observe the almost courtly formality of the exchange, the mark of a tip graciously offered and graciously accepted.

And because it really does come down to etiquette, the emphasis in SPY's Special Holiday Guide to Tipping is on doing it right, on finding that amount that will express gratitude without embarrassing the giver or the receiver either with its lavishness or its pikery. Although the examples that follow are all drawn from real life, some date back a few years, so keep in mind that (1) some amounts might need to be converted into late-1989 dollars; (2) some of the people described may have moved on; and (3) some of the activities may now provoke the interest of a U.S. Attorney. But maybe that won't matter. The world, after all, loves a tipper.

WRONG



Dispose of an old refrigerator yourself? Try it sometime.

RIGHT



Why not let a friendly municipal sanitation engineer lend a cheerful hand?

If you want a sanitation engineer to remove your defunct refrigerator, \$5 or \$10 ought to do it.

If you want to live in a rent-stabilized one-bedroom apartment on St. Marks Place—and you don't mind having to step around the earring vendors—you can surely find a superintendent who can "arrange" for such a lease to fall into your hands. An appropriate tip would be \$300.

If you run an amusement park and you want to encourage regular police patrols, the thoughtful remembrance for your favorite Brooklyn police commander in this season of giving amounts to two rolls of quarters worth \$20, plus coffee, soda and ice cream. If you run a boardwalk concession stand, a knish and a cup of coffee will do.

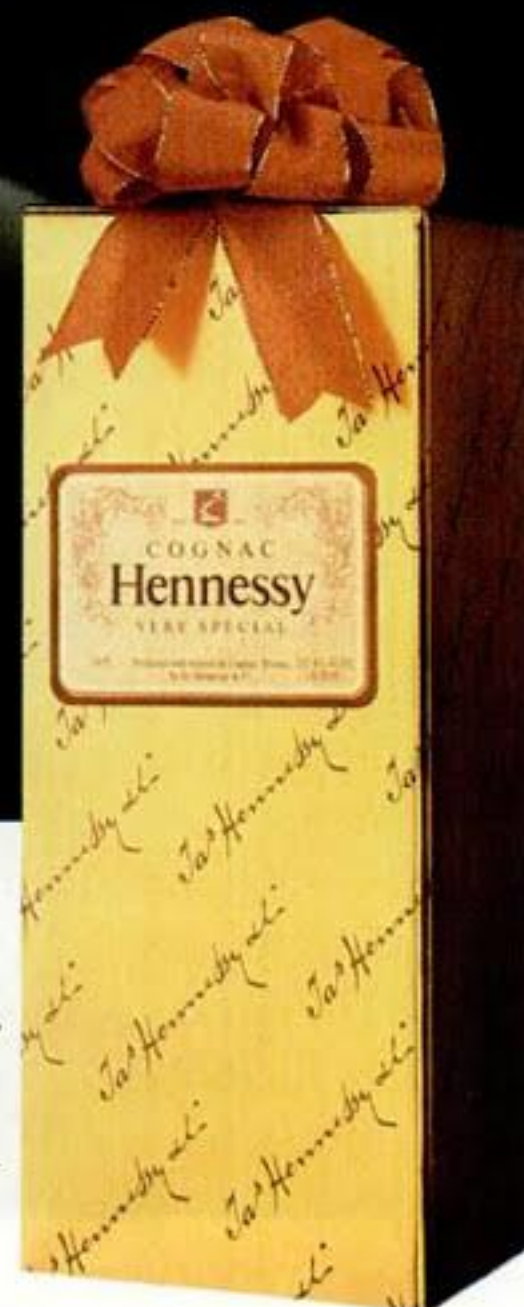
If you want to tip your letter carrier—and any letter carrier who delivered the September *Vogue* deserves a tip—think in terms of fruitcake or homemade cookies, not cash. "If [cash] was reported," a U.S. Postal Service spokesman told SPY, "the disciplinary procedures might include disqualification from present job duties, separation of employee from interest, or disciplinary action." On the other hand, "an employee may accept food and refreshment of nominal value on infrequent occasions in connection with tours that employee is authorized to make." And don't try the dodge that the cash is just so he can select his preferred brand



But Santa,
naughty is nice.

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Be a nice Santa.
This holiday season share
Cognac Hennessy.



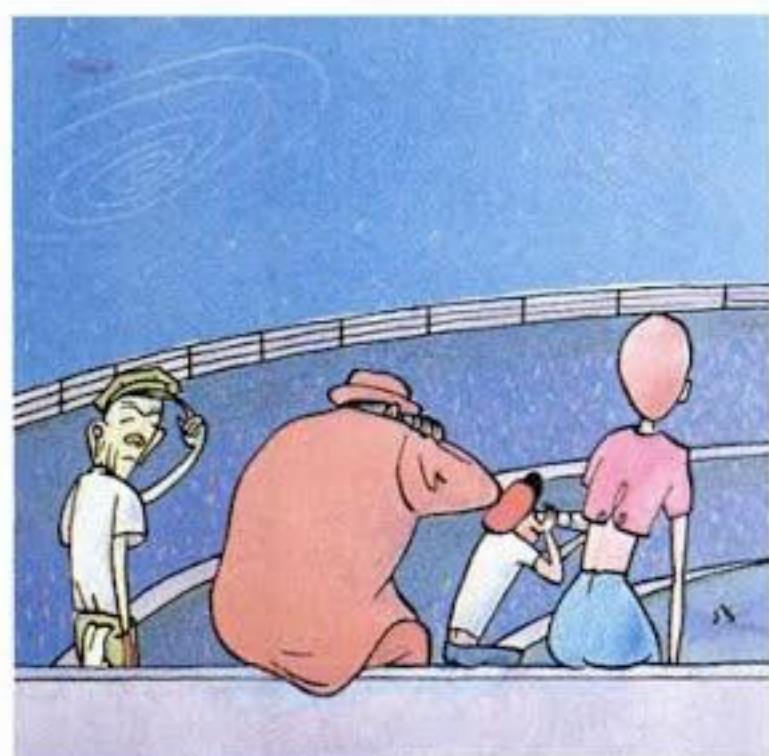
To give Hennessy as a gift, visit your local retailer or call 1-800-CHEER-UP. Void where prohibited.

of fruitcake and eggnog; the inspectors have heard that one before.

If you are leaving New York by ship and you arrive at the pier laden with luggage, longshoremen will be there to help you. At an unofficial \$15 per piece of luggage, you'll welcome the chance to flaunt the sort of generosity you just don't need to flaunt for airport skycaps (50 cents to \$1 per bag).

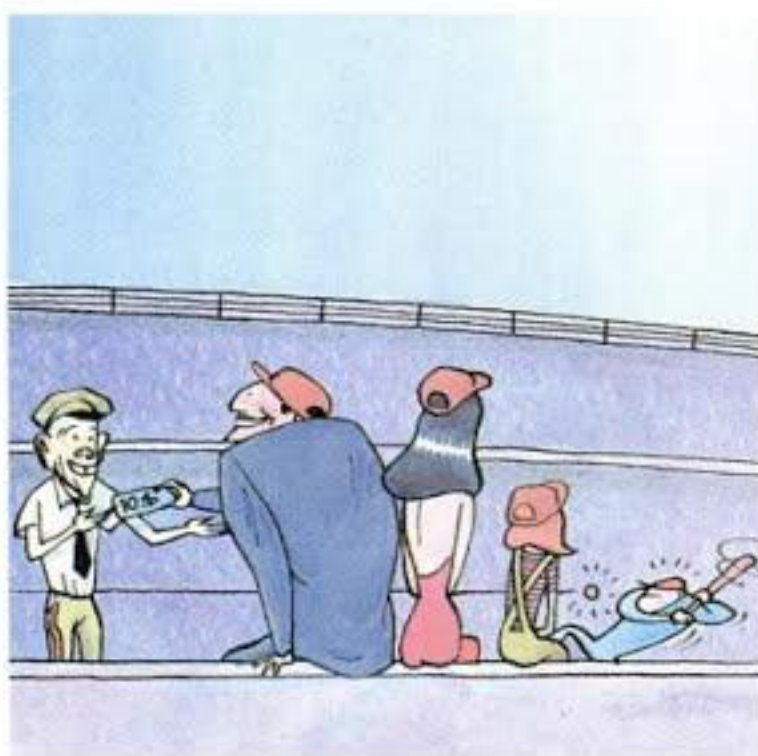
Ushers at Shea Stadium should not be penalized during this holiday season just because the Mets' schedule thins out a bit in wintertime and Ed Koch let Leon Hess take the Jets to New Jersey: it's perfectly okay to remember them next year. And if your opportunity happens to fall when the Mets are playing a series with a traditional rival such as the Cubs, your gratuity—whatever you can give, but at least \$10—may be rewarded with access to unexpectedly vacant field-level seats. (For guidelines regarding ushers for a long-suffering losing team, see the Yankee Stadium section of "City for Sale.")

WRONG



From way up here the Mets actually seem to be getting along with one another.

RIGHT



Ah—that's better.

If you're a food company supplying hot dogs to Yankee Stadium, why not just automatically peel off 5 percent and earmark it for the wife of a famous Mafia boss? *Why?* Because it's Christmas. And who knows—much the way George Bailey's problems at the building-and-loan magically vanished in *It's a Wonderful Life*, your potential labor problems may magically disappear as well.

Tips for garage attendants differ from place to place. One New York man gives his garage attendant \$10 every couple of weeks to wash his car. Although the car is never washed properly, it does seem to attract fewer dents than it did before he paid to have it cleaned. But a Washington man, for about \$1 a day, has his car waiting for him at 6:30 every weekday evening, causing his friends and colleagues to envy him and to offer the accolade that he "has power."

If you are the orphan magazine of a dead pop artist, why not remember a certain ubiquitous right-wing editor-columnist-television host-harpsichordist when drawing up your gratuities list? Eight thousand dollars wouldn't be out of line, and maybe then he'll allow you to interview him.

If you want to reward good academic performances among your high school students, follow the guidelines set by an inner-city school in Cleveland a couple of years ago: \$40 for an A, \$20 for a B and \$10 for a C. (Putting the money into a scholarship fund, as that school did, is considered tacky by some—the rough equivalent of giving gift certificates. Your choice.)

There is no question about what to give a Bronx school board member as

NEW YORK, THEY SAY, IS A CITY ON THE TAKE, a place where anything can be had, where everyone has a price. Or is it? We spent some time getting in touch with our wildest dreams, then sent two latter-day Diogeneses, equipped with cash, into the boulevards and byways of the metropolis to test the city's time-honored custom of wish facilitation.

We wondered what it would take to get a cup of coffee at a Chinese restaurant.

We asked a waiter at the fashionable Hunan Tower on Columbus Avenue to fetch us some java to have with our fortune cookie.

"I'm sorry," he politely replied with a genial shake of his head, "we don't have any coffee here. We only serve tea."

"Well, could you make some coffee for us? We'd gladly pay for it."

"We don't have any coffee here," repeated our waiter, now seeming less friendly and more annoyed.

So we cut to the chase. "We'll give you \$10 to run across the street to that deli and get us a cup of coffee," we said, whereupon the waiter carefully glanced over his shoulder to make sure his boss wasn't nearby and muttered his assent. In a matter of minutes, the coffee quietly arrived at our table.

We wondered what it would take to get a subway conductor to open the doors for us once they had closed.

Like most New Yorkers, we've often suffered the indignity and inconvenience of having subway doors shut in our faces. What would it cost never to suffer that insult again, to have one's own man at the MTA?

"We'll pay you \$10 to open those doors and let us in," we told the conductor of the No. 6 train stopped at the Brooklyn Bridge station as he leaned his head out to make sure the platform was clear.

"What?" he asked, pulling his head back into the car. "Getattahea!" he roared, and he closed the window.

We wondered what it would take to get a taxi driver to run all the red lights en route to our destination.

At ten o'clock on a rainy Tuesday evening, we boarded a yellow cab at 88th Street and Fifth Avenue. "Sixty-sixth Street and Central Park West, please. We're in a real hurry. We'll make it worth your while to run any red lights you hit."

Silence.

CITY FOR SALE

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To coerce this good man into sully the reputation of all New York cabbies, known the world over for their meticulous adherence to traffic-safety laws, we pressed a \$20 bill against the glass and said, "Could you please run the lights? We're in a real hurry."

He grunted his agreement, and we arrived at our destination in 7 minutes and 53 seconds like Nietzschean Übermenschen, unfettered by the petty rules of ordinary life.

We wondered what it would take to allow us to misbehave in a corporate atrium.

At the Equitable Center, where no eating is allowed, we perched right under Roy Lichtenstein's *Mural with Blue Brushstroke* and took out a container of yogurt and a banana. "Couldn't we work something out?" we asked the security guard who had come to shoo us away. "We'd really like to eat here." The answer was no. So we put it to him directly. "How about some money?" we asked. We finished eating outside. At the IBM atrium, we gave the guard a rather feeble story about studying botany at NYU and asked to pluck four flowers from the megacorporation's garden. No way. "Just four flowers," we pleaded. "We'll give you \$20." The guard, it turned out, was more softhearted than grasping: he allowed us to pick one flower and accepted no gratuity.

Finally, at the Citicorp building, we met a rather more sophisticated guard who knew the secrets of getting along and going along. "A friend of ours will be walking through this door soon," we told him. "Could you help us play a practical joke on him? It would be very funny if you collared him."

"No, no," he said, chuckling. "I can't do that. I might lose my job."

"It's very important. It's a simple joke. We'll pay you \$20 up front to do it."

The guard raised his eyebrows and hesitated for a second.

"Okay, but you've gotta describe this guy well. I don't want to be collaring the wrong person."

As it turned out, we did not actually force him to roust our friend.

We wondered what it would take to acquire a last-minute invitation to the Museum of Modern Art's special black-tie opening-night dinner for the Picasso-Braque show.

Pretending to be the secretary to "Monsieur LeBrun," a distinguished French businessman and art collector, we called MoMA to ask how one might acquire a ticket to that prestigious event, then a scant 48 hours away.

"Access is limited to patrons and benefactors," we were told by a young woman in the administrative office. "There are no seats available."

"Monsieur LeBrun told us to procure seats at any cost. Can't something be arranged?"

She thought for a moment, then arrived at a shrewdly legalistic solution. "If Monsieur LeBrun would like to make a \$500 donation and become a sustaining member, we could take his credit card number over the telephone now and put his name on the door list."

We wondered what it would take to get Danny, the Wonder Pony, normally a downtown nightclub fixture, to give a private command performance of his services in a hotel room.

Danny is a strapping young publicity addict who earns his living by going to clubs and—wearing nothing but a pair of Lycra shorts and a saddle on his back—allowing customers, mostly hard-partying female financial analysts, to ride on his back. "Say, Danny, what would it cost to have you come over to a friend's hotel and let him ride you around the room for an hour?" we asked.

Without much prodding, he arrived at the figure of \$60. "Does that include spurs, saddles, the whole kit and caboodle?" we asked.

"Of course," Danny assured us. "Also the riding crop."

We wondered what it would take to get preferred treatment at the hands of the Almighty's representatives.

"Would it be possible," we asked an officer of the prestigious Park Avenue Synagogue, "to find some space in the main sanctuary for a French businessman named LeBrun who will

be staying at the Carlyle hotel for the Jewish New Year?"

"The synagogue is full," he replied. We repeated our line about Mr. LeBrun's eagerness to work something out. "Well, I know he won't be here year-round, but if he pays the \$860 annual membership, I'm sure we could find him a seat."

Monsieur LeBrun would not have got off cheaper had he sought a papal audience. We contacted an American monsignor at the Vatican and attempted to arrange an audience for the free-spending LeBrun. The monsignor told us that almost any visiting Roman Catholic can catch *Il Papa's* act every Wednesday morning at 11:00. Unfortunately, in order to have personal contact with His Holiness, one must get a spot in the *prima fila*, or front row, which is invariably reserved only for those who come well recommended by their local bishop or cardinal.

"Do you think if a large contribution to the Church were made, Cardinal O'Connor might sit up and take notice?" we ventured.

The monsignor replied with a laugh, "This office never accepts anything." He paused, then added confidentially, "I'm not saying that some bishops wouldn't."

We wondered what it would take to be allowed to make mischief in Yankee Stadium.

On a drizzling September afternoon on which the Yanks found themselves languishing 15 games out of first place, we arrived at 161st Street and River Avenue ready to bribe our way into a ballpark that we felt would surely fill to capacity. A horde of our fellow fans, no doubt caught up in the camaraderie of the moment, rushed at us shouting, "Yo, yo, box seats!" When we declined their generous offers, insisting we could not take their field-level vantage point away from them, they were only too happy to graciously offer seats at less than face value (\$15 for two \$12 tickets). We came to bribe, but we quickly became bribees instead.

Once inside, however, we reverted to type and approached a ruddy, pie-eyed usher. "Do you think we could move down?" we asked him. "We'll make it worth your while."

"Sit anywhere, fellas," said the jolly old chap, declining our money, "and hey—enjoy the ballgame." And so we did, sadder, wiser, worldlier, happy to be under the watchful eye of an incorruptible New Yorker.

—Julius Lowenthal and Jed Leland

a holiday remembrance, especially if you happen to be an acting assistant principal who has failed her qualifying examination — \$5,000. We know that not because such was offered but because it was, allegedly, solicited.

If you're in public relations and you want to show appreciation for a client's business, one precedent—set by a St. Louis firm that wanted to tug its forelocks in front of the big brewery that retained them—holds that tipping the brewery's chairman \$600 *or a toy robot of equal value* is enough to do the trick.

If you happen to be an Arab-studies organization and you want to express your esteem for a certain left-wing columnist who has frequently espoused pro-Palestinian positions, a \$10,000 grant (card optional) would be appropriate. Note that his gratitude for your admiration may be diluted if he ends up losing his job.

Shooting a movie on location in New York will require an average weekly gratuity of up to \$18,000 for the Teamsters. Well, it's not really a gratuity, although it feels like one to a producer. Besides, those Teamsters will come in handy—the “drivers” for cars that don't need to be driven, the captains who stand ready to tell their men to go pick up Woody Allen after you've told them to go pick up Woody Allen.

If you've just dropped a grotesque amount of money at an auction house, you'll need someone to wrap up the Van Gogh painting or the Maurice Gibb stage suit or whatever it is you purchased. Go to the shipping counter. They're at your service. And if they know you, they're at your *quick, efficient* and *polite* service. How do they get to know you? Guess. (It's \$5 to \$100, depending on what you need packaged.)

If you publish a magazine and want supermarkets to carry it, \$30 per month per store should help ensure that they do. Naturally, a higher tip is recommended for reserving spaces nearest the check-out counters.

If you are the top socialite-model-sportswoman wife of a short-fingered vulgarian and you want to deposit your

children on the shores of an exclusive Martha's Vineyard beach club where you are not a member, give the servant you've sent the children off with more than \$500 to buy their way in: five C-notes won't quite cut the mustard with the boringly dutiful guard at the gate.

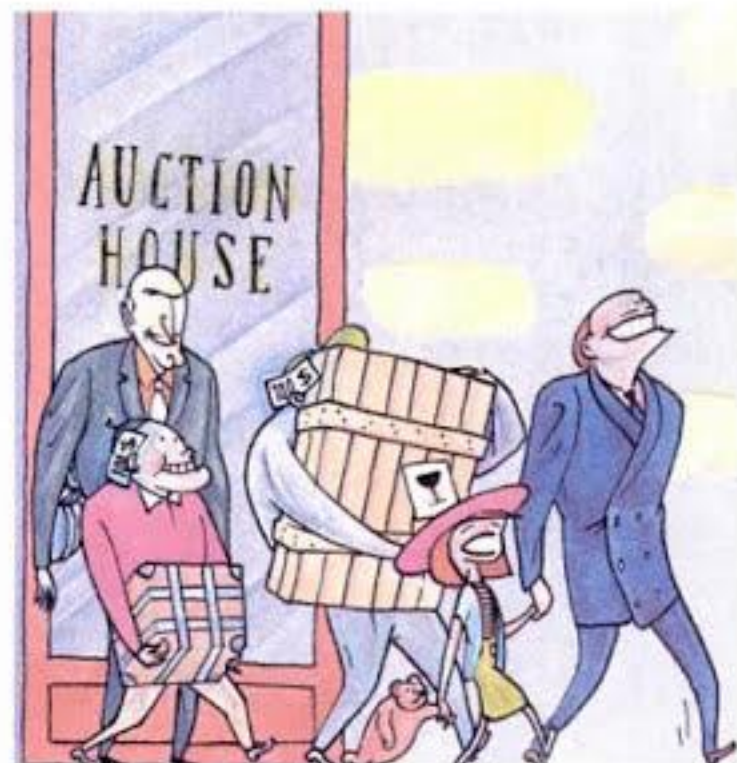
City inspectors surely appreciate a tip. Health-code-violation inspectors have been known to look right through unauthorized mouse excreta after receiv-

WRONG



The auction's gone splendidly for you, but wrapping your newly acquired objects may not...

RIGHT



...unless you also bid enthusiastically for some decent service.

ing tips of \$20 to \$100. And electrical inspectors are possessed of such winning personalities—or something—that contractors generally hand them \$100 apiece, just for the sheer pleasure of seeing them. And that's not seasonal. “It's almost every time you run across them,” says someone who runs across them regularly.

If you are a famous cartoon mouse and you find yourself celebrating the anniversary of the opening of your Florida compound, and your heart is full of gratitude for what life has brought your way, well, wouldn't it be generous of you to invite your closest 10,600 media friends and their families down to Orlando for four days as your guests? And won't your heart then *overflow* with gratitude when your media friends chronicle their trip with 1,000 hours of radio coverage, 40 hours of TV coverage and pages upon pages of stories in newspapers and magazines?

While passing out tips to delivery men and gardeners and others involved in business, don't forget that business schools appreciate tips, too. Don't be surprised if your \$3 million gratuity to a notorious Ivy League university in New Hampshire results in a building being named after you, or if half that amount endows a chair in your name, or if \$1 million puts your moniker on a classroom. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, expect to tip \$2.5 million for a chair and \$20 million for a full-blown curricular program. At a world-famous business school in Pennsylvania, the suggested tips for programs and chairs are half that. In Manhattan, it takes \$30 million to get your name on a business school (if you're a bird-seed billionaire) or on a hospital (if you're a high-domed dwarf billionaire). If you're a Czech-born, British-based Rupert Murdoch wanna-be who was once the subject of a SPY feature, you can do much better than that. For just \$915,000 you can get your name on an entire business school. Of course, the school is in Bulgaria, where tipping is neither widely encouraged nor highly developed.

There are opportunities on many levels for spreading good cheer in the area of cable television. Depending on whether the adjustment involves a screw or a box, permanent "free" HBO and Showtime can be yours for between \$50 and \$200. Superintendents in some buildings have been known to accept \$5 per new tenant subscriber from cable television companies, an arrangement that of course has nothing to do with the curious tendency of the house antenna to go off duty the very day the cable people happen to be hawking subscriptions in the lobby. And those hoping to have City Hall designate them to receive a cable franchise in Brooklyn or Queens should be prepared to tip their supporters by hiring politically connected lawyers and lobbyists, by taking large, overpriced ads in small weekly papers, and by promising to provide community groups with expensive "production assistance" when they start making tedious, unwatchable public-access talk shows.

If you specialize in taking over companies but know you can't take over a major metropolitan art museum, volunteer instead to sit on its board. Contributing \$10 million to build a wing that will be named after you should make your application especially compelling.

Ambassadors are notoriously good tipppers, especially ambassadors in the Bush administration. In fact, they were good tipppers even before they became ambassadors, often giving generously during the presidential campaign. To adhere to their standards in years to come, you'll need to start with \$100,000.

If you want a professional football team that a city up the coast from you has, it would not be considered gauche to bestow upon that team \$6.7 million in rent subsidies and a loan. Maybe they'll be tempted to leave the Bay area—or wherever—after all.

Or say you're a Manhattan socialite-businessman and a loved one gets swept up in a campus drug bust, and it seems that you would prefer to have the whole incident regarded as the inconsequential misunderstanding that it no doubt was.

Kenny Rogers, Barbra Streisand, Prince, Diana Ross, Billy Joel, Duran Duran, Culture Club, New Edition, Kool & the Gang, Devo, Robert Plant, Eurythmics and Janet Jackson on certain radio stations, first become an independent record promoter. Then, if you're in Los Angeles, tip the right person at the right station at least \$100,000; in Fresno, \$40,000 and some cocaine; in El Paso, \$18,000 and some cocaine; in Cincinnati, \$22,700; in Kansas City, \$31,300; in Atlanta, \$61,550; \$97,150 should cover Memphis, Jacksonville and Charlotte.

If you're a corrupt union official and you think the existing dumping procedures for toxic waste at a Long Island petrochemical company are just fine, then you might proffer \$2,500 to a nosy competing organizer who has started to poke around, but who may yet be persuaded to maintain an open mind. (If things reach the picketing stage, \$1,000 would be appropriate for each man on the line; remember, though, to ask him to sign a waiver as he leaves the line, saying the money was part of the company's profit-sharing plan.)

WRONG



Politicians have Supporters...

RIGHT



...and they have Contributors. Guess which ones become Ambassadors?

Some people get so caught up in the holiday spirit that they arrange for their own tips. In New York, buyers of wholesale seafood who forget the all-important percentage for the mob have found that the loaders can save everyone a lot of red tape simply by turning 100-pound crates of fish into 88-pound crates of fish. Tipping in fish—even 12 pounds' worth—beats sleeping with them.

Even generic-drug companies are capable of feeling festive. They could do worse than send red-tape-cutting Food and Drug

Administration officials on vacation trips around the world as a token of their appreciation.

Although tipping is generally frowned

Maybe that's when it will occur to you to finally renovate that campus classroom building, the way you've always meant to do. It might mean a lot to the university—and to all concerned.

If you want to hear more Bruce Springsteen, Cyndi Lauper, Paul McCartney,

upon in Japan, some Japanese journalists showed commendable cultural adaptability a few years ago when they expressed their gratitude to a national security adviser for his having landed them an interview with the president's wife. Cost of such an interview, in 1981 dollars: \$1,000.

A newly democratic Iron Curtain country deserves some *pourboire* from the leader of the free world. But be generous—giving \$100 million worth of food aid when billions are expected will leave you looking like a cheapskate. And even \$455 million might look chintzy.

If you are a female Russian intelligence agent who wants a 250-pound male FBI agent to pass some information your way, the rule of thumb is: \$15,000 cash, \$50,000 in gold, a \$675 Burberrys trench coat and sex. Any deviation from that tip and, well, you've only yourself to blame if things don't work out.

In the past, a \$2.5 million tip to Honduran officials to ease up on the banana tax has been effective for an American chief executive of a large banana company.

If you are a vile oil company looking to improve your image after precipitating a major environmental disaster off the coast of a very big state, feel free to pay top dollar (\$5,000 a day) for any large boat you charter during the cleanup. If you're dealing with commercial fishermen whose livelihood you've just destroyed, a \$15,000 "hardship payment" might be in order. Soon everyone will be calling it a second oil boom.

Let's say you're a national aeronautics and space administration looking for a few dollars to fund a space station. Okay, 8 billion dollars. Why not show your appreciation for our nation's lawmakers and at the same time drum up some interest in your project by inviting four U.S. congressmen to ride on the space shuttle? *What?* You're kidding! All four of

them are on committees that oversee the space administration's budget?

If you are a vendor of nuclear-submarine parts competing with five other companies to supply an induction mast assembly for a Trident submarine being built by a large, dynamic corporation, send the appropriate buyer from that corporation—and his wife—on vacations to the Caribbean and Hawaii. They will appreciate it, possibly as much as you would appreciate, oh, the resulting \$350,000 order for induction mast assemblies.

Federal taxpayers who want to help a Texas billionaire—call him "H."—build an all-cargo airport in Fort Worth should tip him \$34 million. The tip can be in the form of a government subsidy—that's okay—and never mind that it comes from a fund financed by an airline passengers' ticket tax and that the new airport serves no passengers. Just do it—giving is its own reward.

If you're a famous advertising agency and the tourist-board account for a certain Caribbean island is up for grabs, what sort of effect will an alleged \$1 mil-

WRONG



You don't have to risk irritating unforgiving career criminals over some stupid fish.

RIGHT



Much easier! Plus, you're alive.

lion *mordida* (uh, tip) to two of the island's government officials have? (*Nah*, they will surely say, *we'll go with this other agency—they may not have given us a million dollars, but their presentation was very nice.*)

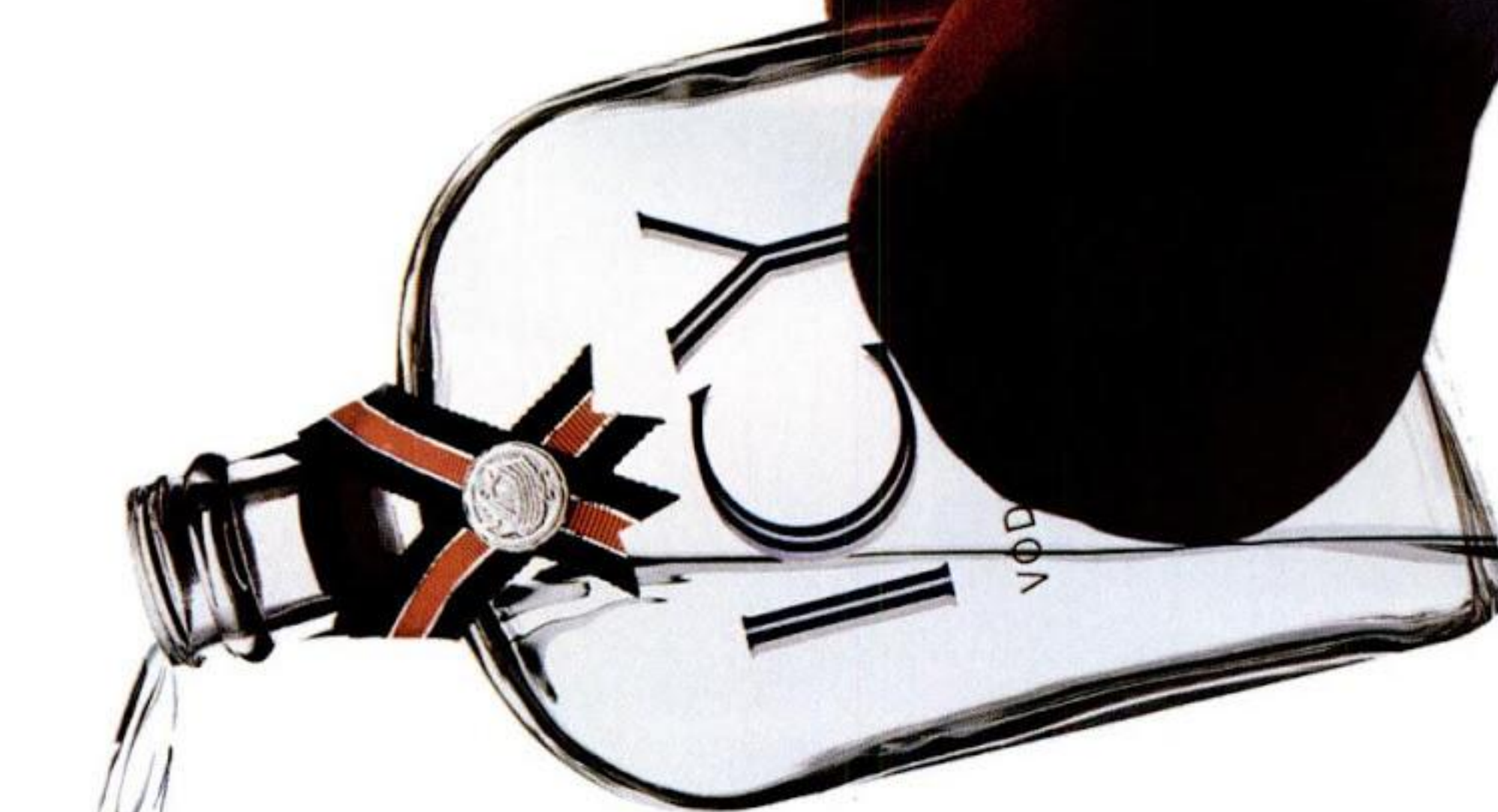
The appropriate tip for a Queens State Supreme Court judge is \$50,000 to fix four criminal cases.

As the eighties draw to a close, opinion remains divided on the appropriate tip to give, say, an unspeakable junior U.S. senator from Long Island. If you're a discredited, rotund, medallion-wearing Brooklyn minister, give him your endorsement—especially since he's just, *coincidentally*, helped you and your group get a \$500,000 grant for a jerry-built neighborhood drug program. It's common sense, after all.

In fact, common sense should guide all your gratuity decisions during this happy season. Keeping your hands in your pockets makes it hard to accept envelopes with the former and empty the latter. So be generous, and be thankful, and above all, keep that smile fixed on your face. For while the Bible notes that it is more blessed to give than to receive, it doesn't mention that the least rewarding alternative is to abstain altogether.

Go give the paper boy a buck. **D**

*"I see your glass of vodka
is half empty, Natasha."*



"I see it as half full, Vladimir."

*Wait a minute...
you're not Vladimir."*

**ICY COLD. ICY CLEAR. ICY VODKA.
IT'S SMOOTH AS ICE.**

Vodka 40% Alc. by Volume. Imported by Brown-Forman Beverage Co., Louisville, KY © 1989
To send a gift of ICY Vodka, call 1-800-BE-THERE. Void where prohibited.

Welcome to America:

You have
the right to own, carry
and shoot semi-automatic weapons.

You have the right to burn the flag.

You have the right
to pay for make-believe sex over the
telephone.

Now get out there and
have some fun!

GIVE ME SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND FLAMMABLE OLD GLORYS—

OR GIVE ME DEATH!

A SPY Super-Pyro Boy's-Life-o-Rama Special Report on the Bill of Rights Today

WE INVESTIGATE WHOLE NEW WAYS TO DESECRATE THE FLAG

We discuss the Constitution with Dial-a-TART phone personnel • WE INFILTRATE THE NRA'S ANNUAL CONVENTION

And we send a simulated psycho out to buy guns

ARTICLE ONE/ BY BRUCE HANDY

THE STAR-SPANGLED,
WINDSHIELD-WIPING,
STIR-FRIED BANNER?

MAKING THE FLAG SAFE FOR THE 1990S

He small butane flame licked at her unfurled edge, flickering like a snake's tongue, winking like a lecher, teasing her

like the cruelest Rio playboy making cynical sport of a dewy-rich spring-break virgin from Kansas City. Or Dubuque.

And then—at first a barely perceptible flash—it caught. Its petrochemical passion took hold of her being and she was powerless, yielding as it made its way up her lean stripes and toward her deep-blue rectangle. An acrid smell pierced the air. Shamed, she yearned to cry out—and yet, inanimate, she could not. And no law could save her.

The "little brown ones" watched in horror...

Wake up, Mr. President! Wake up, Senator Biden! Wake up, all you 470 other congresspeople, Democrats and Republicans alike, who have fearlessly rushed to sponsor and vote for various anti-flag-desecration bills. This time it was only a dream—soon it will be a felony.

Thank God.

Yes, we at SPY have often been accused of taking nothing seriously, of wallowing in unbridled negativism, of mocking humankind's noblest endeavors, of savaging society's most sacred

institutions, of pooh-pooing the nation's most glamorous celebrities.

But this is the flag, damn it!

*We draw the line here. Indeed, in the wake of the Supreme Court's decision permitting flag burning, not to mention Pauline Kael's review equating *Casualties of War* with *Rules of the Game*, we think most everyone will agree: a few rules regarding free speech are not only inevitable—in the long run, really, *they'll be for our own good*.*

But which rules? The Republicans, led by President Bush, proposed a

Desecration sixties-style: a "pig" checks Abbie Hoffman for felonious pit stains

constitutional amendment that would allow for the criminalizing of flag desecration (this is, by the way, the fifth constitutional amendment that our conservative, tradition-honoring president has supported in eleven months), while the Democrats, led by Senator Joseph Biden Jr., said that a carefully written federal statute would do the job just as well, with no constitutional tinkering [see texts, *right*]. "We don't intend to make this a partisan issue," said Republican National Committee chairman Lee Atwater before either bill came to a vote. "The only people who will make it a partisan issue are Democrats, if they choose not to support an amendment."



Desecration now: commie test-case celebrity Gregory Johnson poses with burned flag and gets to go on Nightline

Exactly. We think.

As it turned out, the statute was passed by both houses of Congress, while the vague, Bush-backed amendment was voted down by Democrats as well as Republicans in the Senate, effectively tabling the constitutional question until the Supreme Court, inevitably, rules on the new law.



And so—wrestling with ourselves every step of the way—we conjured up brand-new, not-yet-prohibited, wickedly ingenious Old Glory besmirchments that our researchers have fieldtested in our Flag Desecration Laboratories, all in an effort to help lawmakers draft even more precise legislation—legislation that will still be preventing flag desecration years from now, when George Bush is just some guy on a postage stamp and Joe Biden a punch line that only old people get. (Of course, on the off chance our efforts have been

superfluous, we made sure to finish our work *before* the new statute became law.)

Remember, *we're not doing this because we want to*, or because we actually think it's kind of fun to desecrate the flag, or because we've always wanted to fool around with chain saws, acid, explosives and lasers and now we're old enough to and this is just the excuse we've been looking for.



No. We're not doing this for any of those reasons. We're doing it because America—the flag's vast, lumpy, 3,000-mile-wide embodiment—*needs* us to. We are, by the way, not hysterical in the least.

Objet d'desecration: art student Dread Scott's What Is the Proper Way to Display a U.S. Flag?

Yet we wonder if either approach will suffice. We wonder if even an amendment and the statute *combined* would be enough to keep pace with the human mind's limitless capacity for inventing ever more aberrant behaviors. For just as surely as crack begat ice, and automatic tellers led to fees for using automatic tellers, so too, we fear, will flag burning be supplanted by as-yet-undreamed-of desecrations, desecrations too horrible to think of—desecrations that *could be permitted* by loopholes in laws too rashly written. (We haven't forgotten that when a rumor was afoot

last summer about a flag-burning to be held right on the lawn of the Capitol, a dozen congressmen ran down the Capitol steps with extinguishers and water buckets in hand. So far, so good. But when it turned out that there was nothing to the rumor, the assembled politicians took the opportunity to sing "You're a Grand Old Flag"—and *few of them remembered more than half the words.*)

THE BUSH-BACKED AMENDMENT

"The Congress and the States shall have power to prohibit the physical desecration of the Flag of the United States."

THE NEWLY ENACTED STATUTE

"Whoever knowingly mutilates, defaces, burns or tramples upon any flag of the United States shall be fined under this title or imprisoned for not more than one year, or both."

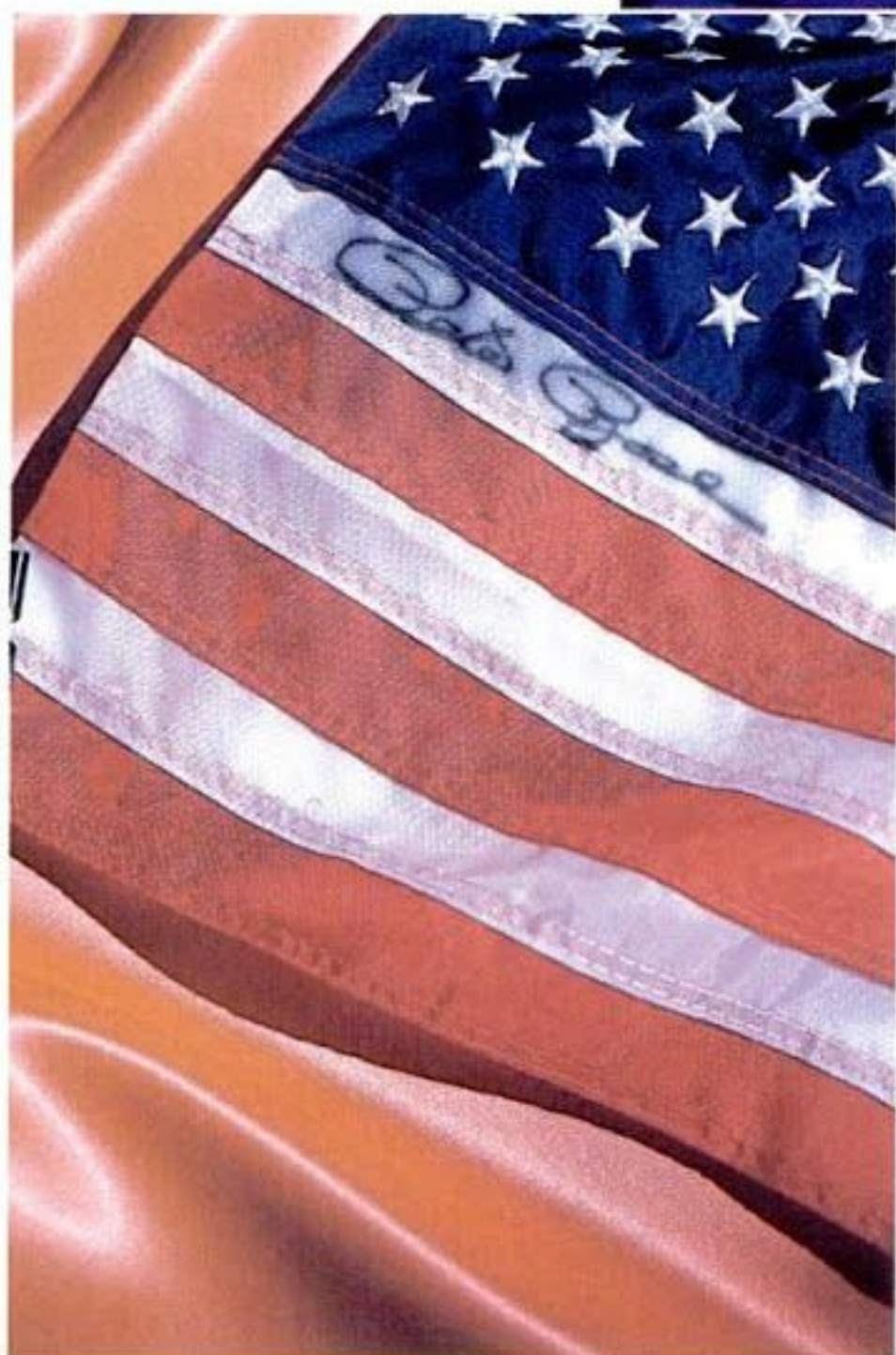
presenting
SPY'S NEW AND IMPROVED PROPOSED ANTI-FLAG-DESECRATION CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

"The Congress and the States shall have the power to prohibit public conduct that desecrates the flag of the United States—and that includes mutilating the flag, defacing the flag, burning the flag, trampling on the flag, and especially..."



... Diapering a baby with the flag...

A particularly foul desecration, yet just the sort of thing many might find cute—even conservative congressional aides. David Chartier, legislative aide to Democratic senator Harry M. Reid of Nevada (who voted for the Bush-backed amendment), is one: "If you swaddled a baby up in a flag on the Fourth of July, that would seem to me to be patriotic." Scott Celley, legislative aide to Arizona's Republican senator John McCain, who also voted for the amendment, took an only slightly harder line: "If one found oneself in the middle of the desert without any piece of cloth to use as a diaper, [diapering the baby with an American flag] would probably be all right. What matters is intent."



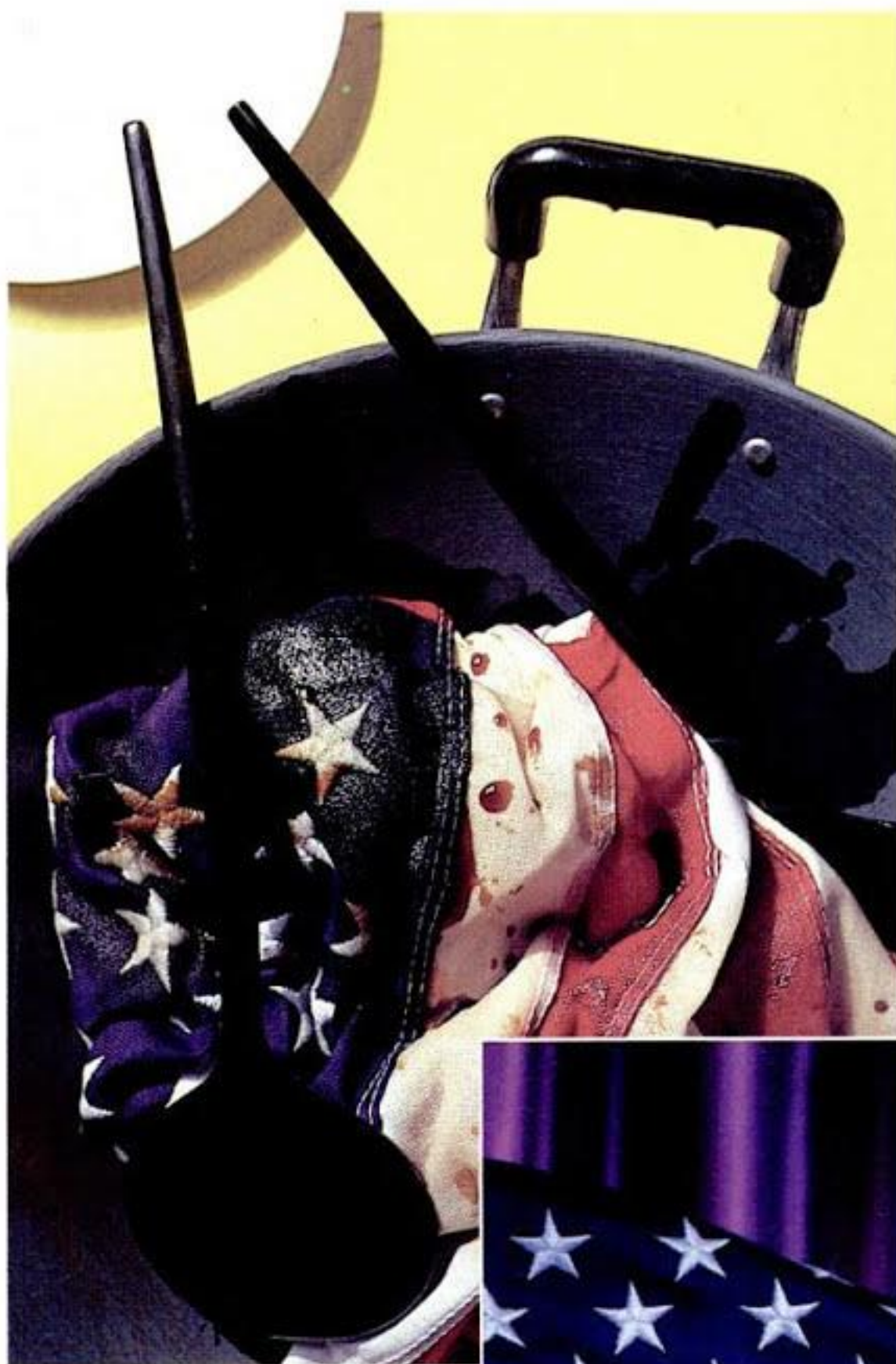
... Getting Pete Rose's autograph on the flag...

America's greatest hitter turned America's greatest bum—Pete Rose is a man whose autograph shames a baseball card, let alone the flag. The fact that Rose now makes his living by signing just about anything—including the flag we sent him, along with \$50—means Old Glory is in constant danger.



... Using the flag to wash windshields on the corner of Broadway and Houston...

A uniquely perverse desecration, mocking the flag while in the performance of honest entrepreneurship. It's true that the angry responses of patriotic, freshly naturalized cabdrivers, whose vehicles tend toward the already dented, may effectively limit this desecration's appeal. But internal injuries should not be seen as a substitute for actual prosecution.



...Stir-frying the flag...

The fact that the flag is low in calories, sodium and cholesterol and loaded with fiber makes this a dangerously attractive desecration for the American middle class—many of whom have dietary restrictions and most of whom have unused ten-year-old woks in their closets.

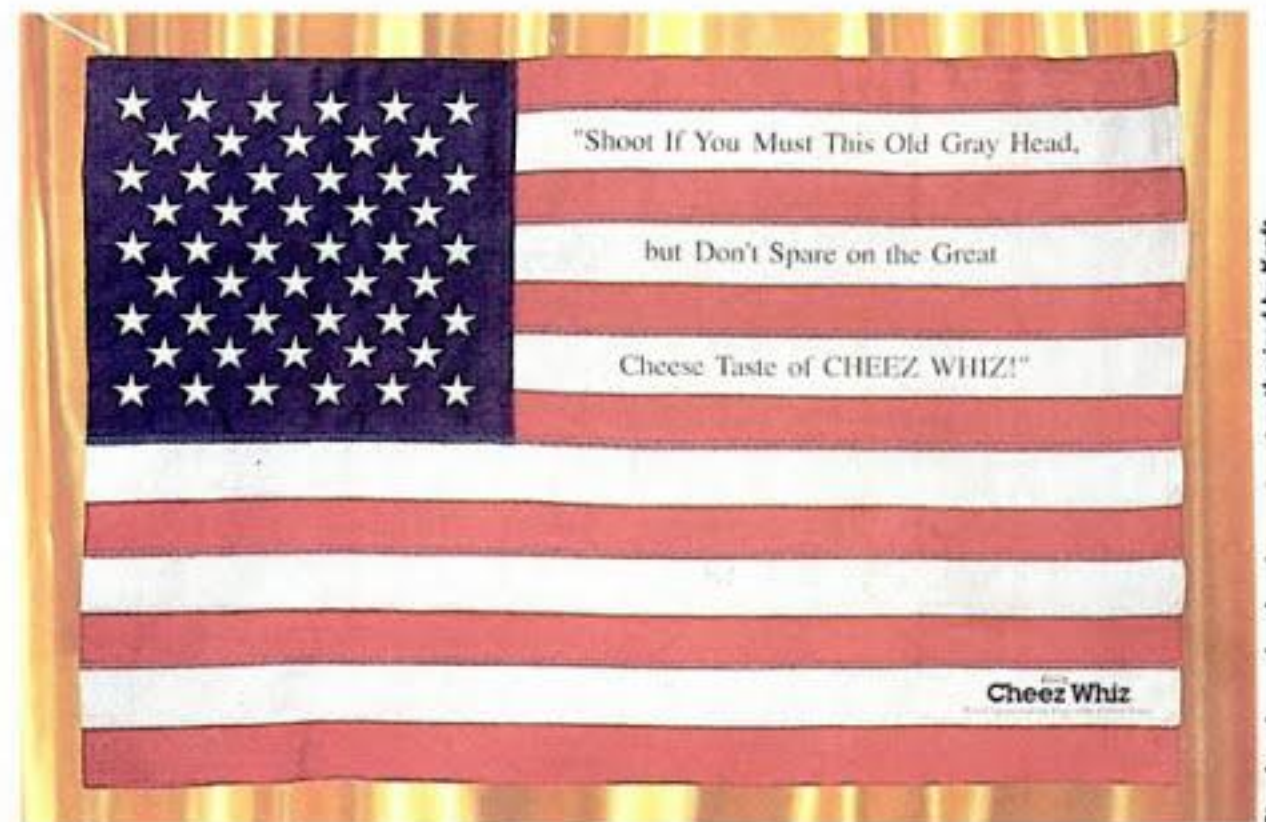
...Cleaving the flag in twain with a chain saw...

Fast, violent, loud—appealing to violently radical personalities and so-called punk rock thrill-seekers. And who's going to go after a disaffected nut wielding a chain saw—without, that is, the armor of constitutional protection?



...Selling advertising on the flag's stripes...

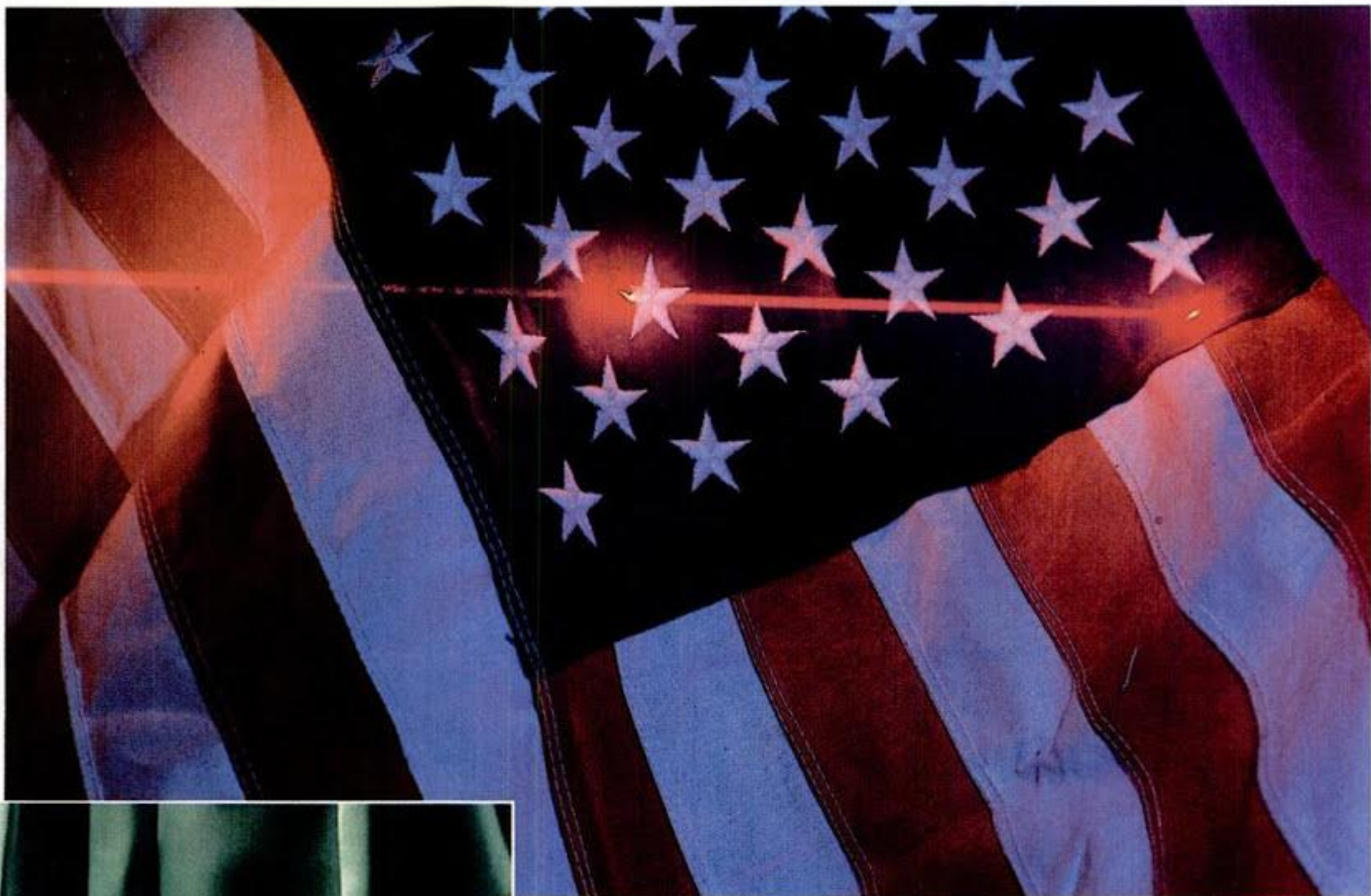
Corporate sponsorship—they've done it to Beach Boys songs and college-football bowl games, and they just might do it to the flag. In



Simulated parody advertisement, not authorized by Kraft.

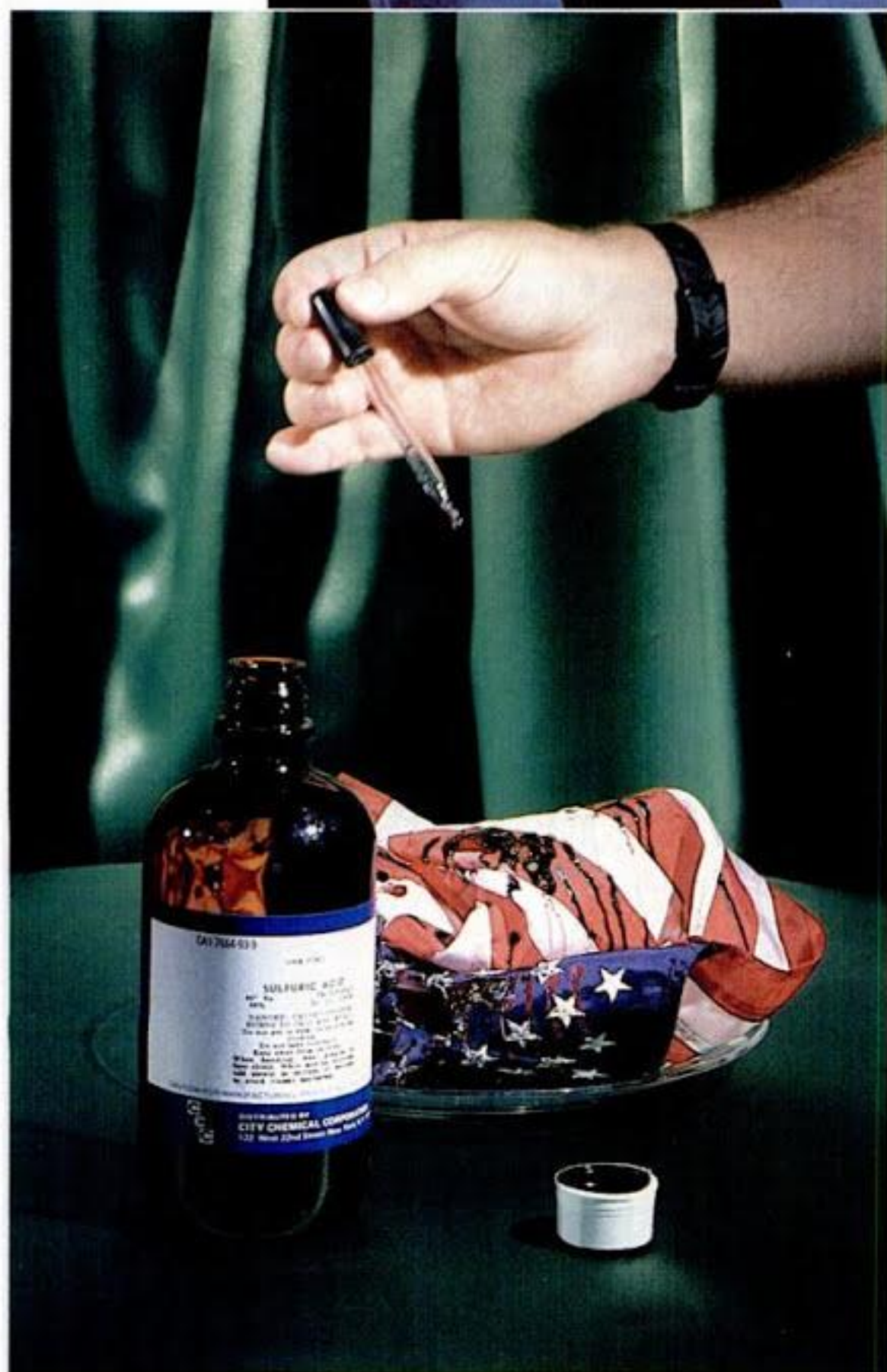
the age of Whittle Communications, anything is possible. Scott Celley, Senator McCain's

aide, even goes so far as to claim that selling the flag out would be permissible if done in the proper high-minded corporate spirit: "If, say, Ford...printed respectful material and presented it in a decent manner, that would probably be all right." James Hart, an aide to Democratic congressman Douglas Applegate of Ohio, who supported the statute to ban flag-burning, was both bewildered and candid. "I don't know whether that's desecration or not. That's not even the issue. You're taking that too far. You're making it less of an issue than it is to begin with, and it's not much of one to begin with. [We're just sponsoring this measure] because the public demands we do something."



...Shooting a laser through the flag...

It's true that no one is likely to stuff a flag into a CD player just for the purpose of political protest, however misguided. It's also true that more capable lasers are hard to carry, dangerous and prohibitively expensive. On the other hand, most rock 'n' roll bands own precisely this sort of laser for use in concerts, and most rock 'n' roll bands are of a demonstrably anti-authoritarian bent. *Draw your own conclusions.* Alas, this is one threat that little ratings stickers on record albums won't solve.



...Pouring sulfuric acid on the flag...

With acid rain one of the cutting-edge issues of the nineties, this is one desecration that increasingly belligerent environmentalists — as well as any maladjusted child with a good chemistry set — could find irresistible.



...Blowing the flag up...

Granted, in New York, as in most other states, dynamite and TNT can only be used by licensed demolition experts, and, unable to hire one, we had to settle for setting off a mere M-80 under our own supervision. But who's to say what real demolition experts — some of whom are no doubt pale, explosives-obsessed loners with an attraction to Third Reichabilia — will or will not do on their own?

IMAGINE A FLAG OVER HER FACE AND THINK ABOUT WHATEVER YOU WANT

"Do you have a problem?"

I have a few, but I didn't feel like discussing them with my hot and willing dial-a-porn fantasy girl. I wanted to talk about the Supreme Court, which had recently ruled that her job was protected by the First Amendment.

"You call up and spend \$10 to ask me that? Do you have a wife, or a girlfriend, or a man? You seem mighty bored, honey."

Reassuring her that I had, did and wasn't, I asked if she was going to the Limelight that night to celebrate the Court's decision. The "Dial-A-Porn Victory Party" would, according to my invitation, applaud the unanimous finding that *"the government cannot legally abridge so-called 'indecent' speech, freeing phone sex operations from the threats of repression and, at the same time, strengthening First Amendment protection for everyone"*; the sponsor was 970-SCREW, a sister company of Screw magazine. My new friend told me she'd be there, and we chatted for a few more minutes ("You want me to suck your cock?" was her final conversational gambit) before agreeing to try to bump into each other later on.

I never did meet my fantasy girl that night, but I met a lot of other people who seemed equally concerned with the First Amendment. Sure, there were revelers like the Indian gentleman who explained that he was there just to "see what is new, what is different, what is young and what is Screw magazine," and a buxom dancer who told me she was there to "make my 50 bucks and do the show for the postal-service employees." But the vast majority of celebrants, postal workers and otherwise, were serious thinkers with long-held beliefs about the various freedoms recently adjudicated by the Court, particularly the freedom to burn the flag.

"I fought to keep all the constitutional rights the way they are," explained Walter, a small, leather-clad Vietnam vet and employee of an unlisted after-hours S&M club called The Vault. "Phone sex? Hell, that's something that benefits a lot of people! [But] you tell me, does the burning of the flag benefit

catch anyone burning I shed some blood for me with alcohol and ally suffer a thousand

"I think [the First lous," said a woman called herself Mistress whenever I damn well much of what I would Supreme Court would



a lot of people? If I the American flag after it," he roared, spraying saliva, "he will person-horrible deaths."

Amendment] is fabulous in spike heels who Leslie. "I speak out good please. But have to say about the be unprintable."

I explained to her that the First Amendment protected our right to print whatever she had to say about the Supreme Court.

"Well, I just think that it's wonderful," she continued cautiously. "But it's really just a drop in the bucket. We need... women's rights."

And the Court's decision on burning the flag?

"That's going too far," said her companion, a topless woman in a dog collar who was chained to Mistress Leslie. "That belongs to America. Love it or leave it."

—Eddie Stern

...Leaving the flag in a college student's refrigerator and letting it grow mold...

P-U. And, shockingly, an aide to Nevada's Senator Reid suggested that under present flag-protection proposals this wouldn't be considered desecration if it qualified as "some sort of scientific experiment." Senator Quentin Burdick, Democrat of North Dakota, voted for the

amendment, yet he nevertheless concluded dryly that a moldy flag didn't signify contempt so much as it signified that it was time for us to get a new one.



...and cynically wrapping oneself in the flag in order to get elected or reelected."

By far the most effective desecration yet devised—and, alarmingly, no one in America objects except windy Times columnist Tom Wicker. ☞

Research by David Kamp and Bob Mack

ARTICLE TWO/BY NED ZEMAN

GUNS 'N' MOSES

PARTYING WITH
CHARLTON HESTON AND 15,000 OTHER GUN NUTS
AT THE NRA'S ANNUAL CONVENTION

WYOMING'S BURGLARS MUST HAVE had a field day one weekend earlier this year, since every one of the state's homeowners was in St. Louis, Missouri, with me. Everywhere I looked during my visit to the 118th-

annual National Rifle Association convention, there were scores of smiling, gun-loving citizens wearing those *HI MY NAME IS* _____

FROM WYOMING tags: enormous fat men with Beetle Bailey brush cuts and florid Harry Dean Stanton faces, wearing badly stitched brown suits, lariat ties and big brass belt buckles with their first names forged on them. CHUCK seemed most popular, though a good argument could be made

for RICK or DAN. Sometimes the name was superimposed over an eagle. I'm as anticommunist as the next person, but these men *dress* anticommunist.

The favorite wardrobe item of NRA members is the hat. They love hats. Baseball caps are the most popular, usually the neon-orange kind that can be crucial in distinguishing the wearer from, say, a giant groundhog. There are also a lot of battered golf hats and Vietnam-style camouflage caps, especially those emblazoned with messages: LIVE FREE OR DIE; I AM THE NRA—AND I HUNT; GUNS ARE FOR LOVERS. One kindly-looking older fellow had a hat bearing the slogan KILL THEM ALL AND LET GOD SORT THEM OUT. I tried to tell him how much I liked his hat, but he waved

his fist and told me to go away.

The weekend of my visit was a busy one for St. Louis. Not only were the Missourians hosting 15,000 very enthusiastic weapon lovers, but they also had a few hundred excitable



Thou shalt not kill? Keynote speaker Charlton Heston hoists his home security system.

anti-abortion protesters intimidating women down the street at a local health center. The whole grand weekend, then, was a sort of Mardi Gras for the Guns-and-God constituency. A constituency that was fond of lingering around the bar at the enormous Cervantes Convention Center, swapping gerbil-trapping stories, reviving that timeworn debate about whether it's wrong to shoot pheasant with deer slugs, and waiting for the animal-rights activists to show up. They never did, which was a good thing, because the only thing scarier than a drunk NRA life member is a drunk and aggrieved NRA life member.

It was fortuitous for me that the name of this magazine fit right in with the other publications that had

dispatched correspondents to this uniquely American gathering. What with all the reporters from *International Combat Arms*, *Guns & Ammo* and *Soldier of Fortune* working their sources in the artillery-heavy conven-

tion hall, I needed all the help I could get. And because so many NRA members had other things on their minds besides fielding skeptical questions from satirical monthlies—things like dead turkeys and muzzle loading and finding the perfect silencer—I usually tried to hit them with only one simple question. So, I would say, *why do you like guns?*

"Guns is like potato chips," explained Michael LaSalle, a life

member from Kansas City whose fancy hunting patches covered his hunting vest, which he wore indoors despite the 80-degree heat. "Can't have just one. Pull that trigger and it's just shoot, shoot, shoot!"

"Everybody likes the feel of really letting loose with a lot of bullets," proclaimed a large, feather-bearing Native American who called himself Chief A.J. even though his real name was Jon Huffer. The chief pointed a large, presumably unloaded weapon toward some conventioners. "This is a nation of riflemen. Shooting comes natural to us."

"I'm a gun *fanatic*!" said life member Ronald Rogles, a cheerful steelworker from St. Louis. "I don't care too much for some of [the NRA's] policies on machine guns and so on.

Hey, I'm just like anyone else—I just like to shoot stuff."

Rogles had a spunky, equally cheerful friend who agreed with him. "He is a gun fanatic, and so am I. I'm not a member, though. In America you don't need a membership to shoot things, thank God."

"That's crap," Rogles snapped, adjusting his hunting cap, which had the slogan THE RIGHT TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS over an eagle. Rogles looked angry. "You're just too cheap to join. You'll pay 20 bucks for a case of beer, but not to join the NRA. That's sick."

Sick indeed. For the men of the NRA, with their crinkly, sunburned faces and bold, offhand grins, are not merely standard, hotel-towel-swiping conventioners. They are self-styled patriots, pseudomartyrs who fancy themselves the last guardians of the Second Amendment. These are men who traveled hundreds of miles, through toll plazas and Shell stations, simply to be with guns, to have them and hold them, to nurture them—to stand up and say, *Hey, I'm a gunman, and if you don't like it, maybe you'd like to suck on both barrels of this imported assault rifle for a while.* These men never lose an opportunity to remind a liberal that guns are the bedrock of this country, the very foundation on which we have built a nation—a nation in which there are now enough firearms for every adult citizen to

And lest you forget, the NRA has long fought for the rights of those less fortunate; surely it rejoiced when a law was passed allowing blind people in Wisconsin to hunt. With guns.

But all NRA members aren't like the odd fat kid we knew in school who wouldn't play kickball because he was busy blowing up G.I. Joe with an M-80. Some of them are doctors and lawyers and bankers. And the NRA is one of the slickest, most powerful lobbies in the country—and certainly the first group of hobbyists to have thoroughly intimidated ordinarily strong-spined politicians such as Thomas Foley. There are 2.8 million NRA members out there, guns at the ready, each of them longing only for life, liberty and the pursuit of small, defenseless animals. And best of all, Charlton Heston is one of them.

Some good things about NRA conventioners:

—Their hats never have tassels or horns, and they wouldn't be caught dead driving silly miniature cars.

—There would be worse company to be in when the Sandinistas begin their triumphant march to Winnipeg.

—They make Ted Kennedy jokes.

My first stop at the convention was in the hangarlike assembly hall of the Cervantes Convention Center, where hundreds of the faithful gathered to hear not at all inflammatory pep talks intended to rally the troops,

who have lately been shaken by what a deadly serious Chief A.J. called the "safety hysteria" sweeping the nation. "We have been made a laughing-stock and an object of public ridicule!" screamed a nervous NRA official at the podium in the hall, which,

with its enormous raised stage, seemed better outfitted for a Foghat concert than for a board meeting. The proud crew-cutted men with hats roared lustily. One shouted, "Right on, brother!" at the same moment

The happy gun peddler: Sell firearms to the irresponsible or reckless? Me? No way.



have one under his or her bed: democracy defined. Had not the Founding Fathers challenged the British with exploding lead, we'd all now have bad teeth and pasty complexions and walk like Noël Coward.

WORK ALONE. NO McDLT'S. NO SCHOOLYARDS ON MONDAYS

*Ten Ways to Avoid Dying
in a Psychopath's
Shooting Spree*

Most psycho killers do not kiss their mate goodbye, head out into the morning dew and say to themselves, "Today I'm going to hunt humans." On the contrary, today's violent sociopath plays by a unique set of intraprofessional rules, much like a C.P.A. or Freemason. Here's what you can do to avoid their largely predictable lines of fire:

TIP NO. 1: DON'T GO TO SCHOOL

On May 20, 1988, Laurie Dann, a psychiatric patient taking experimental medication, walked into an elementary school near Chicago with a .32 pistol and opened fire at random, killing an eight-year-old boy and wounding 5 other children.

On September 22 of that year, Clemie Henderson, an emotionally disturbed Vietnam veteran, killed 2 people and wounded 1 other in a Chicago school.

On January 17 of this year, 26-year-old Patrick Purdy calmly opened fire with an AK-47 on a



Duck and cover: Laurie Dann

crowded playground in Stockton, California. Five children were killed and 30 people were wounded.

TIP NO. 2: ESPECIALLY DON'T GO TO SCHOOL ON MONDAYS

On Monday, January 29, 1979, 16-year-old Brenda Spencer opened fire with a .22 rifle on the schoolyard across the street from her house in San Diego, California. In addition to wounding 8 children and a police officer, she snuffed the school's principal and janitor. "I don't like Mondays," she said later, by way of explanation.

In 1983 Robert O. Wickes, a teacher's aide dismissed for fighting with a student, returned to a Long Island school wearing military fatigues and carrying a .22 rifle. On a Monday. After wounding the principal and a student, he held a class of 18 students hostage. "I'm not leaving here alive, you kids messed up my career," he said.

TIP NO. 3: OKAY, IF YOU MUST GO TO SCHOOL, JUST KEEP YOUR

MOUTH SHUT WHEN THE MANIAC OPENS FIRE

On September 26, 1988—a Monday, of course—19-year-old James William Wilson opened fire on the students of the Oakland Elementary School in Greenwood, South Carolina, with a .22-caliber revolver. He wounded 8 people and killed 2 eight-year-olds before being captured. Witnesses said Wilson shot students who screamed. "I was trying to make them be quiet," he said later.

TIP NO. 4: DON'T GO TO CHURCH, EITHER

On June 22, 1980, 45-year-old Alvin Lee King III attended services at his church in Daingerfield, Texas, accompanied by four guns and 200 rounds of ammunition (he was scheduled to go on trial the next day for incest charges involving his daughter). Knocking the swinging front doors of the church open with a rifle, he opened fire on the congregation, killing 3 and injuring 12 before be-

ing wrestled out of the church by 3 men, 2 more of whom were killed in the process.

TIP NO. 5: AVOID NEW YORK CITY

An unknown gunman escaped from New York policemen on October 24, 1981. The assailant shot out the windows of an automobile carrying two National Guardsmen and killed a 17-year-old high school student.

On August 12, 1986, a student at New York Technical College went on a rampage through the downtown Brooklyn campus. Twenty-nine-year-old Van Hull, armed with two handguns, killed a college employee in one building, then ran to a second building, where he shot and wounded 3 others. He finally surrendered to police in a third building, where he had wounded a college security officer.

TIP NO. 6: AVOID YOUR FAMILY

On September 25, 1982, a Pennsylvania state prison guard named George Banks opened fire with a semi-automatic rifle in various homes, wounding 1 and killing 13 (including 5 of his own children) as the victims slept or watched television; Banks then celebrated by driving to a bar. Later, wearing the military fatigues favored by many of his maniacal brethren, Banks turned himself in to the police.

TIP NO. 7: NEVER EAT IN FAST-FOOD RESTAURANTS IN BORDER TOWNS

On July 18, 1984, James Oliver Huberty, a 41-year-

old unemployed security guard, walked into a crowded McDonald's in San Ysidro, California, carrying a semi-automatic rifle, a pistol, a shotgun and a bag of ammunition. Instead of ordering a 20-piece Chicken McNuggets, he ordered all the customers to lie prone, and when a McDonald's employee picked up the telephone to call the police, Huberty opened fire. First he shot those lying on the floor; later he aimed indiscriminately at "everything in sight." The unhappy recap: 19 wounded, 21 dead.

TIP NO. 8: DON'T HAVE A JOB

On May 28, 1982, a disgruntled ex-employee of IBM drove his car through the glass doors of the IBM building in Bethesda, Maryland, and opened fire with a large-caliber automatic weapon. After killing 2 and wounding 10, 38-year-old Edward Thomas Mann surrendered to police.

On August 9 of that year, 46-year-old John F. Parish went on a rampage through the offices of the Western Transfer Company of Grand Prairie, Texas. Armed with two pistols and a rifle, Parish wounded 4 people and killed 6, including his supervisor.

On December 10, 1986, police used fire hoses to subdue an ex-employee of the University of Kentucky who had dressed in a Ninja costume and sprayed the campus with bullets. Ulysses Davis III was armed with a sword, a pistol, a shotgun and a

.22 rifle, and he wounded 2 people while holding the police at bay for more than ten hours. The reason for Davis's dismissal: fighting with co-workers.

Last September Joseph T. Wesbecker, an employee on permanent mental leave from a Louisville, Kentucky, printing plant, returned to his place of business with a duffel bag containing an AK-47, two MAC-IIs, two pistols and a bayonet. A witness said Wesbecker was "looking for bosses." Finding none, he wounded 13 and killed 7 of his former, nonmanagement co-workers.

TIP NO. 9: SERIOUSLY. DON'T HAVE A JOB

On February 16, 1988, Richard Farley, armed with a high-powered rifle, took over a computer plant in Sunnyvale, California, from which he had recently been fired. During his shooting spree Farley killed 7 and wounded 5, including a co-worker with whom he had been aggressively infatuated (and for which infatuation, among other things, he had been fired).

TIP NO. 10: DON'T BE A GUN-WIELDING MANIAC

Clemie Henderson, James Oliver Huberty and John F. Parish were shot and killed by police. Laurie Dann shot herself in the head. Robert O. Wickes shot himself in the head. Patrick Purdy shot himself in the head. Joseph T. Wesbecker dispatched himself with a shot under his chin.

—Jeff Wise

GUN NUTS GO SHOPPING

A SPY Experiment in Terror

We knew that the Second Amendment guarantees every American's right to bear arms, but we wondered, *Really? Every American?* Sure, there are bureaucratic procedures intended to rule out psychopaths and felons, but isn't there something short of official certification—say, applying common sense—that can help weed out the plainly dangerous? We set out to discover how gun sellers would react to a clearly desperate-looking individual. One of our key operatives—his hair unkempt, his face glistening with perspiration, his garments featuring a John Lennon memorial T-shirt and a military vest with a copy of *The Catcher in the Rye* conspicuously stuffed into the breast pocket—entered various gun stores in Manhattan. There he muttered vague comments about Jodie Foster and said things like *I'm from out of town, I'm only passing through, I spent the night at the Sheraton Centre, My nickname is Squeaky and I need a gun now.*

At the West Side Rifle and Pistol Range on West 20th Street, a stocky, mustachioed man with the air of an off-duty cop seemed to glare suspiciously but then offered a brochure about permit and range-membership fees. When our subject said, in his best staccato fashion, "I want a gun. I want to take it home and play with it," the clerk replied soothingly, "Once you get the gun, you can do whatever you want. It's your business." Soon our subject departed. Had the clerk seen the guy in the Lennon T-shirt?, inquired one bystander, also a SPY operative. Didn't he think that was pretty strange? The clerk's exaggerated shrug evidently meant no.

On to another store. The squinting, gap-toothed counterman at Centre Firearms on West 37th Street, who had DR. BOB monogrammed on his jacket, seemed unfazed by our would-be gunslinger; but when our nut asked about how thorough the police are, the clerk sighed regretfully. "The cops check out everything," he said. Hadn't he seen the copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*?, our bystander wondered. Didn't that provoke some suspicions? "Yeah, we get weirdos in here all the time" was the reply.

At our final stop, Continental Arms on 45th Street, a rather belligerent clerk gave our subject short shrift, though when he

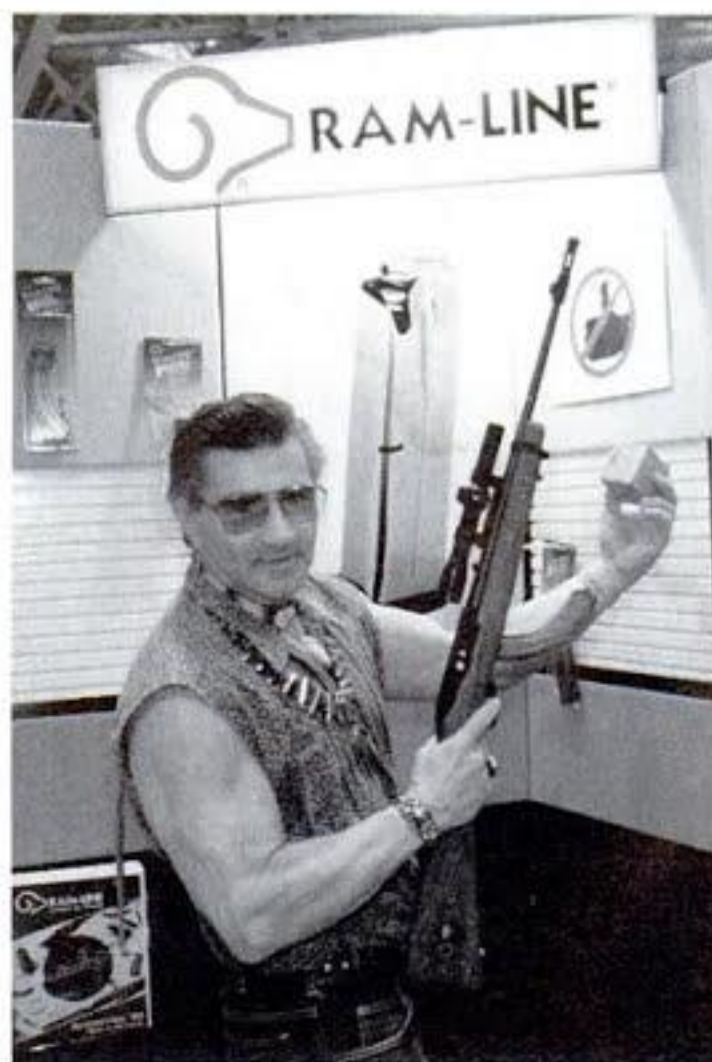


whined about not being able to take the gun right home, the clerk did helpfully warn that "the cops'll pick you right up off the street" for carrying an unlicensed gun. Surely such a no-nonsense fellow had noticed something suspicious? No. "He could be wearing torn-up shoes and dirty clothes," said the clerk, suddenly a defender of the little guy, "but he could be very well-to-do underneath. That's the thing—*nothing else matters as long as your record is clean.* And don't worry about misdemeanors."

—Martin Kihn and Bob Mack

he was biting into a bratwurst.

The problem, the conventioners all agree, is simple: *everyone is out to get them.* *Everyone* basically means the cabal of eastern-liberal-Jewish pansies who don't think that submachine



Have gun will travel—and will look Rambo-rific too!

guns, certain plastic firearms and "cop-killer" bullets should be easily accessible to consumers. NRA members are big on conspiracy theories, especially involving the media. Maybe it's because the NRA leadership, whose prevarications are world-class, seems to have the ranks convinced that waves of Nazoid Justice Department storm troopers will burst into their homes and confiscate their weapons if the media aren't stopped. Even Charlton Heston believes that.

And they do have a point. After all, it's the media that keep bringing up those pesky facts about how resisting assault while brandishing a gun usually increases the chance that a crime victim will be injured; or how 18,000 people blew their brains out with guns in 1986; or how the NRA has defended a recreational gun, affectionately called the Street Sweeper, that can unload 12 rounds in 3 seconds. And of course the press really crossed the line when it shattered the notion that all licensed gun owners are prudent, evenhanded citizens by reporting the ferocious, Wonka-like race for AK-47s, in the wake of last January's schoolyard massacre in Stockton, California.

Then there was last year's failed Brady Amendment, which would

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have required a mandatory waiting period for gun purchases so that the buyer's background could be checked. The NRA sent letters to its members saying the gun-control forces were planning to spend "billions" of dollars on enforcing the amendment, to make police "visit your home before you can buy a firearm." In fact, the Congressional Budget Office proposed to spend \$10 million, and the law would merely have given police the option of reviewing the names of buyers; then, if a buyer turned out to be Lee Harvey Oswald-ian or Mark David Chapman-esque [see "Gun Nuts Go Shopping" page 102], the police might just drop in for a look. (Fun fact: NRA life member Ronald Reagan failed to support the amendment even though John Hinckley shot him and press secretary James Brady with a gun that Hinckley never would have been sold had a waiting period been required.)

"The Japs and the Germans never invaded us, because we all had guns," sputtered Charles Radtke, a high-spirited member of the Northland Sportsman's Club of Gaylord, Michigan. *Take away the firepower now, Radtke seemed to be saying, and let the Cossack-dancing classes begin.* "We believe in military preparedness. In case of open hostilities"—Radtke's eyes lit up, as only a patriotic anti-communist foot soldier's can—"we're gonna plow 'em to holy hell." He fell

ers. And what do you think they're practicing so much for?" This logic provoked murmurs of assent from Radtke's compatriots.

"Remember the Georgian uprising!" a friend, William Miller, chimed in. "First thing the [Soviet] government took were their guns. First thing they'll take is ours." Miller, looking wistful, suddenly trailed off into a dramatic discourse on the biathlon, the Olympic sport in which contestants shoot at targets while skiing—with spectators ringing the course. "Shooting for speed—a man's sport!" is how Miller put it in his zesty, guy-in-a-beer-commercial way. Russians, the NRA men are quick to point out with a mixture of admiration and ominousness, are evidently very fond of this sport.

ASK ANY NRA CONVENTIONEER AND he'll tell you that the highlight of the weekend—the most ultra-American, *Falcon Crest*-like part—was the exclusive dinner at the Sheraton across the street. There they were, tables and tables of overstuffed gunslingers, all waiting to catch a glimpse of their hero, their Johnny-on-the-spot, their favorite rug-wearing, platitude-spouting has-been and star of *Planet of the Apes*, Charlton Heston, the night's keynote speaker. The audience grew particularly patriotic as a drum roll introduced the coterie of reactionary congressmen attending the dinner.

NRA officials required all the journalists present to stand in back, prime-rib-less (was it possible for the entrée to be anything but prime rib?). The segregation of reporters was probably a good thing, though, because we appreciated the distance

once the speakers started ranting about the secret liberal media conspiracy being plotted *even as they ate*. I did manage to sit down briefly, with two NRA members from Vardaman, Mississippi, a young one and



silent for a moment, then continued, "Betcha didn't know there are more marksmanship *instructors* in the Soviet Union than we have active *shooters* in the U.S. They have no freedom, but they do have good shoot-

DON'T SHOOT!

Legislative Dos and Don'ts for the Trigger-Happy Set

The law, not unlike an NRA member, is an ungainly but forceful entity possessing more than its share of inbred peculiarities. So it is appropriate that some of the biggest legislative doozies ever put on the books by state lawmakers concern firearms. Yet while the following statutes may read like some ancient Emily Post primer, complete with all the illogic of outmoded etiquette, they in fact represent the hard, enforceable truth:

—In Mississippi it is unlawful to exhibit a firearm in a rude, angry or threatening manner in the presence of three or more persons.

—In Oklahoma it is against the law to shoot on Sundays.

—In North Carolina it is unlawful to carry a deadly weapon except in state-owned rest stops along the highway. State law also prohibits the possession of firearms at funeral processions.

—In Illinois one cannot legally carry a firearm while wearing a mask or hood.

—In Alabama the law

Further evidence that there is indeed a peculiar kinship between fast-food restaurants and gunmen

prohibits the use of firearms "while fighting in public places." Living-room shoot-outs, it would follow, are okay.

—In Maine it is unlawful to hunt bears with more than four dogs.

—In Kentucky firearms are not to be used in "the taking of fishes."

—In Indiana one cannot use a gun as collateral in securing a loan.

—The state of Florida has set up a series of "supervised youth hunts," a special program allowing children to hunt deer and wild hogs for three weekends in October, before the hunting season begins.

—In Kennesaw, Georgia (population: 5,095), all heads of households are required by law to own firearms and ammunition "in order to provide for the safety, security and general welfare of the city and its inhabitants." Exempt from this law are convicted felons, those who conscientiously object to the use of firearms on the grounds of religious beliefs and those with physical disabilities.

—In 1987 the Wisconsin state legislature passed a statute that grants "hunter's choice permits"—which allow hunters to shoot does in addition to bucks—to blind applicants free of charge. (People who are not visually impaired can only acquire hunter's choice permits by paying a fee and entering a lottery.) Blind hunters must be accompanied by a non-visually-impaired person when hunting.

—David Kamp

an older one, at a table in the back. Their conversation went like this:

OLDER GUY: "Lotsa guns there today, huh?"

YOUNGER GUY: "Yep."

OLDER GUY: "See anything you liked?"

YOUNGER GUY: "Yep."

OLDER GUY: "Remember which ones?"

YOUNGER GUY: "Nope."

And then the waiter told me to

go stand in the back, where it was dark, boring and responsibly liberal. Fortunately, the good-natured press officer, Jim Goss, started coming up to me every few minutes to whisper, "Mr. Heston has agreed to speak to you later on." Which was nice, particularly since I had never asked to speak with him in the first place.

A clergyman stepped to the podium and began a solemn invocation: "God bless Charlton Heston." The audience roared. Then, after some more press-baiting, an Ed McMahonish NRA official made the formal introduction: "American legend...avid outdoorsman...one-room schoolhouse... Great Communicator," and so on, until Heston, before even opening his mouth, received the second of many standing ovations. (The listeners were on their feet every time the Bible or the media were mentioned. Or guns, of course.)

But the evening's emotional climax came just after Heston's speech, when he was presented with a gargantuan handmade Kentucky rifle. Heston raised the weapon in the air and intoned mightily (almost as if it hadn't been scripted) a chilling warning to the Washington establishment gun-confiscators. "They'll take this gun," he vowed, "from my cold, dead hands!"—foreshadowing, perhaps, yet another bloody Beverly Hills clash between marauding federal goons and frightened, powerless villagers.

Minutes later I was standing outside the Sheraton's Ulysses S. Grant room, waiting with the other reporters for a moment with Moses. I con-

cluded that my name wasn't exactly on the top of the list when all the other journalists went in before me, even the correspondent from the Kirkwood High School *Call*, who sat in the hallway nervously asking his

adult peers if it would be unprofessional to ask Heston to pose for a picture with him. When I was eventually invited in, I walked over to where Heston stood with a few

handlers, the hotel's fluorescent light glinting off his purchased hair.

"So," I asked, "why do you like guns?" Heston paused briefly, then told of how guns are handsome and sometimes fun to shoot. But the real reason, he said stoically, "is to protect my home." Suddenly, it all seemed so obvious.

And if the goonish Justice Department gun confiscators stormed his house? "I would be prepared," he said chillingly. His handlers were getting edgy.

Then I asked Heston what his very visible involvement with the NRA has done to boost his own image. "It isn't a question of PR," he said. "It's a matter of right and wrong. *It's a matter of the Constitution.*" And with that, his flacks excused him. He thanked me sincerely, and gave me a man's handshake.

THE CONVENTION'S PHYSICAL CENTER was the exhibition halls in a vast, high-ceilinged room not unlike those domed suburban stadia that host tractor pulls. A handful of blond gun-bimbos flounced around in slinky leotards—a nice attempt at distraction, but probably futile considering the apparently single-minded dedication of most NRA conventioners. There were booths offering pro-gun literature and shiny NRA bumper stickers. I had tried earlier to take a bunch of other stickers that read HAILSTONES HAVE THE SAME IMPACT AS A .22 CALIBER BULLET: BAN THE HAILSTONE, but an angry woman wanted money for them. This same booth kept playing, over and over for

Can you say firepower? Good. Now, just the kids: can you say Blow that sucker's head off? Good.



Whatever happened to Dick and Jane? Like Charlton Heston, they've made it their mission to educate young Americans about handling deadly weapons.

two days, a funny videotape of Ohio senator Howard Metzenbaum tripping over his words during a congressional hearing on banning assault weapons in the wake of the Stockton, California, shooting spree. The clip

was about four minutes long, and it covered only a snippet of the long hearing, but the gunmen just kept cranking it back up, rather as we used to endlessly replay

"Kumbaya" on the Close-'N-Play. Then they'd just stare and make jokes about Metzenbaum's funny hair. NRA members hate Metzenbaum almost as much as they hate Ted Kennedy, which is saying something. (Best, stupidest NRA Ted Kennedy joke: What's the only thing Teddy Kennedy and an AK-47 have in common? Neither can swim.)

Everywhere I went in that huge hall, somebody was pointing a gun at me. They waved them around to check for speed; they trigger-tested them; they picked me out through a scope and pretended I was a lumbering moose; they drew from holsters and showed off for their bored wives; they plunked cartridges in and squeezed off imaginary rounds, making odd guttural noises — *BLAM!* — then looked around sheepishly to see if anyone had heard. I was reminded of how it's almost impossible to just *hold* a tennis racket, though I'd challenge anyone to wipe out a schoolyard of children with a newly strung Jack Kramer. The rifle-waving gunmen sensed my fear, and as soon as they know you're afraid, once they see you twitch, you might as well mount yourself over the fireplace.

When they weren't actually aiming the guns — which is to say, when they were eating, sleeping or making Ted Kennedy jokes — they were talking and reading about what to aim at next. Over meals, they would whip out their *Gun Digest*, the Koran of gun enthusiasts. One man with a brush cut paged through the catalog, stopping often to highlight this or

that gun or gunning accessory. Perhaps he was thinking of ordering the Daisy "Critter Gitter," a handgun designed to exterminate barnyard varmints. The *Digest* also carries ads for such hunting classics as



The Only Good Bear Is a Dead Bear and *Horned Death*, the tale of a man whose legacy is that he killed 1,000 buffalo, putting him right up there with John

Wayne Gacy, buffalo-wise.

Where there are guns, there's ammo, and at the NRA convention the ammo came in the form of abundant party favors. One fellow told me he had been intentionally leaving the stuff around his hotel room to scare the maids. Joan Nosler of Nosler Bullets had dozens of shells splayed before her, little gold-colored things in all shapes and sizes — "just like people," she said brightly. When I asked why some bullets were skinny and others fat, she uttered the phrase I kept hearing all weekend. "The rifle bullet, the long one, will give you a *nice good kill*," she said. A good kill is the hallmark of good hunting, the *raison d'être*. "Of course, the handgun bullet, the smaller one," she continued, "will finish off some animals very nicely." She suddenly grew impatient with my questioning. "Look," she said, "if you're a rabbit, *it's not really gonna matter much, is it?*"

It was at about this time that I met Thomas Vaughny of Symsonia, Kentucky, a monstrous, jolly man with a red fatigue hunting cap. He pointed out that the right bullet can be the animal's friend because "you want a good kill, preferably one shot and that sucker's dust. Too much blood and twitching is not a good kill." Not that Vaughny is excessively concerned with the welfare of his quarry, which pretty much has only to be warm or ambulatory to be worthy of a few rounds. "Hell," he roared, chewing on a cheeseburger, "it'd be easier to name what I *don't* hunt! You name it, I killed it. Big. Little. Furry.

IS THAT A GUN IN YOUR POCKET OR JUST A CRUCIFIX, FATHER?

Father Gabriel Possenti:
*The Catholic Church's
Gunslinging Saint*

Some gun owners, like employees of kosher-hot-dog manufacturers, are compelled to answer to a higher authority. John Snyder, for example. Snyder, the public-affairs director of the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, petitioned the Vatican in 1987 to declare a nineteenth-century Italian priest the Patron Saint of Handgunners. As Snyder tells it, in 1859 the sharpshooting Father Gabriel Possenti rescued an Italian village from a band of armed marauders by killing a lizard in the road with a single shot. Scared witless by the Good Samaritan's display of marksmanship, the pillagers



hightailed it out of town while the elated villagers hoisted Possenti on their shoulders, football-hero-style. In 1920 Possenti was canonized by the Catholic church.

Possenti's own order, the Passionist Fathers of Rome, has rejected the idea of associating its saint with handguns, but Snyder says he is ready to pursue the painstaking process that will make his dream a reality. "There's even been talk of forming a St. Gabriel Possenti Society," he says, "in which we'd explore theological interpretations of self-defense." Ever the PR man, he adds, "This is turning out to be an even bigger thing than I had planned." —D.K.

Feathered. As long as it can move, it is a deceased animal." Vaughny and his friends had a great big laugh and told me next time I'm in Symsonia, we could all go kill something together.

One thing I learned from the conventioners is that hunting is really a *caring* pastime, inspired by an unabashed love of God's creatures—not, as I had naively presumed, by the triumphant, bloody sight of the convulsing beast heaving and wailing from the impact of high-caliber ammunition. Gunmen were constantly crowding around booths for, say, Whitetails Unlimited, an organization created for the "conservation" of whitetail deer. To hunters, I learned, conservation means save enough today—"You got poachers, you got roadkill," explained the man at their booth—so there is plenty to kill tomorrow. As I was told by Gene Galasso, curator of the NRA Wildlife Gallery (a display of oil-painted ducks, bears and other game), "Most hunters love animals. Sure they kill them, but that doesn't mean they don't like them. They just like to shoot them."

Without question, one of the most crowded booths was the one displaying Uzis and other evil-looking late-twentieth-century instruments of death that NRA members say they like to use for small-game hunting or target shooting. "We call this the Sniper," said Mark Bauer, a puckish young salesman of assault weapons. He let me hold the ridiculous black gun and kept saying "handsome gun" and "nice weapon" as I made self-conscious *bang bang* noises in my throat while peering through the scope. I asked him if the gun's name didn't create any, oh, public-relations problems.

"I guess it's called the Sniper for a reason," he said, still smiling. "But let's just say the deer doesn't have a real good chance with this one." He winked and pried the weapon from my hands because I had been sweat-

ing on the trigger. Then he told me it would not be possible for me to hold the Uzi, even if I waited all day.

The next morning the Learning Annex-ish part of the festivities began, and the conventioners, fresh from an evening of revelry, were crowding into a dozen classes and workshops. There was a seminar on "Firearms: Care, Cleaning, Maintenance and Storage." I left shortly after someone said, in all earnestness, "Guns are your friend."

That left me with "Wild Turkey Hunting in Missouri," which, even at 9:00 o'clock Sunday morning, was attended by well over 100 gun people. "There's hens and there's gobblers," began Ray Eye, an enormous, good-natured man with a beard, standing up front. Eye, a two-time national turkey-calling champion and enthusiastic turkey-killer, was explaining how to track the birds by way of their droppings. "The most controversial part [of tracking] is turkey ca-ca, doo-doo, poo-poo," he noted. The conventioners loved that. He moved on to describe how many hunters like to "squish it between their fingers" and then reached a breathtaking conclusion: "If it's big poo-poo, it's a big turkey; if it's little poo-poo, it's a little turkey."

Practically every woman I saw at the convention had two or three unhappy, noisy children hanging from her. Men, it seems, hog all the guns. Which is not to say that women and children don't *like* firearms. "The kids just love the guns," boasted the

proud breadwinner for the Marsh family of Evansville, Illinois. "It can be a real family thing. Soon as they can lift 'em, they'll be firing away." He patted his blush-

ing daughter on the head. "Won't ya, honey?"

One handsome family from Missouri found itself at the American Historical Foundation booth, where a nice old geezer knelt down and gave



Blammed-blam at the air-gun range: No more pencils, no more books, no more teachers' dirty looks!

IF I CAN SHOOT ONE THERE, I CAN SHOOT ONE ANYWHERE

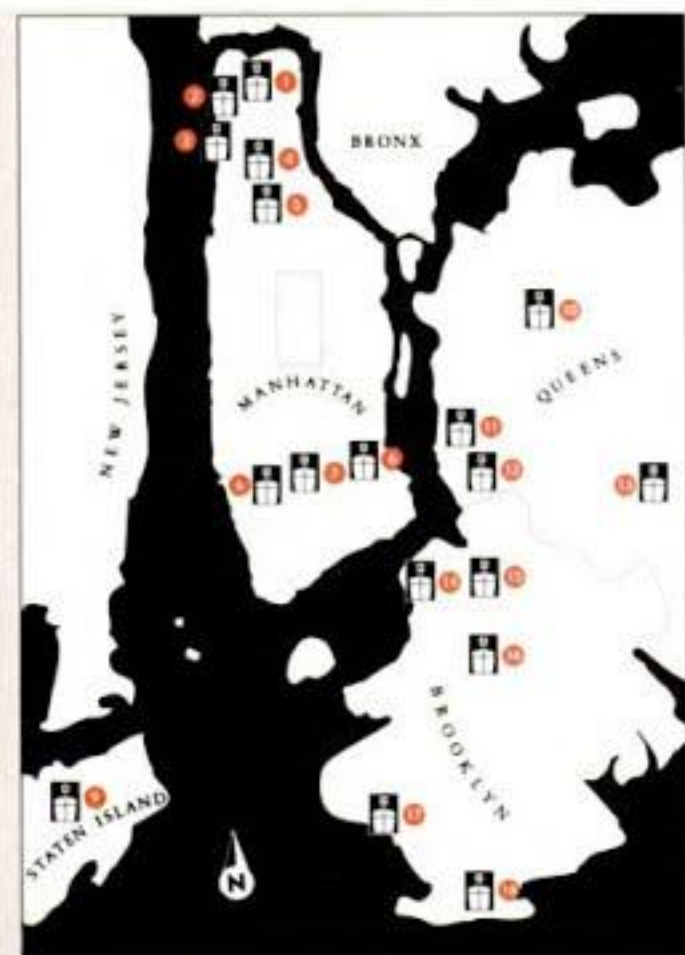
New York City's Gun Clubs

It's hard to say why, when we live in a city where three murders are committed every day, drug gangs settle disputes with automatic weapons and nervous subway riders blast screwdriver-wielding youths, but whenever we hear about ordinary New Yorkers packing heat, we always have the same reaction: *My God, there are gun nuts among us!*

Chances are you live closer to a gun club than to a bowling alley. At these clubs, firearm enthusiasts meet to fire holes into targets printed with the silhouettes of human beings. Not many do this to stay sharp for hunting animals. "I'm not going to be out there with a whole bunch of other guys who got guns," explains William Staggers, president of The Harlem Gun Club. "See, if I got on the right clothing to show that I'm not some deer or something and a bullet goes flying over my head, I'm going to shoot back. To avoid the whole problem, I stay out of the woods." Closely reasoned, Mr. Staggers.

And yet, while they may be gun nuts, they are most assuredly *our* gun nuts: nondiscriminatory regarding gender and ethnicity, and maybe even a little bit, well, liberal. Lately they have been feuding with the New York State Rifle and Pistol Association, which is the state chapter of the NRA and is, the city clubs claim, controlled by upstate rednecks who "try to pretend that New York City is a different state." Last year 25 area clubs sued the NYSRPA for denying their voting rights and for calling their members "a bunch of downstate Jews." This past June, after months of legal wrangling, the dispute was settled out of court. Our local *pistoleros* had to accept getting a mere 6 seats on the 25-member state board, 5 of which they lost in a subsequent election. "The NRA is trying to get us to let bygones be bygones," says Jim Surdo, president of the Chelsea Gun Club, "but when you've been screwed once, you'd rather not listen a second time." Not quite Eastwood dialogue, to be sure, but hard-bitten and vaguely menacing nevertheless.

—Amy Engeler



- 1 Inwood Gun Club 2 Fort Tryon Gun Club 3 Arizona Club 4 Washington Heights Winchesters 5 The Harlem Gun Club 6 West Village Gun Club 7 Lawyers' Gun Club, Doctors' Gun Club, Chelsea Gun Club, Manhattan Shur-Shot 8 Peter Cooper Gun Club 9 Bullshead Sports Club 10 Elmhurst Gun Packers, Elmhurst Shooter Club 11 The Eagle Eyes 12 The Crime Fighters 13 Happy Shooters 14 Brooklyn Heights Gun Club 15 Fort Greene Gun Club 16 Kensington Gun Club 17 Fort Hamilton Pistol Club 18 Brighton Beach Gun Club

the children a "special gift"—lapel pins made out of bullet casings.

"There you go, sweetie," said the nice man.

"Isn't that sweet," said Mom. "Say thank you to the man."



Gunman to gunman: am I going to get babes on a regular basis if I buy this he-manly rod?

The kids smiled. The parents smiled. The nice man smiled and said, "Anything for the kids."

On my way out I followed a pack of laughing, whooping gunmen and their laughing, whooping children into perhaps the most popular display of the whole convention, aside from Charlton Heston: the Airgun Shooting Range. Michael LaSalle was in charge, urging children to fire away at the fake-bear and -scorpion targets—and challenging the sexuality of those who wouldn't, which pretty much meant me.

I stepped up to the line, next to a fat little kid from Macomb, Illinois. His gym shorts were pulled up over his belly button and his tube socks stretched over his kneecaps. "Ya look scared," the boy said to me, and obliterated a bear. Then he laughed.

"I'm not," I lied.

"Challenge you, then. Best of five. You pay." His fat, meanspirited parents loved the idea and moved their chairs in closer.

The fat kid stepped up to the line. "Hit that sucker, baby!" squealed his mother. "He never will. Hit it good!" Four shots landed.

I shouldered the gun and missed each shot in spectacular fashion. It's a shame light fixtures didn't count.

The boy smiled. "You don't belong here," he said, nodding. "You should've hit *something*."

Chuck Heston would have. ☺

March 1988

THE FILOFAX GENERATION

"They're always jotting, jotting, jotting, seemingly intent on committing to paper every facet of their existence and systematically cramming it all between the covers of their bulging 'planners.'"



April 1988

OUR NICE ISSUE

"Donald Trump—a heck of a guy. Glamorous Gals . . . Who Never Age. It's Fun . . . to live in Queens."

May 1988

WELCOME TO RAT CITY!

"It munches concrete, it swims like a fish, it multiplies faster than a rabbit. It can leap from rooftop to rooftop, it can pop in through the toilet. It's Rat; it numbers in the millions."



June 1988

COASTERS

"For the world's Coasters, there is no statute of limitations on the rewards and privileges of early success."

July/August 1988

PARTY GUYS!

"Nightlife Decathlon." SPY private eyes tailed the city's most relentless night crawlers for an evening and kept score. And the winner is . . .



September 1988

LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE

"The sex, the spandex, the pastels, the car phones, the irony shortage and the general uncensored dude-osity that make Los Angeles a shrine to vapid fun."

October 1988

THE SPY 100

"Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things."



November 1988

FEUDS!

"It's not enough for some people to be well-to-do and well known; they need to be well-to-do and well known and belligerent."

December 1988

SEVENTIES-SOMETHING

"A return to the decade of the mood rings, ultrasuede, sideburns and disco sex-machine Tony Orlando."



January/February 1989

MR. STUPID GOES TO WASHINGTON

"America's ten dopiast law-makers—all those in favor, say *dub*."

March 1989

ISN'T IT IRONIC?

"How everything in the world turned 'funny'—from Joe Franklin to Joey Heatherton, Twister to



Twinkies and Hawaiian shirts to Hawaii Five-O."



April 1989

CELEBRITY GARBAGE

"Coffee grounds of the rich and interoffice memos of the famous—a scientific, sanitary and not at all unseemly SPY investigation."

May 1989

IVANARAMA!

"You know her as an Olympic skier, fashion leader, licensed interior designer, hotel executive and wife to a certain billionaire casino operator from Queens. But of course, there's more. With Ivana, there's *always* more."



June 1989

LET'S MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!

"Ed Koch did it. Time Inc. did it. Barbara Walters did it. A SPY audit of Faustian bargains, Mephistophelian transactions and the current bull market for selling one's soul."

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MERCY, MERCY, MERCY

*This month: giants and golems, coups, romantic sizzle,
missing urbanity and the good old sis boom bah*

BY HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND

First some mental gymnastics, just to limber up: "With a flick of his voice," wrote Aljean Harmetz in *The New York Times* this past fall, "[Jack] Nicholson can turn boiling water into ice cubes in mid-air." Swell, but midair voice-flicking is hardly an extraordinary skill. (After a week's practice I had not only perfected the water-and-ice-cubes gag but could cap the routine by producing an egg from behind my friend Pendle-

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

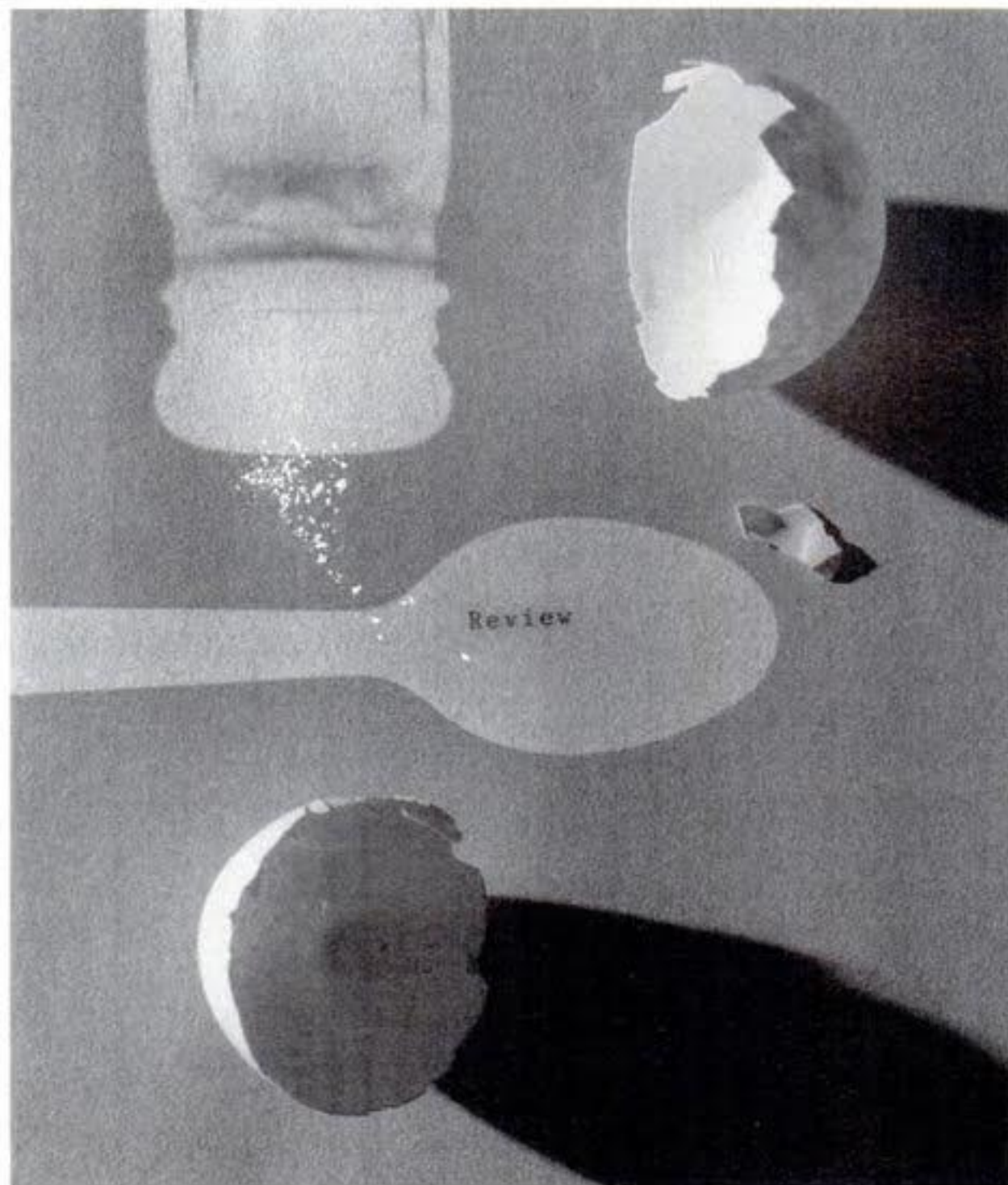
bury's left ear.) This pervasive (but rather understandable) tendency to place Nicholson on a pedestal is trying to the nerves.

If you were given the opportunity to write a cover story for *Time* magazine on the Rolling Stones and their middle-aged colleagues, how would you go about it? You might, if you were Jay Cocks, start by resolving to say nothing new or interesting and to spend five pages saying it. You might use annoying staccato sentences both to start paragraphs ("No more." "Grim prospect.") and to end them ("It was young." "Strawberry Fields forever."). For that matter, you might decide to use this self-conscious gimmick *throughout* many paragraphs: "Lysergic mud and bad amplification. The rest was a fairy tale. . . . Just look at these guys. Giants. Golems. . . . The music was that strong. All velocity and no drag. And it had no past, either. Not at first. . . . It was young. . . . Memories were rolled like joints. Smoke 'em if you got 'em." (And the inevitable "Like a complete unknown. Like a rolling stone.")

Finally, you might make it clear that even though you're a major critic covering a major band for a major magazine, that doesn't mean you have to demonstrate expertise. Of one song on the Stones' new album, *Steel Wheels*, Cocks wrote, "Richards takes the lead for once, and Jagger glides in on harmony." Keith Richards has, of course, frequently sung lead on one track per album, and on *Steel Wheels* he actually sings lead on *two*.

Nice cover photo, though.

As magazine story packages go, Cocks-Stones-*Time* paled in comparison to Brodkey-Kennedy-*7 Days*, that remarkable publishing "coup," as William Norwich called it in his *Daily News* gossip column. *7 Days* persuaded literary giant in perpetual embryo Harold Brodkey to set aside his novel long enough to scribble some semicoherent thoughts on John F. Kennedy Jr. Then, Norwich reported breathlessly, the feisty life-style weekly dispatched an emissary to the mountaintop—Brodkey's Catskills home. Faxes, Express Mail and Federal Express, after all, can fall into the wrong hands, and phone lines, we all assume, are tapped. It was the sort of journalistic adventure that gives me goose bumps even in the contemplating. Action publishing! I imag-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN

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ine the 7 *Days* squad using walkie-talkies and changing cars often to ensure the safe retrieval of the Sacred Writing. (*Crackle.*) *We have secured manuscript. Operation John-John accomplished. Over.* (*Crackle.*) And it was worth it, wasn't it, to learn that Kennedy is "a paradigm for the new mass consciousness"? (In any event, the essay was an improvement over Brodkey's previous 7 *Days* effort, a 1988 piece on the weather, which concluded, "I mean a burning summer that just destroyed everything; a burned, slowly dying landscape; a torn ozone layer—it's getting serious. It's getting to me. The weather is really sick and haywire. And I'm scared.")

One wonders how distant a house call the editors of *Rolling Stone* would be willing to make to get their hands on some copy from Peter "How Many Words Did You Say Your Marquee Holds?" Travers. The magazine's editors had looked long and hard for a film critic willing to write the sort of embarrassingly positive blurbs that studio publicists would then run in newspaper ads. Every time a Travers quote is used, *Rolling Stone* gets a free mention. Good for the studios. Good for *Rolling Stone*. A trifle rough on the reader. The overassigned movie "critic" continues to offer up easily detachable, alliterative burbles of praise amid acres of dry biography and flat-footed description. Travers's writing, if not his knowledge, is encyclopedic. In a 12-paragraph review of *Sea of Love*, for example, he spent the first 5 paragraphs recapping Al Pacino's career, the next 5 on the plot of the new movie and the last 2 reacting, more or less, to the performances of Pacino and Ellen Barkin, the stars. That's it. The director, the screenwriter and a single supporting actor were mentioned once each in a review that ran about 1,000 words. What the reader came away with: nothing. What Universal came away with: "THEY PUT THE SIZZLE BACK INTO SCREEN ROMANCE."—TRAVERS, *ROLLING STONE*." It's a living.

That curious magazine *The New Yorker* had an especially curious issue in September. It contained a Letter from Los Angeles that began like a sly parody of Joan Didion ("A good part of any day in Los Angeles is spent driving, alone, through streets devoid of meaning to the driver. . . . Conventional information is missing. Context clues are missing") but

turned out actually to be Joan Didion. Yes, despite her having moved to New York last year, she continues to write the magazine's Letter from Los Angeles. In the same issue, a brief account of Malcolm Forbes's party in Tangier ran uncredited but was written by Hal Rubenstein, the man Forbes happens to have hired to edit his new magazine, *Egg*. And the issue also contained the following odd note in the Theatre section of Goings On About Town:

"We have nothing but the deepest affection for Walter Kerr. We grew up on his Sunday criticism and still miss those weekly appearances in the *Times's* Arts and Leisure section, which we reach for sad in the knowledge that whatever subject we are about to immerse ourselves in will not be treated with the Walter Kerr wisdom, urbanity, and perspective." I know what you yourselves mean—I'm constantly reaching for things sad in the knowledge that whatever I am about to immerse myself in will not be treated with the Walter Kerr wisdom, urbanity and perspective.

I especially feel that way when I reach for the *New York Post* and encounter Clive "G.B.S." Barnes. When Barnes attended the London production of *The Merchant of Venice*, he saw virtues in Dustin Hoffman's performance that many other critics hadn't detected. Barnes wrote, "I can remember many Shylocks who have moved me—this was the first to bring sharp tears to my eyes, and made me want to stand up and shout, 'Enough—give this man justice, even unto his pound of flesh. Mercy can find no better cause.' " It's not clear from his review whether Barnes succumbed to this impulse and, if so, how quickly the staff of the Phoenix Theatre was able to react, but the man is clearly a walking time bomb in the shape of a balding expatriate theater-and-dance critic. Stand clear!

Barnes's cabaret-beat colleague at the *Post*, Bob Harrington, obviated with a single phrase the need to take seriously any further opinions he may ever have about anything. Cher, Harrington said in his review of that tiresome personality's Jones Beach concert, is "the first lady of rock." Uh-huh. I tried, gamely, to reconstruct the thought process that might have led Harrington to his wacky conclusion but succeeded only in getting "Gyp-

sies, Tramps and Thieves" lodged in my head for several unhappy hours.

Tom Shales's opinions, on the other hand, should count for something—the *Washington Post* television critic is, after all, a Pulitzer winner and generally a first-rate writer. He certainly deserves some sort of prize for his extremely dignified in-print courtship of Emmy winner Dana Delany. The first stirrings of Shales's infatuation date from two 1988 reviews of Delany's hackneyed Nam-exploitation show, *China Beach*. "Dana Delany is fascinating—pure and simple. Or rather, pure and complex," he confided, not, unfortunately, to his diary but to the readers of *The Washington Post* and the 177 other papers that syndicate his column. "Deeply charismatic," Shales noted approvingly later that year, as the show began its second season. Then, this past summer, he met and interviewed the adored object. In case you've never heard a Pulitzer-winning critic in action, this is what one sounds like:

"On television . . . Dana Delany has a fresh, ripe, girl-next-door appeal. She's like, well, sis, sort of. In person, however, Delany is much more intimidatingly beautiful. . . . She is sis no more. She's sis boom bah. She makes a grown man gaga and goo-goo and stammer and ask stupid questions. And then want to run back to the office and write a real lovey-dovey puff piece. . . ."

You mean one that describes her as a "magnetic beam" and a "woman of mystery"? Or even as "an explorer. An experimenter. A boldly goer," perhaps? "Tumble into those olive green Irish eyes and what do you find?" Shales asks, regrettably, aloud. "The eternal mysteries, the eternal verities. Innocence and corruption. Redemption and damnation."

More? "Oh, she's a zesty one. Even a lusty one. And yet a thoughtful one. And a serious one. But still, an earthy one."

And a flawed one, in her opinion. But not in Shales's. "FLAWS???", he types, no longer able to control even his keyboard. "What flaws???"

Poor, smitten Shales. Is he trying to prove something? It's sad. It kind of makes you want to stand up and shout, "Enough—give this man justice, even unto his pound of flesh. Mercy can find no better cause." Or, at any rate, *something*. ■

WARS

How the Council of Fashion

*Designers has been co-opted by its
post-Perry Ellis presidents, including
incumbent Carolyn Roehm*

BY JO STOCKTON

When pencil-nosed designer Carolyn Roehm succeeded her ex-employer and current pattern inspiration, Oscar de la

THE TRADE

Renta, as president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America last January, a more perfect match couldn't have been made.

Roehm's agenda for the council certainly seems to conform with that of the organization's current board, which includes Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, Bill Blass, Donna Karan and De la Renta. The Roehm agenda is less a professional than a social one: throw lavish, semi-exclusive parties to which you invite both yourself and an A-list crowd that will need fancy couture dresses to wear. With any luck, *your* fancy couture dresses. Indeed, it seems that Roehm and her colleagues will continue to operate the CFDA as their own private social vehicle, much as they have since the 1986 death of Perry Ellis, the organization's last useful president.

The Missouri-born Roehm (née Carolyn Jane Smith) began her climb up the greasy pole as a designer of polyester coordinates at Sears, and has been understandably insecure about her place in the industry ever since. Her career didn't really take off until 1985, when her second husband, the overleveraged LBO king Henry Kravis, grubstaked her millions to begin her own couture house. Just as Kravis has purchased respectabili-

ty for his wife in record time, he has also bought his way onto the board of the Metropolitan Museum of Art by writing checks for \$10 million to have a wing built and named after himself. Not after him and his wife—just himself. And the Met, conveniently, is where the CFDA holds its annual awards ceremony and donates a good chunk of its money.

There was a time, of course, when the CFDA was bogged down with an authentic, reasonable purpose: to promote American fashion as an indigenous art form. It was to be to American designers what Actors' Equity is to American actors. Twenty-six years after it was founded, the CFDA gives its largest grant—almost twice what it gives to the AIDS unit at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center—to the Met's Costume Institute. The institute, however, not only has never devoted an exhibit to an American designer but also has yet to use the CFDA's donation to buy even a single piece of American clothing for its collection.

None of this seems to matter much to the council's operators, who cosponsor the Met's annual Costume Institute din-

Carolyn Roehm began

*as a designer of polyester coordinates
and has been insecure about her place
in the industry ever since*

ner. What they want from the museum, they get: instant social cachet and a nice-size, well-decorated party room for their \$850-a-plate annual awards dinner.

The awards dinner itself has become a rather bloated nonevent. Each year a panel of 15 journalists and retailers (down from almost 100 in Ellis's day) doles out prizes to the most influential people and phenomena in American fashion. In the past, awards went to bohemian designers such as Stephen Sprouse and to the Astor Place Hair Designers and *Details* magazine. In 1988 the board gave an award to Brooke Astor, who an-

nounced that she wasn't at all sure why, exactly, she was being honored, and in 1989 it gave one to Nancy Reagan, who didn't bother to wonder.

The awards committee further distinguished itself last year by voting Ralph Lauren designer of the year, then withdrawing the award at the end of the meeting. It seemed that not even the hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising that Lauren plows into *The New York Times* each year could keep the paper's fashion writer Bernadine Morris from persuading the panel to overturn their own decision. Morris, who was chairing the committee, felt the designer's fall collection had been weak. Lauren subsequently demanded that the CFDA return the \$8,500 he had paid for his table at the awards dinner. In the end nobody received the designer-of-the-year award, and Morris later resigned from the committee.

The council's regular board meetings do not run any more smoothly, and generally accomplish even less. Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren both have aides phone ahead to see if the other will be attending the meeting. If one of them goes, the other does not. And so profoundly insecure are most of the committee members that, on any given issue, opinion in the room tends to tilt toward whichever one of the two fashion stars shows up.

Only when the board feels threatened—as it did recently when a group of young designers wanted to establish their own committee, with a less geriatric yearly benefit—does it swing into action. Within a few months, the new committee had been diluted to a large, pointless Special Events Committee; there is now talk of disbanding even that.

Next March the board will have to decide who, if anyone, should succeed Roehm as president of the CFDA. It's probable that Roehm, who lobbied determinedly for the position in the first place, will wage an unseemly campaign to hold on to the job and the imprimatur it provides. She is, after all, learning the tricks of 10021 social leadership. In the past year she has begun speaking in a slightly British, slightly Jackie Onassis-ian whisper. And at a recent CFDA event she had one of the main spotlights in the room adjusted so that it would shine down on only one person. Herself. ▀

CATHOLIC

TASTES

*What is the etiquette of removing
Jesus from the roof of your mouth?*

BY ANN HODGMAN

Holy Communion may be the only meal where taste doesn't matter. No one gets up from the Communion rail and says,

"Hey—better than usual today!" Not only would it be out of line, it would be untrue. Bread and wine, bread and wine, bread and

wine, year in, year out . . . really, if I weren't afraid I'd get blasted with a light-

ning bolt, I'd say the Lord could use a little help planning Supper.

No, *Jove's* the one with the lightning bolts, isn't he? Okay, then. Consider it said. And as long as I'm going around saying things, let me add that I sometimes wonder why we need to eat *anything*—much less symbolic flesh and blood—in order to recall Christ, who is not exactly the type to fade from memory. But then I make myself stop wondering that.

When I was eight, I used to sit in church with the rest of the children's choir, watching people take Communion. As the rector passed out something I couldn't see he'd murmur, "The body of Christ," in exactly the same tone of voice one uses to say "Your slip is showing." "The blood of Christ," his chalice-bearing assistant would murmur after him as they moved slowly along the row of people kneeling at the rail. (Always remember to check the bottoms of your shoes before you receive Communion in an Episcopal church.)

Even for a third grader, I was pretty credulous; I took it all literally, body and blood. I couldn't understand it, though. Even if Jesus had been tall—and I knew, from seeing suits of armor, that people in

the olden days had been *short*—and even if you divided His body and blood into tiny, tiny helpings, why was there still enough left 2,000 years later to pass around at a church in Rochester? And there were so many other churches in Rochester. . . .

Oddly enough, I didn't wonder how anyone could bring himself to eat and drink the remnants of a 2,000-year-old person. Adults did lots of other things that made me squeamish, like having sex and putting people in the electric chair. Eating Christ didn't seem much worse than, say, eating snails.

But this was way back in the days when I thought my father made a billion dollars a year. And, just as my mother snapped, "Oh, honey, it isn't even a million!"—now I know that *of course* all the priests of Rochester don't get together on Saturdays to divvy up celestial leftovers mailed to them from Jerusalem.

Still, could eating *real* Jesus be any stranger than all the rules that surround the ingestion of about three calories of flour and—in the case of my church—an all-too-sweet sip of Gallo port?

Not all of the rules are religious. Simple etiquette, not Holy Writ, enjoins you from

Adiós, amigo.
O.J.'s crossed the border
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prying the Communion wafer off the roof of your mouth if it gets stuck there (which it always does—tasteless, limp and tenacious, like faith itself). You can hear people clacking their jaws to get rid of it. But nobody wants to be too obvious about their difficulties; after all, when what's cleaving to your palate is a symbol of Christ's body, you don't feel you should go around trying to hack it out.

Until fairly recently, it was considered impolite to chew the wafer at all. "The idea was to let the baby Jesus dissolve in your mouth," one priest told me recently. Now that's regarded as *faux* piety, but you still don't see many people really chompin' down when the priest hands them the wafer.

What's more, consecrated wafers *must* be eaten; you just don't throw Jesus away. (In some churches where real bread is used instead of wafers, the vacuum cleaner that cleans up the consecrated crumbs is specially blessed.) Even if a baby grabs one, gums it and spits it out, someone—usually the priest, since no one else will do it—is supposed to finish it off. (It's not that painful a job. Most Communion wafers taste like a combination of baby cereal and nothing. The whole wheat ones are a little more cardboardy, but they're not hateful.)

The priest also has to drink all the leftover consecrated wine, unless there's too much of it. (An enterprising canon currently at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was once faced with a couple of gallons of leftover wine. He got rid of it by pouring it onto a roll of cotton, letting it dry and burning it.) And no one's supposed to wash the chalice in the sink, because it would be rude to let Christ's blood go into the sewer.

God knows the Episcopalians don't have a monopoly on Communion etiquette. I can't speak for other Protestant denominations, but for the past few days my bedside reading has been a book called *The Celebration of Mass: A Study of the Rubrics of the Roman Missal*. This book was written in the rich, obsessive days before Vatican II, and nothing—*nothing*—related to Communion escapes its scrutiny. A sampling:

About defects in the Communion service: "If the defect be grave (e.g., both candles are extinguished and cannot be replaced, the celebrant is ill and fears he may vomit), the Mass is best discontinued."

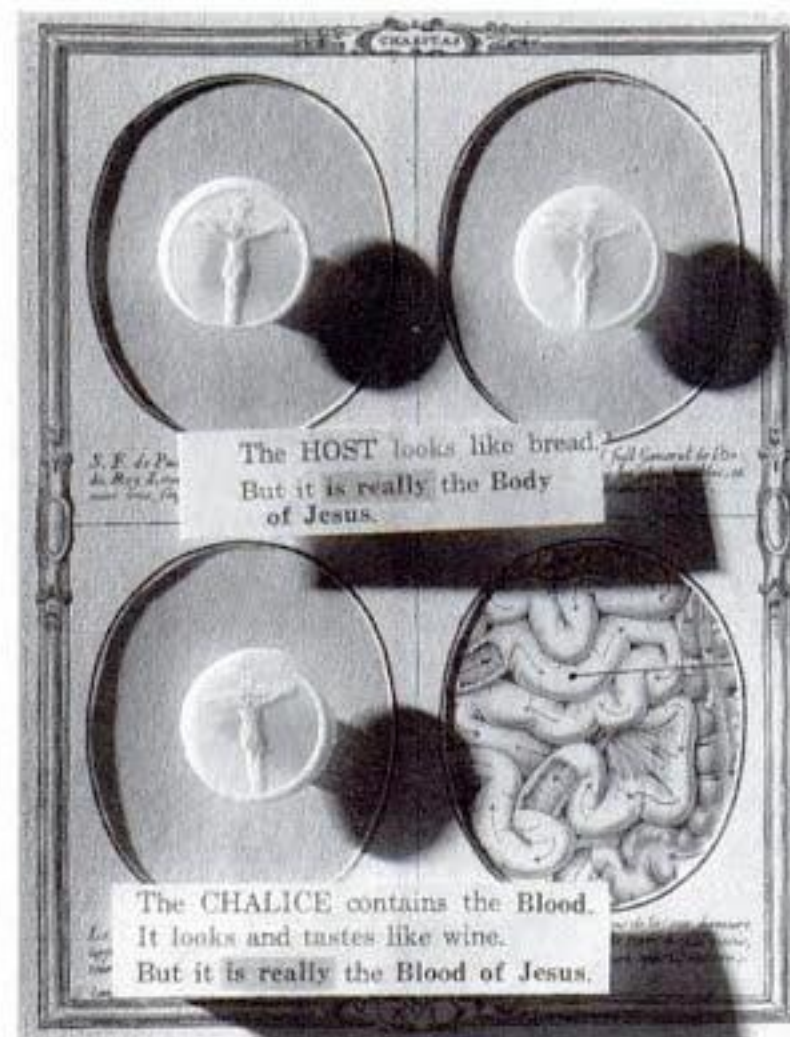
About finding a bug in the chalice: "If

it were something that was unpleasant (that might cause vomiting) or would leave any traces behind it, the chalice should be emptied, fresh wine and water taken, and offered, at least mentally, and the Mass continued." (This phrase *at least mentally* crops up everywhere. I think I'm going to start using it; it would come in handy lots of times. "But I *did* stop at the red light—at least mentally.")

About wine in the celebrant's beard: "If some of the Precious Blood should fall on the beard of the celebrant, he should absorb as much as possible of it with his tongue."

About what *doesn't* count as breaking the fast before Mass: "The fast is not broken by swallowing blood that comes from, e.g., the gums or tongue; or a piece of skin from the lips . . . by swallowing a hair, a pebble, a piece of fingernail or a thread." The part about the pebble should come in handy for any mouth-breathers who happen to like lying face-down on the driveway before Mass.

In addition, there are rules about what to do if an animal eats the Communion



wafer, what to do if the wine freezes and what to do if the priest is missing his left arm. ("If, however, with an artificial hand he can becomingly observe the rubric, he should do so.")

But probably even this book's author would be at a loss if he served Communion to a woman whose false teeth fell into the chalice. That once happened to a priest at a church not far from mine. Instead of quitting the priesthood—as I would have done—he simply fished them out and handed them back to her.

I confess I feel a little uneasy talking about this, just as I feel uneasy about the

fact that I have a Baggie full of Communion wafers sitting on top of the TV. A Maronite priest gave them to me. Since they haven't been consecrated—and, therefore, are not technically Jesus yet—I can do what I want with them. An Episcopal church organist I know actually eats unconsecrated wafers with cocktails. And look at me! I'm taking out *three* wafers and eating them! Now I'm throwing one up in the air and catching it! Now I guess I'll feed one to the—

No, I just can't do it, even if they are unconsecrated. It would be like drawing mustaches on my children's pictures. But if I were another class of person—a Satanist, say—I'd be very interested in getting these wafers consecrated. A consecrated Host (you have to upcase the *H* if you're discussing it *after* consecration) is the main course at a Black Mass.

So are the people who pocket the Host Satanists or just confused? "Consume the bread," priests at St. Thomas Church on Fifth Avenue sometimes remind communicants who show signs of hanging on to it instead. A friend of mine once officiated at a service during which a sedate-looking matron put her consecrated Communion wafer into her purse and walked out with it. Maybe she only wanted to stick it in a beehive, though—medieval beekeepers did that to increase honey production.

Or maybe she thought keeping the wafer was the polite thing to do. When the Reagan entourage descended upon an Episcopal church in Virginia, Nancy told her frightened husband—who had apparently never received Episcopal Communion—to watch her and do what she did. When she accidentally dropped her wafer into the wine, so did he. I don't know what the rules say about presidents dropping Communion wafers; maybe Jesus and George Washington have to arm-wrestle or something.

Of course, there's nothing to stop beekeepers, witches or anyone else from ordering their own Communion paraphernalia from religious mail-order concerns. Browsing through their catalogs induces its own quasi-religious feeling, in much the same way that visiting a museum gift shop seems almost as virtuous as looking at real art. In these catalogs, for instance, one can marvel over tiny gold repoussé wafer-holders. Here is a cavalcade of chalices. The Apostle. The Passion. The St. Andrew. The—hmm, the *Visigoth*. "A rich version

of a medieval chalice, adorned with cabochons [*sic*] and red enamel symbolizing the Blood of Christ."

Uh-oh. Now that the Visigoth has butted in and spoiled the mood, I'm suddenly noticing some of the other catalog copy. "Looking for a truly fine quality portable baptismal/sick call stole?" "Holy Water Pot and Sprinkler Set." "All of these crosses must be shipped by truck." "The Clericool Collar." "'We Missed You' Postcard. Sad notes lament a chorister missing at rehearsal." "Clown Mimes for Christian Ministry."

Luckily, the Communion wafer copy is more straightforward. "These thin, unleavened wafers—white or whole wheat—are embossed with a cross." (One day, perhaps, someone will offer a gluten-free wafer. As a recent letter in the *New England Journal of Medicine* pointed out, the gluten in Communion wafers can exacerbate intestinal problems in some people.)

As far as the rest of it goes, though, can God possibly *want* us to order all this stuff? Does He really think we need it? *Do* we need it?

I wouldn't dare presume to answer that. I'm in enough trouble already. ☛

DAWN

OF THE DEAD

*Make up, shake-up, then comes the
breakup—the studio-head rodeo goes on*

BY CELIA BRADY

Sequels, prequels, all that twinkles: Time again for our annual handicapping of the studio heads—who's rising, who's plum-

THE INDUSTRY

meting, who won't be getting that breathless "Café au lait or mineral water?" treatment anymore at CAA's megaposh new Beverly Hills headquarters. Now that John "Nepotism? No Way, Baby"

Goldwyn has turned down the job currently held by ex-agent Gary Lucchesi, as head of production at Paramount, and since Joe Roth is still promising to keep his "close friend" Roger Birnbaum as worldwide production president of 20th Century Fox, the only two executives in the Chutes and Ladders stakes this year are Dawn Steel at Columbia and tiny Mark "Tell Them I'm Tall!" Canton at Warners.

Dawn first. Pity about her brilliant flights of image spin-control oratory last summer at this year's Women in Film awards luncheon. The verdict on Dawn's, and everyone else's, career in movies comes, rain or shine, every Tuesday in *The Hollywood Reporter's* roundup of weekend box-office sales. And Dawn (whose hair is a "mystic New Age force field," according to *New York*) struck out spectacularly this summer. Thanks to her insane cave-in to Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz in order to get *Ghostbusters II* made, the principal players got such enormous percentages from the very first box-office dollar that Columbia seems assured of seeing very little of the \$111-million gross. As for *Casualties of War*, it was a body-bag case. (Which brings up

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CROSSWORD

ANSWERS

ACROSS

13. "Comprehend" is a definition of *include*. "Fashionable" is *in* and "hint about Delilah's head" is *clue* around D.

16. *Eve's* rearranged ("wild") around LT.

17. "Number one" is *piss*. Then *Eve*, R., *yo* (that is to say, *oy* backward), *one* rearranged ("crazy"), FF.

18. To add latest development is to *update*. *Up* is "cheerful," *date* is "rendezvous."

20. "Company" is *inc.*, "time in New York now" is *EST*, and, like I say, this puzzle plays fast and loose with *Eve*, but not, in this case, without implicit scriptural authority. I mean, if she and Adam were the only two people, and the only children they had were boys, then you wonder how much attention anyone was paying during scriptural script conferences. This is the sort of speculation that used to add a lot of punch to Sunday school for me, but that was because I was callow. What are my excuses now? Nostalgia, and a willingness to do whatever it takes to revive the old stories in a time of *Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child*. Hey kids: in this one scene in the Bible some children mock a prophet for his baldness and he causes a bear to tear them to shreds. Granted, you don't actually get to see the shreds, but you don't in a Stephen King book either.

25. The Rascals sang "Good Lovin'." The spot in question is the G. Remember the G-spot? Jeez, if you don't remember the G-spot, no wonder you don't remember *Eve*. Whatever happened to the G-spot, anyway? Did anybody get a grant and set up proper control groups, and, you know, hire disinterested researchers with rubber gloves, and get to the bottom of the G-spot verifiably? Did I miss the *Times* that day? If there were in fact a G-spot, you wouldn't think people would have forgotten about it already. People haven't forgotten about cigarette ashes in Coke, right? Okay, now. After all this pop-gynecological rattling on, am I way out of line in mentioning that *agape* in this clue is not *a-gape* but *a-ga-pe*, or Christian love, without everybody going *ooob gross*? What's un-Christian, necessarily, about pop gynecology? See, in a puzzle (as in science), decorum is as follows: whatever fits is fitting. Is that wrong?

2. A burden is an *onus*, the joke is *on us*.

3. A rare one-word clue. Both *over* and *cooked* mean "done."

5. Probably Woodrow Wilson has never been in a puzzle or anything else with *Eve* and the G-spot before, but then who knows what Woodrow was like when the lights were low? We do know that he said treaties should be "open covenants of peace openly arrived at." (Which went over, as they say in the armed services, like a prick in a pickle barrel.) *Devil, not a prayer* is the last three words of that famous quotation rearranged ("negotiated"). There has never been a great movie—check me on this—with Woodrow or Wilson in the title. However, it was Woodrow Wilson who said as World War I was winding down, "It must be a peace without victory. Only a peace between equals can last." Nobody listened, but it's a good thing to remember in relationships. Except the only person who'll ever admit things are fifty-fifty is the one who, according to the other person, is getting the better of things. So if both parties know what's good for them, neither will ever concede that anything is equitable. The ideal is when both can behave publicly as if it were fifty-fifty, each can continue to argue privately that it is more like forty-sixty, and each can feel secretly that it is sixty-forty.

9. The Roman numeral I, then *last* coming up ("ascendant"), then *lover*. And the rest is silence. Oh, except I might mention that (20) Jim Morrison was a *Door* and that (23) *mica* (fool's gold) sounds like Micah. It is in Micah 4:32 that we read, "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." So the rest *isn't* silence. For all I know, the rest is the sort of flat feeling that you may experience after spending a certain amount of time on a puzzle. So sue me. You want to wind up with a pop, go watch Mel Gibson and Danny Glover solve things with hot lead. D



the question of Vietnam films in general: Apparently, they lack that World War II magic that provided Hollywood with ticket-selling story fodder for a quarter century. Germans obviously made better villains than do Vietnamese—and WW II had that great upbeat ending.) Now that the team of Jon Peters and Peter Guber has been named to replace Victor "the Briefcase" Kaufman as Columbia's CEO, Sony will allow them—*expect* them—to name their own chief of production, barring legal entanglements with Warners, their old studio. Which would mean Dawn—who'd scheduled not even one Columbia release for the Christmas season—would leave the studio with a lucrative independent production deal, probably for her two former Paramount bosses, Michael Eisner and Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg, at Disney.

Time for Warners: Despite all the odds against him, our sincerest congratulations—and cowed respect—must go to 40-year-old Mark Canton at Warner Bros. He's the first studio head of his generation not merely to reach but actually to *endure* at the higher altitudes of the movie business. After the success of



*be only two executives in the
Chutes and Ladders stakes this year
are Dawn Steel at Columbia and
tiny Mark Canton at Warners*

Lethal Weapon 2 and *Batman* this summer, Canton was promoted to a corporate position at Time Warner—which means his job security is no longer dependent on the success or failure of each individual movie—and he has now attained the rank of irreproachable Hollywood Elder, anointed with the highly important creative task of supervising the making of *Batman II*. (According to one story making the rounds this fall, the people at Procter & Gamble are studying the marketing plan for *Batman*; by their reckoning, it is the single most successful prod-

uct launch in history, and they're trying to figure out just how it was done.) Canton has reportedly ordered a pair of the mandatory Lew Wasserman—signature thick, black, horn-rimmed eyeglasses—the surefire mark of believing that one has made it in Hollywood.

Trims and Ends: Of all the paranormal things that happened this past summer (including the encouraging failures of Columbia's *Karate Kid III* and Stallone's *Lock Up*), surely the most amazing was the success of John Hughes's *Uncle Buck*, securing as it did—together with *Parent-hood*—Tom Pollock's job at Universal and launching Hughes as a candidate for national cultural treasure. . . . Alas, poor Disney: Not only is the current locus of Hollywood genius under fire from the Writers Guild for age discrimination (the studio is evidently loath to hire writers over 40), it seems that the arrogant *cheaper-faster-earlier-I-eat-three-power-break-fasts-every-morning* style of studio chairman Sparky "Jeff" Katzenberg is becoming passé in Hollywood, which could make the movie industry vastly less entertaining. A big-time New York agent who placed a call to Katzenberg last year was informed by a Disney underling that the boss was unavailable—*Mr. Katzenberg, the aide said in all seriousness, is currently between his car and his office.* . . . The Bruce Willis Industrial Index (wherein we report on the outrageous asking prices of stars based on the sentence "If Bruce Willis is getting \$5 million, then I must be worth *at least ten*"): Michael Keaton, \$12 million; John Candy, \$9 million. . . . It seems Sylvester Stallone has started the first round of blaming everybody but himself for the misguidedness of his recent career choices. First he sacked his long-standing manager; now he's made a buddy film—the hardest part of which, he says, was finding an actor who wouldn't be intimidated by him. Did he choose Newman? Redford? Hoffman? De Niro? Not a chance. Kurt Russell got the part.

Do you know the catchphrase for the movie industry in the 1980s? According to Transamerica, Marvin Davis, Kirk Kerkorian, Ted Turner, Coca-Cola and now Sony, it's "We've committed to this business for the long term."

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TIME

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The little people get littler

BY MACAULAY CONNOR

Ever since Time Inc. CEO Dick Munro and president Nick Nicholas Jr., the one-time magazine company's current executive

caretakeers, made the agonizing decision to merge with Warner—*I don't know, Dick, do we really want to personally pull down \$52 million on this thing?*—there has been a noticeable spring in their diminutive strides. Evidently ignorant of the collapsing junk bond market around them, they emerge from meetings and elevators all suntans and broad smiles. They elbow each other and practically guffaw. Bathed in a post-merger afterglow, they look relaxed, happy, proud even. And why not? They are not the ones who will have to trim their sails to service the company's enormous debt. That will be left to the little people.

The little workers who put out *Time* have had departmental reimbursements for the snack plates that were served Thursday and Friday evenings—when the magazine is largely written and edited—taken away as a cost-cutting measure. The employee cafeteria is no longer open at night. There have even been stern departmental memos about soda rations. Indeed, it is generally in the foodstuffs area that the media monolith has focused much of its budget-enforcing management techniques.

In the relatively balmy premerger days, Time Inc. decided that too many company-subsidized meals were being eaten off-premises. Groupthink led to the notion *Why not operate our own swanky restaurant and have the employees eat there?* Thus was born the 1271 Club, a Time-owned, 120-

seat dining facility on the second floor of the Time & Life Building. It was not a wholly embarrassing venture, as these things go; the trouble was that the company tried to give the facility a veneer of exclusivity. Only management-level employees were permitted to use the restaurant and, to that effect, were grandly issued ultraexclusive 1271 Club cards, with the strict proviso that upon leaving the company they must surrender the card. The menu ran to two pages and arrived at the table bound impressively inside a large hardcover folder. More important, alcohol was free, because the club didn't yet have a liquor license.

When the novelty of the dining room wore off—around week two, by some estimates—and the number of diners had thinned appreciably, the exclusivity dimensions were broadened to include top-level staff and writers at the magazines. The announcement about the changes went out to all staff members—even those who didn't make the cut. It specified that the offer was conditional and could be rescinded without warning, should demand prove overwhelming. That turned out not to be a problem.

The once-grand menu dwindled to one sheet of more conventional employee-cafeteria-style offerings, such as cheeseburgers. Again, the customers stayed away in droves. Finally, in exasperation, another exclusivity barrier was dropped: membership in the club was opened company-wide—but *only to those with an American Express card*. "Although in the past, membership in the 1271 Club has been somewhat limited," the most recent announcement read, "it was felt that . . . the Club should now be open and available for the use and convenience of all employees. . . . We think you'll enjoy it."

But running a synergistic media empire isn't *only* about belt-tightening—it's also about, well, belt-loosening. The banty, friendless Nick Nicholas recently announced to a private *Time* publishers' conference Time Warner's intent to gobble up Ted Turner's television operations. The "merger," which Nicholas claimed Turner was eager to consummate, would not become public until after all Time Warner papers had been signed.

But this, Nicholas added conspiratorially, *should not appear in the pages of SPY magazine.*

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FIGHTING AGAINST

FASCISM

*An unloosed childhood memory reveals
the secret of being a successful grown-up:
a willingness to say "What?"*

BY ELLIS WEINER

As the Judeo-Christian Chanukeo-Christmasian holiday season overwhelms us with feelings of good, bad or indifferent

cheer, some of us find ourselves wondering, "Just what *are* the words to 'We Three Kings,' apart from the modern

folk couplets, 'We three kings of Orient are/Sitting on a rubber cigar/It was loaded/It exploded/(something, something, boom)?' And yet, how small a step it is from this urgent query to the even more urgent "Is America ripe for fascism?"

I know I am—or, at least, I was in eighth grade, when an ambiguous song lyric made me aware of my ability to encounter what seemed to be utter gibberish and trustingly assume that someone in authority knew what it meant.

The reader will recall that in 1964 I "had" for Music the unmusically named Miss Klansek, who attempted one day to teach us the song eighth graders across the land had been singin' and swingin' for generations: "Santa Lucia." The English lyrics in our songbook included this passage: "... (something something) ... tho - dies the gloaming ..."

Now, I pronounced *tho - dies* with a soft *th*, as in *thorough*, and rhymed it with *throw cheese*. And indeed, the more I puzzled over the meaning of this unfamiliar word, the more I wanted to throw cheese in frustration at being unable to figure

out what "thodies" were. *Gloaming* I knew was a sort of Brigadoon-speak for morning, or evening, or roaming around in the gloom, or something. I wondered if the three words together formed a phrase similar to *man the toolmaker* or *Jack the Ripper*. I looked up *thodies* in the dictionary, and also the singular, *thody*. Neither word was there.

Oh, *ha ha*, yes, but then comes the significant part: I gave up, and I blamed myself. *This apparent absurdity, which makes neither etymological nor even syntactical sense, nevertheless must mean something*, I decided. And there, like a cat that abruptly stops playing with the yarn and wanders off, my thinking stopped. I just vaguely, semiconsciously assumed that someone, somewhere, knew what *thodies the gloaming* meant. *And yet at the same time I knew that something was terribly wrong*. So noble and tedious a song as "Santa Lucia" would almost certainly not include mystery words like *thodies* amid its dreary/beautiful verses and chorus!

Thus the protofascistic impulse: to override your own good sense and ascribe greater knowledge (and grant power) to some quasi-authoritative (and maybe nonexistent) other. One can almost hear

*The more I puzzled over
the meaning of this word,*

the more I

wanted to throw cheese

the entire German nation cry out, "Thodies the gloaming? We don't know what it means. But Hitler must!" Is this phenomenon (I propose to call it thodiesthe-gloamingism) not the very bark mulch of the roots of the totalitarian urge?

"But," someone will say, "why didn't you just ask Miss Klansek?" The answer is, I couldn't. (Not for any reasons having to do with her. True, she did make us sing "Santa Lucia," and, worse, try to teach us "La Paloma." In Spanish. Phonetically. But she redeemed herself and attained a cherished niche in my own

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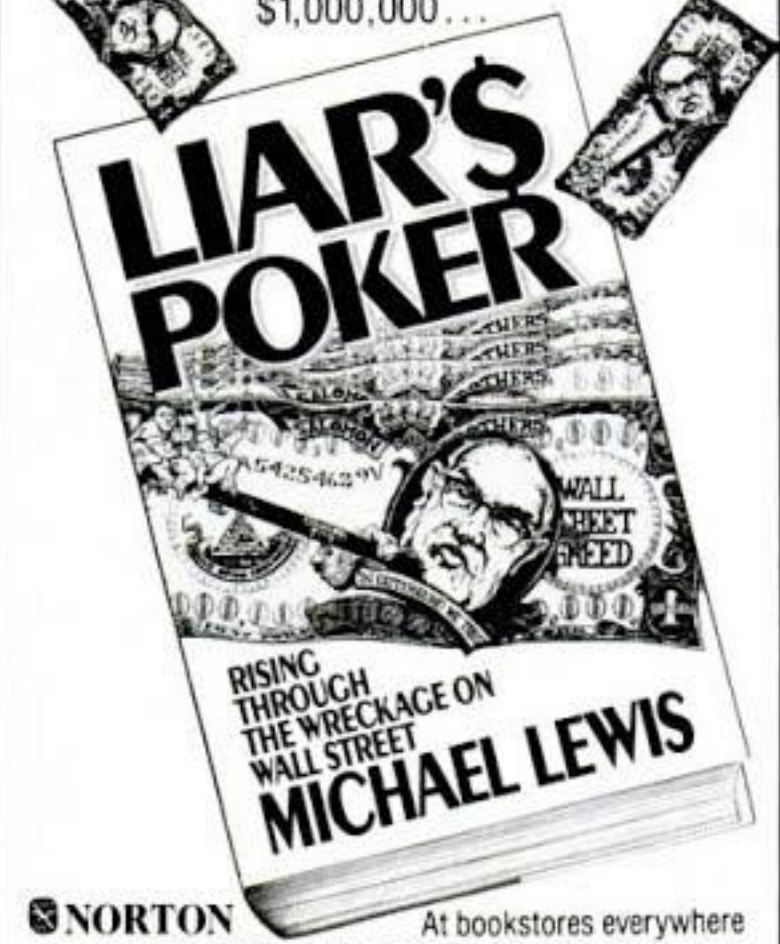


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Teacher's Hall of Fame by allowing us, one day, to badger her into abandoning the lesson plan and playing the then new, then hot, then culturally significant *Meet the Beatles*.) Call it shyness, or some existential paralysis of the will, I just couldn't demand that Miss Klansek explain the lyric. I didn't know what the words meant, but I didn't not know enough. I lacked the courage of my lack of conviction.

Need it be added that such behavior is anathema to the grown-up? If we know anything, it is that one thing the grown-up knows is when he *doesn't* know something. One of the very hallmarks of being a grown-up is knowing when to say, "Thodies? I don't think so."

Note here that trusting in the meaningfulness of meaningless words is qualitatively different from simply getting the words wrong. When Nat "World's Cutest Human" Weiner asks, "Who is the fairest of the mall?" we permit the inaccuracy on the grounds that (a) it's a reasonable mishearing, (b) it makes a certain amount of sense in itself and (c) it makes a superior, satirical sense.

No, it's when, for example, a boyhood best friend mishears the theme song for the TV show *Zorro* ("Zorro-oooooo/The fox so cunning and free . . .") as "Zorro-oooooo/The fox so cunning and bree . . ." and never takes a moment to clear up just what *bree* means that the grown-up smiles weakly and reaches for his hat.

What my friend should have done, and what we all must do if we are to be grown-ups and not merely eighth graders impersonating adults, is confess our confusion without fear of embarrassment or censure and seek informed assistance as to where we've gone wrong. After all, which more damns one as being a dumbbell dorky dufus, asking the teacher what *thodies* means or walking around for two decades thinking it means *anything*?

Because it doesn't. Some 20-odd years after the original encounter with this nonmystery, out of the blue, I realized my mistake. It was that hyphen that threw me off, you see. It's "*though dies* the gloaming," i.e., "though dusk (or dawn, or whatever it is) fades." Imagine how much mental energy I wasted puzzling over this ludicrous mistake. It's enough to make one want to throw cheese—if possible, at the grown-up. That smug doesn't-know-it-all. ☺

OUR ORIGINAL

MAMA

*She was the first, and we
still can't do without her*

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

I suppose no crossword's 5 Down, and this one may 17 Across, but hey, I'm a secular humanist with no ax to grind.

**THE UN-
BRITISH
CROSSWORD
PUZZLE**

You don't hear me advocating a worldwide secular-humanist-fundamentalist movement (which we might call Humania).

After ex-New York police commissioner Ben Ward's statement on the racial killing of a black youth in Brooklyn ("So un-American, so un-Christian, so un-Jewish and so un-Moslem. It's just so inhumane to treat another human being in such a manner"), you didn't hear me wondering if the fifth negative wasn't the only one hard to argue with.

I may not know *exactly* what presidents and congressmen mean when they cite the Judeo-Christian ethic, but I still believe in precepts that have come down to me through Sunday school and Felix Frankfurter. I believe a Nativity scene is not chopped liver and, for that reason, shouldn't be government-sponsored. I believe I'm not alone in wishing more young people today had been exposed to the Bible and thus knew more about, say, Eve.

Tell me three greater movies with the same name in their titles than *All About Eve*, *The Lady Eve* and *The Three Faces of Eve*. *Ivan the Terrible I* and *II*, even with another part? The *Cleopatras* (with Claudette Colbert and Elizabeth Taylor), *Cleopatra Jones* (Tamara Dobson) and *Caesar and Cleopatra* (Vivien Leigh)? All four together aren't a patch on Anne Baxter, Barbara Stanwyck and Joanne Woodward X 3.

Undoubtedly Genesis is sexist. *Everything* was then. Jehovah was a he; so were

all the prophets. What did they know? Without Eve, they'd have known a lot less. The story of her being tempted by the serpent—is this a slur on womankind (or snakes), when you think about it? It's evil to know something new? We should be *glad* there's a sex that wants to renegotiate. At any rate, we don't have to think of the biblical origin of humanity as a boy-girl story.

Eve was the first secular humanist. And this is an article of virtually non-gender-specific faith with me: if Eve went one-on-one with any unarmed fanatic, she'd teach him or her a thing or two. Say he or she were a Shiite. "Those who believe and do that which is right," says the Koran, "we will bring into gardens watered by rivers . . . and there shall they enjoy wives free from all impurity." Let us note that many a modern woman has been heard to say she needs a wife. Partly because she never had one, but still: the longing for a pristine place to share with a perfect wife is perhaps as universal as it is un-thought-out. To watch an Eve movie is to realize that even



those of us who grew up fleeing from orthodoxy still have a long way to go.

"Critics have said that *Lethal Weapon* is brainless," says Jeffrey Boam, screenwriter of that film and *Lethal Weapon 2*, "but that's not the point." Ah. "I try to bypass the brain and go right to the senses. . . . An audience wants to be wound up because it enjoys the pop at the end when it's liberated." Movies today lead us into the valley of blind credibility. They pull our strings, they make money, they do not bring the mother of us all into play. 3

ACROSS

1. Puppet with folksy greeting and crazy

Department of Defense—*oy!* (5,5)

8. Christian symbol for gravlax, for instance. (4)

10. Countless crazy deer following odd nun, bum. (10)

11. Sounds unhealthy, even so. (3)

13. Comprehend fashionable hint about Delilah's head. (7)

15. No man is an Easter, for instance. (6)

16. Not built like Santa, first lady's wild about Lawrence Taylor initially. (6)

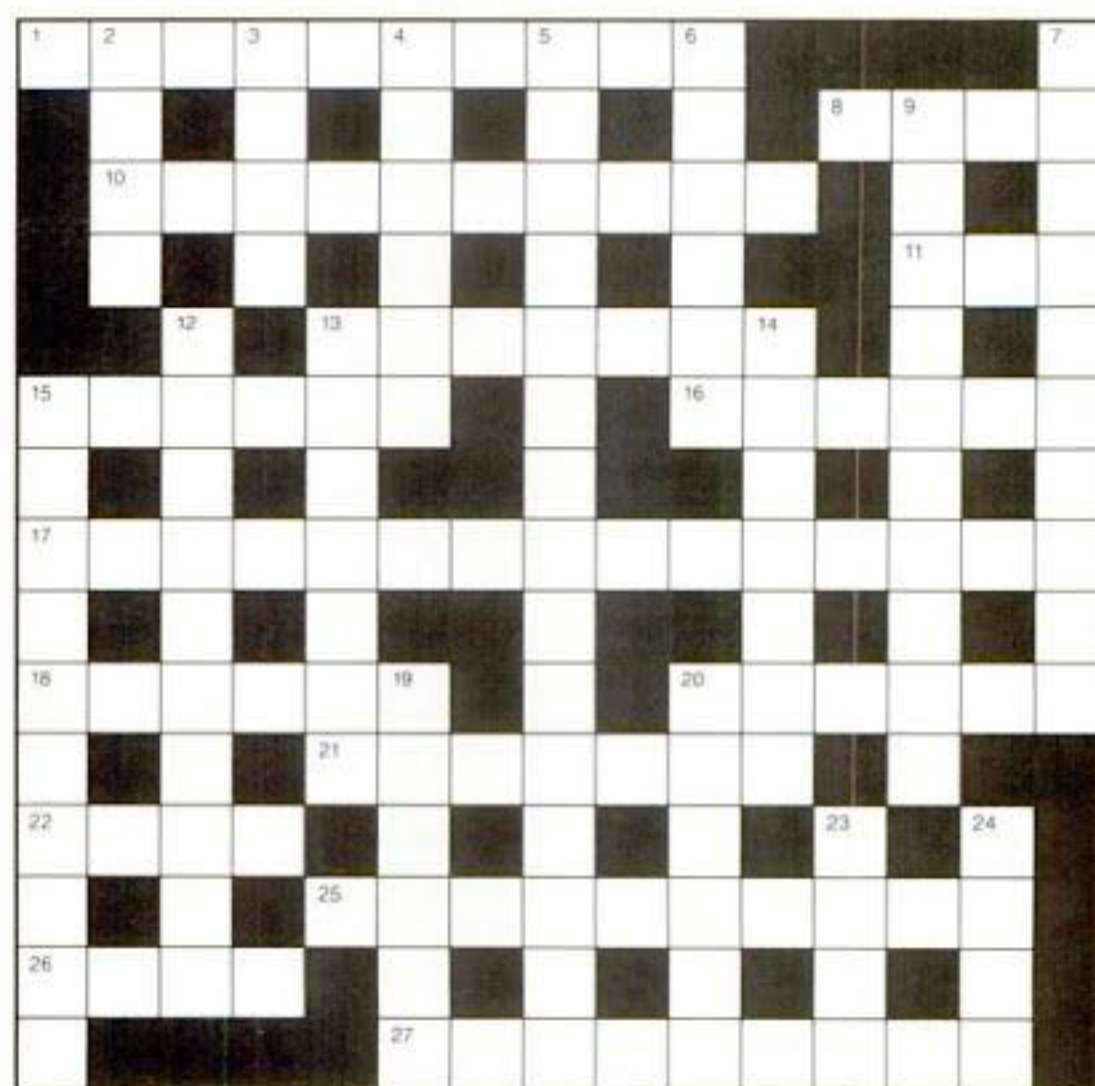
17. Number one! Mother of us all! Right? *Oy!* Back, crazy one! Fast-forward! And unite us all offensively. (4,8,3)

18. Add latest development to cheerful rendezvous. (6)

20. Company time in New York now is what mother of us all must have been into. (6)

21. Working hard, redeeming about 50. (7)

22. Oddly fig-leaf-free in sandpile. (4)



25. Rascals' *Big Chill* song, plus spot of eroticism, makes virtuous agape. (4,6)

26. Yuletide brings Trotsky back. (4)

27. When some of us worship and some of us party. (9)

DOWN

2. Burden of the joke is . . . (4)

3. . . . overcooked. (4)

4. Shaky damned claim. (6)

5. Woodrow Wilson called for open covenants thus (devil, not a prayer) negotiated. (6,7,2)

6. Gives up crops. (6)

7. What a tough old biddy doesn't have is schmaltz. (7,3)

9. One last ascendant lover, and the end is here. (3,3,4)

12. Expose oneself to ballet, perhaps, or Jennifer Beals movie. (10)

13. Bugs in religious groups. (7)

14. Close of day, and mother of us all almost nine thousand. (7)

15. I am knocking and taking possession. (10)

19. Without one Baptist head, wobbles oddly in joints. (6)

20. Roofed in with Jim Morrison, for instance. (6)

23. What glitters sounds like a prophet. (4)

24. Whence snakes or doves awaken, taken with lox or with bacon. (4)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 116.



NIGHT OF THE LIVING Was it the opening of some kind of ghoulish and poorly preserved 1960s time capsule? Or was it the '21' Club party to celebrate television oddity Joe Franklin's 40th year on the air? We're not sure, and, *left to right*, restaurateur and former television oddity Al "Grampa Munster" Lewis, film oddity Sylvia Miles, Franklin, tabloid oddity Cindy Adams, film oddity Sally Kirkland and former television oddity Morton Downey Jr. aren't telling.

As we pointed out nearly a year ago, eyeglasses are *the* late-eighties/early-nineties above-the-neck celebrity accessory. *Above*: Balding tigress-survivor Joey Heather-ton wore a pair recently to look intelligent in court at her trial for slapping a passport clerk (evidently she got the tip from her lawyer, William Kunstler, who looked even smarter by wearing two pairs). And though



she's kept her logo-like, circa 1971 hair-style, eerily well preserved feminist Gloria Steinem has passed her logolike, circa 1971 aviator glasses to ex-boyfriend and tiny guy-on-the-town Mort Zuckerman, *left*.



GUMMY PAIRS In the decades before total fitness and the natural look (that is, in the decades when bosomy dirty-book writer and hopelessly retro *Vogue* beauty editor Shirley Lord was no doubt considered a woman of style), spackling on a fresh coat of cosmetics at the dinner table was a way of creating an aura of feminine glamour. But public displays of vanity have changed: these days, instead of slathering on makeup, stylesetters practice their isometric exercises. (1) Facial-fitness buffs Kenneth Jay Lane and Gale Hayman open wide at Sotheby's; (2) Pat



ALL HANDS ON DECK At a self-promotional party thrown by Jay McInerney, chronicler-of-his-own-unextraordinary-intimate-life Bruce "the *Times* Writer, Not the Photographer" Weber spent some quality time sharing with a squadron of evidently thrilled young literati: *from left*, an unidentified well-wisher, Victoria Leacock, Amy Hempel and, *right*, Jill Eisenstadt.



At L.A.'s most glittering recent cultural event—the opening of the West Coast branch of the Carnegie Deli—feral movie producer Joel Silver, *below*, erroneously believed he was making a Hollywood matron a very happy woman, and, *right*, George Burns gave



himself the Heimlich maneuver while animal-loving date Betty White talked at the manager. (Not, unfortunately, pictured: Fred Flinstone-y oil tycoon-movie mogul Marvin Davis and wife Barbara kicked off the festivities by cutting a ceremonial six-foot salami!)



Buckley gives the old blowhole a stretch over dessert; (3) friendless celebrity-wrangler Peggy Siegal and wrangled celebrity-movie executrix Sherry Lansing go for the gum-baring burn at a Blood Foundation fundraiser; (4) even in black tie, entertainer-survivor Harvey Korman augments his facial flexes with extra-toning tongue extensions; (5, 6) at Roseland, professional escort Jerry Zipkin and prettier-than-Ivana Blaine Trump (wearing a rhinestone ELVIS pin) appear to be preparing for an exciting synchronized fly-catching demonstration.



ALL THE FREE FOOD THAT'S FIT TO EAT *Left:* *Times* deputy editorial-page editor Leslie Gelb concentrates on piloting a fried-mozzarella stick toward his mouth at Jackie Mason's restaurant. *Right:* as his

wife, the caftan buff, looks on in alarm (*so non-U!*), social scamp Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal takes a moment to either remove something from or deposit a morsel into his very small mouth.



HIDE-AND-SEEK PUBLICITY At the movies, *right*, too-thin Alice Cooper-ish rock star Ric Ocasek demonstrates a classic rule of celebrity-publicity ambivalence: Wear dark glasses, but make sure they don't cover so much of your face as to render you unrecognizable. And ubiquitous, tattooed comedienne Roseanne Barr has found another coy yet effective paparazzo-attracting strategy:



scream, make faces and hold plastic bags in front of the camera.

Note that after one intriguing attempt involving an attractive two-by-four in the face, Barr's not-yet-very-famous tattooed boyfriend, Tom Arnold, soaks up the camera flash's glare that his love-mate pretends to spurn.



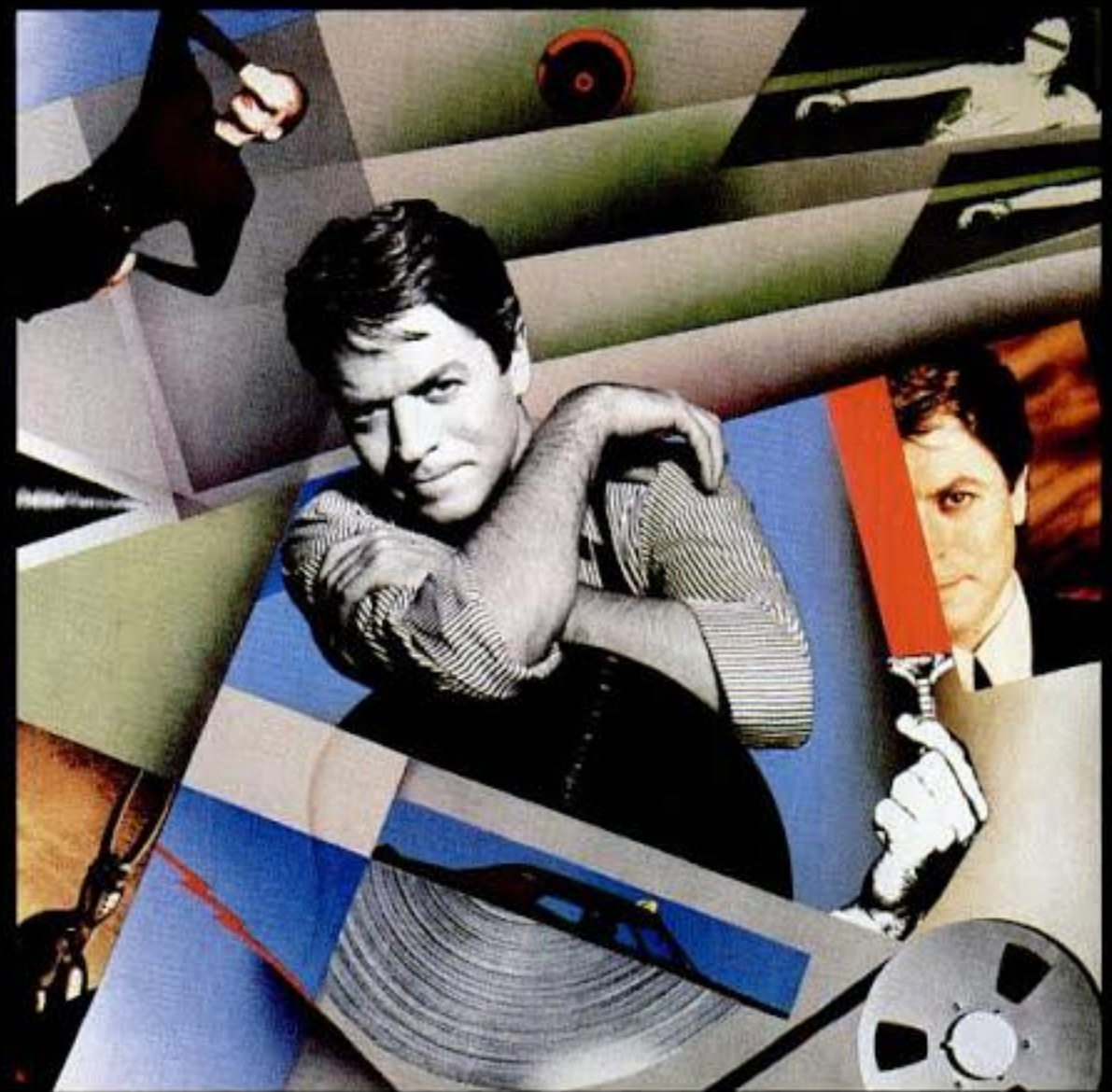


UP AND DOWN THEY GOES—

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